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THE

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MAY, 1866.

FREDERIKA BREMER IN THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

FREDERIKA BREMER, whose death—for a person of her short-lived profession—at a ripe old age, has recently been announced, was born at Abo, in Finland, in 1802, at which place her father carried on business as a merchant. After his removal from Abo, her father settled in Skane, the south-western province of Sweden. Frederika received her education in Stockholm, and afterwards lived in Norway, with her friend the Countess Sonnerhjelm. She entered the field of authorship in 1835, and only after having acquired a European and extra-European reputation as a romance writer and depicter of family life, did she seek to replenish her stock of ideas, and open up fresh sources of moral and intellectual life, by foreign travel. This, though her main, was not her only impulse.

The *annus mirabilis* of revolution, 1848, was succeeded by the year of reactions; and the discontented spirits of the old world, as well as those whose material prospects in life had been compromised by the stagnation of trade, which was a consequence of the political unrest, emigrated in vast numbers to the new world. Miss Bremer, who was linked with the conservative side of European life, by her strong and orthodox, yet liberal piety, had also some affinity with the revolutionary party, through her socialist tendencies. She was, in politics and morals, a member of that then active, but now almost extinct party, called the Christian Socialists. There mingled, then, with her other impulses for travel, that feeling of disappointment in Europe, and hope in America, which was widely prevalent in 1849, and which determined the direction of the wanderer's footsteps.

On her way to the United States, she made a tour of a few weeks' duration in England, but the fact of her visit to this island did not leak

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out beyond a few private circles, and did not in the least attract public attention. The energetic little "unprotected female," slipped into England and slipped out of it again, without producing the slightest ripple on the surface of either our "good" or our popular society.

She left Liverpool on a Cunard steamer at the latter end of September, 1849. When standing alone on the deck of the noble craft, gazing out upon the waste of waters, she remembers that she is a daughter of the Vikings of old Scandinavia; that, as such, she has a right to take kindly to a career of adventure.

On October 4, 1849, she landed in New York, and took rooms in the Astor House. One American gentleman only, the late Mr. Andrew Jackson Downing, the most eminent horticulturist of the new world, had been forewarned of her arrival, and had come down from his home in the highlands of the Hudson, to welcome her, and escort her to his wife and villa.

But, like Byron, she awoke next morning and "found herself famous." All the good society of New York and the neighbourhood had become aware that Miss Bremer had arrived, and was determined to give her a real Celtic welcome, a *caed mille failtha*. Poor daughter of the Vikings! Here is her confession after that terrible day's wear and tear.

"*October* 5.—Ugh! It is more wearisome here than anybody can believe; and I am quite tired out after one day of lion life. Through the whole day have I had nothing to do but to receive visits; to sit or to stand in a great parlour, and merely turn from one to another, receiving the salutations and shaking hands with sometimes half a dozen new acquaintances at once, gentlemen of all professions and all nations, ladies who invite me to their house and home, and who wish that I would go immediately; besides a number of letters which I could do no more than merely break open, requests for autographs, and so on. I have shaken hands with from seventy to eighty persons to-day, whilst I was unable to receive the visits of many others. Of the names, I remember scarcely any, but the greater number of the people whom I have seen please me from their cordial frank manners, and I am grateful to them for their extreme friendliness towards me. . . . But that which I am afraid of is, lest the life in this country should be like this of to-day; then I should be regularly worn out, for my strength could never stand against these many lively people. What is to be done if it goes on in this way?"

Mr. Downing hurried her away from the tumult of the Astor House, where Miss Bremer was in danger of being killed by too much kindness, to his quiet, yet sociable home at Newburgh, situate on the Hudson river, about fifty miles above New York city.

Why did the people of New York hasten to make a "lion" of Frederika Bremer? The majority of the elegant people who came to shake her hand or who showered invitations upon her, had certainly not read any of her novels. A pure impulse of hospitality was one ingredient, the proverbial gallantry of Americans towards the weaker sex went for much, especially when the woman came from afar to spy out the land;

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but, mingling with all these finer emotions, was the craving of all young and not yet *blasés* communities, like that of New York, for excitement. A "lion," like a lightning rod, attracts and concentrates upon itself all the unoccupied and vagrant electricity of the social world, and therefore, in becoming the momentary object of so many attentions Miss Bremer, was, in fact, reciprocating the favours which were being showered upon her with such an overwhelming profuseness. Again, the daughter of the Vikings had the advantage of coming from a nation with which the United States has never come into collision, and the mention of whose name excites no party feeling. It is certain that no British, French, or German authoress, would now evoke such a general and ready enthusiasm throughout the United States as the Swedish lady was able to do. In fact, as the community of the United States gets older, sadder, and more sceptical, if not wiser, its representative families will be less prone than in those Consul Plancus' days of 1849 to pay exuberant homage to an incarnation of pure moral and intellectual worth.

If youth is the age of many follies and *gaucheries*, is it not also the age when the generous impulses of our nature have most power over us? This is, at any rate, the mode in which we account for the magnificent reception which everywhere attended Miss Bremer's footsteps.

It was in Mr. Downing's beautiful æsthetic home in the highlands of the Hudson River, that Miss Bremer spent what she aptly calls "the honeymoon" of her American career. A flood of light and knowledge —a chromatrope of new impressions—crowded upon her in the midst of that beautiful scenery, and that animated social life which she met with under Mr. Downing's roof. Her language becomes lyrical and ecstatic responding to the enraptured and glowing emotions of her soul.

Already, by October 20, she writes to her sister Agatha—

"I have greatly enjoyed this period of my new life, and the Hesperian fruits; and whether it is the effect of these, or of the New World's youthful, lively atmosphere, or of the new impressions which daily flow in upon me, but I feel the strings of life vibrate, as it were, more strongly, and my pulse beat, at times almost feverishly. I feel myself to be drinking nectar spiritually and bodily; it is a divine drink, but almost too potent for a weak mortal, at least as an everyday beverage. The excess of social intercourse is also too exciting, however charming and agreeable it may be.'

The banks of the Hudson are the favourite haunts of the wealthy, the artistic, and the literary people of New York; of its aristocracy of wealth, taste, and intellect. It was here that Miss Bremer became acquainted with Miss Sedgwick, Miss Lynch, Washington Irving, the Hon. Mr. Hamilton, and many other celebrities. It was here, too, that she read the essays and poems of Emerson ("the Sage of Concord"), and records the deep but mingled impression they made upon her.

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"The writings of this scorner of imperfection, of the mean and paltry, this bold exacter of perfection in man, have for me a fascination which amounts almost to magic. I often object to him; I quarrel with him; I see that his stoicism is one-sidedness, his pantheism an imperfection, and I know that which is greater and more perfect; but I am under the influence of his magical power, I believe myself to have become greater through his greatness, and I breathe the air of a higher sphere in his world, which is indescribably refreshing to one. Emerson has more ideality than is common among thinkers of the English race, and one might say that in him the idealism of Germany is wedded to the realism of Britain. I have as yet never gone a step to see a literary lion; but Waldo Emerson, this pioneer in the moral woods of the New World, who sets his axe to the roots of the old trees to hew them down, and to open the path for new planting—I would go a considerable way to see this man, and see him I will."

About the same time she jots down her opinion of the *physique* of American ladies, and also of the bearing towards each other of the young of the two sexes:—

"Yes, lovely ladies there certainly are here, but rather pretty and delicate, than, properly speaking, beautiful. A really beautiful woman I have not yet seen here, but neither have I seen a single ill-favoured countenance or deformed person. That which especially pleases me is the easy, unembarrassed, and yet modestly kind intercourse which exists between the young of both sexes."

On going up the Hudson in a steamer, Miss Bremer observed, "I see here none of Mr. Dickens's smoking and spitting gentlemen." But while returning home one night from a visit she met a man of the Dickensian type of American gentlemen:—

"'That gentleman needs a Dickens,' said I, softly, to Mr. Downing. 'But then, replied Mr. Downing in the same undertone, 'Dickens would have committed the mistake of supposing him to be a gentleman.'"

The mordant satire and powerful caricatures of Mr. Dickens have not been without their value on American social life, but, nevertheless, they left a sting behind them which has been carried to the account of the English nation, and has diminished the cordiality with which subsequent English tourists have been received.

In November she returned to Brooklyn, the great adjunct to New York. Here she resides with Marcus and Rebecca Spring, an amiable couple of Socialist tendencies, Quaker descent, and Unitarian faith. They "thee and thou" their visitor, and call her Frederika. She is "enchanted with them," and lives with them "familiarly, as with a brother and sister." Marcus instructs her in the public, and Rebecca in the social life of the country. She now exclaims:—

"Yes, my sister, there is here much more poetry, much more of the romance of life, than we have imagined. Life here is new youth. . . . . My life is a daily warfare against kindness and politeness and *curiosity*, during which I often am weary and worn out; often, also, I feel the wafting influence of an extraordinary youthfulness and enjoyment gush through my soul."

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She makes acquaintance with the Rev. W. H. Channing, and with him and the Springs pays her first visit to the Phalanstery in New Jersey. Plunging again into the vortex of New York life, she sees Mrs. Kirkland, the authoress of "A New Home in the West," and goes over the "Rutger's Institute" for young ladies. But "the whirl of presentations and scraps of conversation, which serves no other purpose than to make the soul empty and the body weary," alienates her from the *beau monde* of New York. But now we come to her first mention of the American female doctors, and we will stop to extract her account of the interview :—

"I had this morning a charming visit from a little lady doctor, a Miss Harriet K. Hunt, female physician, as she calls herself, from Boston, who invited me to her house there, insisted upon it that I *must* come, would not let me escape till I had promised, and was so irresistibly merry that we, she and I and the whole company, burst into one peal of laughter after another. There was besides so much that was excellent and really sensible in what she said, I felt that there was so much heart in the zealous little creature, that I could not help liking her, and made her the promise she wished."

After stigmatising the dinner parties of New York as the most stupefying and intolerable performances in the world, she gives her impression of their evening parties :—

"They are not to compare with the most beautiful of the kind I have seen in Sweden and Denmark. Here there is not space, nor yet flowers enough, nor air enough. Above everything, they lack costume, character in dress. The ladies are handsome, are well and tastefully dressed, but they are too much like one another. The gentlemen are all dressed alike. This cannot here be otherwise, and it is good and right at the bottom. . . . Nor does it seem to me that the mental individuality is sufficiently marked to produce an outward impression. But to this subject I must return."

In the beginning of December Miss Bremer *fled* from New York and Brooklyn to Boston. "I actually ran away from the battle of people. I could not do otherwise." On her way thither, *viâ* Connecticut, she visited Mrs. Sigourney in Hartford, and at Worcester she has an interview with Elihu Burrit, who had then lately returned from the Peace Congress in Paris. Their views did not coincide about peace-at-any-price principles :—

"I declared myself to be a friend of war, of a good righteous war, when, at least, peace cannot have a great and prolonged life on earth. . . . . Mankind must evidently grow in heart and in intelligence, and the community must perfect its work before they talk about universal peace. This must proceed from within."

To this sentiment, Mary Howitt, the translator, affixes a note of dissent; but to a Swede or a Pole, whose country has been dismembered by, and who are the neighbours of a semi-barbarous power, the question of war appears under an aspect which is not familiar to us English and

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New Englanders. Miss Bremer probably had in her mind's eye a war for the restoration of Finland or of Poland; and in believing that such a war would benefit humanity, she is backed up by the authority of the great majority of liberal statesmen in every country of Europe. She spends Thanksgiving Day in a farm house in Western Massachusetts and finds the country people "simple and cordial, much more hearty and much less given to asking questions than the people I had met with in the great city parties."

Arrived in Boston, she goes to hear Theodore Parker preach. She describes him as having "a Socratic head, large well-formed hands, and his whole bearing, expression, gestures, struck me as purely original, the expression of a determined and powerful nature." From Boston she writes to her sister how powerfully American society is acting upon her:—

"I feel every day how altogether necessary for my whole life, and for the development of my moral and intellectual being, is this American journey."

From Boston she pays a short first visit to Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his home at Concord. He came to meet his visitor, "walking down the little avenue of spruce firs which leads from his house, bare-headed amid the falling snow." Her first impressions of him, as were her last, were of a mixed kind. She says—

"He interested me without warming me. That critical, crystalline, and cold nature may be very estimable, quite healthy, and in its way beneficial for those who possess it, and also for others who allow themselves to be measured and criticised by it. But for me David's heart and David's songs!"

She calls him a sphinx-like individual, and resolves to see more of him before arriving at a final judgment.

She is much struck with the society of the *literati* of Boston. She sees there Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell (the latter is "a perfect Apollo in appearance"), and the abolitionists, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and William Lloyd Garrison.

She breaks a lance with Mr. Garrison on the score of the virulence of his manner of attack. "He replied, with good-temper, 'We must demand the whole loaf, if we would hope to get one half of it.' . . . . The resolution and character of such a man deserve esteem." She converses with the escaped slaves, William and Ellen Craft, but declares herself "suspicious of party-spirit and its blindness," and disposed to throw her weight against it.

She went to hear Theodore Parker a second time, and afterwards received a visit from him.

"I am so great a lover of courage in all forms, and of every unreserved expression of opinion and belief, that I extended my hand to Parker, thanking him cordially for

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his candour. But I nevertheless told him frankly my objections to his Christology, and we had a good deal of quiet controversy. I found Parker extremely agreeable to converse with, willing to listen, gentle, earnest, and cordial."

Miss Bremer had previously compared herself to the Æsopian earthen pot which was jogging along with the iron pot of American life, and was being knocked to pieces by the companionship. Before the year was over the moral fermentation, the intellectual excitement and expansion, the physical fatigue our lioness had undergone, brought on a nervous and dyspeptic attack, which prostrated her, deprived her of the power of enjoying life, and, at one time, seemed likely to force her to a premature return to her native land. At the commencement of her ailment she leaves the hospitable home of the Lowells at Cambridge, and resides with Dr. Harriet K. Hunt. The passage relating to this lady (who still flourishes in full vigour), her history, her mission, and her circle of friends, is, I think, highly germane to these pages.

"Miss Hunt seized upon me with all her might. . . . . People may have better manners, more tact, and so on, but it would be impossible to have a better heart; one more warm for the best interests of mankind, and, upon the whole, more practical sagacity. She is of a Quaker family, and with that determined will and energy which belongs to the Quaker temperament, she early resolved to open both for herself and her sex a path which she conceived it important that women should pursue, and towards which she felt herself drawn in an especial manner. She therefore, together with a younger sister, took private instruction from a clever and well disposed physician, and she has now (for her sister is married), been in practice twelve years," [written in 1849,] "as a physician of women and children, acquiring the public confidence and laying up property (for instance, the house in which she lives, a frugally furnished but excellent house, is her own),* and aiding, as I heard from many, great numbers of ladies in sickness and in diseases peculiar to their sex. In especial has she been a benefactor to the women of the lower working classes, delivering to them also lectures on physiology, which have been attended by hundreds of women. She read them to me, and the introductory lecture gave me a high opinion of the little doctor and her powers of mind. I was really delighted with her, and *now for the first time fully saw the importance of women devoting themselves to the medical profession.*

"The view she took of the human body and of its value had a thoroughly religious tendency, and when she laid it upon the woman's heart to value her own and her child's physical frame, to understand them aright, and to estimate them aright, it was because their destination was lofty—because they are the habitations of the soul and the temples of God. There was an earnestness, a simplicity, and an honesty in her representations, integrity and purity in every word, the style was of the highest class, and these lectures could not but operate powerfully upon every poor human heart, and in particular on the heart of every mother. And when one reflects how important for future generations is the proper estimation of the woman and the child, how much depends upon diet, upon that fostering which lies beyond the sphere of the physician and his oversight, and which women alone can rightly understand, who can doubt of the impor-

* And in consideration of paying taxes on which she indites an annual claim to the right of voting.—REVIEWER.

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tance of the female physician, in whose case science steps in to aid the natural sense and to constitute her the best helper and counsellor of women and children? That women have a natural feeling and talent for the vocation of physician is proved by innumerable instances, from the experience of all ages and people. And it is a shame and a pity that men have not hitherto permitted these to be developed by science. How much good, for instance, might be done, especially in the country among the peasantry, if the midwife, besides the knowledge which is requisite to bring a child into the world, united also to this the requisite knowledge for helping the mother and child to a life of health. But man has neglected this, and still neglects it, and it avenges itself upon thousands of sickly mothers and sickly children. If, then, woman possesses naturally a religious tendency of mind, and the disposition to regard life and all things from a central sanctifying point of view inclines her to treat even the smallest thing of importance looked at from this point of view; if she is gifted by nature with the mother's heart and the mother's love, how well it suits her to become a priestess of the temple in which the child should be sanctified to God—to the God of health and holiness! How sacred is her right to be there consecrated!

"In the old times the physician was also the priest, and consecrated to holy mysteries. The descendants of Æsculapius were a holy race, and among them were also women; the daughter of Æsculapius, Hygeia, was called the goddess of health. Of this race came Hippocrates. We now talk about Hygeia, but we only talk. She must be recalled to earth; she must have room given to her, and justice done to her, if she is to present the earth with a new Hippocrates.

"But to return to my little human doctress, who is not without those sparks of the divine life which prove her to belong to the family of Æsculapius. One sees this in her eye, and hears it in her words. But the round, short figure has wholly and entirely an earthly character, and nothing in it indicates the higher ideal life, excepting a pair of small, beautiful, and white hands, as soft as silk—almost too soft—and, as I have already said, a glance peculiarly sagacious and penetrating.

"With her I saw several of the 'emancipated ladies,' as they are called; such, for instance, as deliver public lectures, speak in political, anti-slavery meetings, &c. One of these struck me from the picturesque beauty of her figure and head, her pale, noble countenance, and rich golden hair, together with the perfect gentleness and womanliness of her whole demeanour and conversation, united to manly force of will and conviction. She is a Mrs. Paulina Davis, from Providence" [Rhode Island], "and has for many years delivered, with great success, lectures on physiology, which are much attended by the working classes. She and my little doctress are warm friends. I saw, also, her husband, Mr. Davis; he seems to be a sensible man, and perfectly approves his wife's views and activity."

During the remainder of the winter of 1849-50, Miss Bremer was "miserably unwell." As neither Miss Hunt, nor one of the first allopathic physicians in Boston, were able to cure her, she sought advice from the homœopathists, and found a saviour in Dr. Osgood.

So early as February 19, 1850, she was able to write:—

"Three days of the most delicious spring weather! And this luxurious blue heaven, and this air—so pure, so spiritually full of life, and, as it were, so intoxicating! I have not felt anything like it. I became, as it were, permeated by it. I have been so well these last days, have felt such a flood of fresh life in me, that it has made me quite happy, and childish enough to feel a desire to tell everybody so, and to bid them rejoice with me. In my joy, I compelled my little allopathic doctor, Miss Hunt, to thank God for the progress which I and the homœopathic doctor had made; and she did so with all her heart. She has a heart as good as gold."

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She discovers that the diet of the Americans is unwholesome, and "is not suited to the climate, which is hot and stimulating."

In January she paid a second visit to Emerson, and spent four days in his house. The mutual attraction and repulsion exercised upon each other by the female representative of Christian Humanitarianism in Europe, and the male apostle of Philosophical Individualism in America, is an interesting psychological study. She says, among many other observations, all worth quotation :—

"During the four days that I remained in Emerson's house, I had a real enjoyment in the study of this strong, noble, eagle-like nature. Any near approximation was, as it were, imperfect, because our characters and views are fundamentally dissimilar, and that secret antagonism which exists in me towards him—spite of my admiration—would at times awake, and this easily called forth his icy-alp nature, repulsive and chilling. But this is not the original nature of the man ; he does not rightly thrive in it ; and he gladly throws it off, if he can, and is much happier, as we can see, in a mild and sunny atmosphere, where the natural beauty of his being may breathe freely and expand into blossom, touched by that of others as by a living breeze. I enjoyed the contemplation of him in his demeanour, his expression, his mode of talking, and his every-day life, as I enjoy contemplating the calm flow of a river, bearing along, and between flowery shores, large and small vessels—as I love to see the eagle circling in the clouds, resting upon them and its pinions. . . . His words are severe, his judgment often keen and merciless, but his demeanour is alike noble and pleasing, and his voice beautiful. One may quarrel with Emerson's thoughts, with his judgment, but not with himself. . . . I feel that my intercourse with him will leave a deep trace in my soul. I could desire in him warmer sympathies, larger interest in such social questions as touch upon the well-being of mankind, and more feeling for the suffering and the sorrows of earth. But what right, forsooth, has the flower which vibrates with every breath of wind to quarrel with the granite rock, because it is differently made? In the breast of such lie strong metals."

In the midst of Boston society she remarks—

"It is clear to me that there is here an aristocracy forming itself by degrees, which is much higher than that of birth, property, or position in society ; it is really the aristocracy of merit, of amiability, and of character. But it is not yet general. It is merely as yet a little handful. But it grows, and the feeling on the subject grows also."

While English travellers and wits had laid so much stress upon the dominion of the "almighty dollar," hear how Miss Bremer strikes a different, and certainly an equally true, note—

"The Viking element in the Yankee's nature compels him incessantly to work, to undertake, to accomplish something which tends either to his own improvement or that of others. For when he has improved himself, he thinks, if not before, of employing his pound for the public good. He gets money, but only to spend. He puts it by, but not for selfish purposes. Public spirit is the animating principle of his life, and he prefers to leave behind him the name of an esteemed and beloved citizen rather than a large property. He likes to leave that which he has acquired to some institution or benevolent society, which thenceforth commonly bears his name."

Have not the Stephen Gerards, the Amos Lawrences, the P

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Coopers, the Lowells, the Macdonoghs, and last, not least, George Peabody, of America, fairly earned the above meed of praise?

Here is an account of the ideal of the man of the New World, "and pre-eminently the man of New England"—

"The ideal of the man of America seems to me to be purity of intention, decision in will, energy in action, simplicity and gentleness in manner and demeanour. Hence it is that there is a something tender and chivalric in his behaviour to women which is infinitely becoming to him. In every woman he respects his own mother.

"In the same way it appeared to me that the ideal of the woman of the New World is independence in character, gentleness of demeanour and manner.

"The American's ideal of happiness seems to me to be marriage and home, combined with public activity. To have a wife, his own house and home, his own little piece of land; to take care of these, and to beautify them, at the same time doing some good to the state or to the city, this seems to me to be the object of human life with most men—a journey to Europe as a desirable episode.

"Of the American home I have seen enough and heard enough for me to be able to say, that the women have in general all the rule there which they wish to have. Woman is the centre and the lawgiver in that home, and the American man loves that it should be so. He wishes that his wife should have her own will at home, and he loves to obey it. . . . I must, however, say that in the happy homes in which I lived, I saw the wife equally careful to guide herself by the wishes of her husband, as he was to indulge hers. Affection and sound reason make all things equal.

"The educational institutions for women are in general much superior to those of Europe; and perhaps the most important work which America is doing for the future of humanity, consists in her treatment and education of women. Woman's increasing value as a teacher, and the employment of her as such in public schools, even in those for boys, is a public fact in these states which greatly delights me."

At an anti-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Miss Bremer saw "a young fair lady, in a simple white dress, and hair without any ornament," step forward, leading a dark Mulatto woman by the hand; the latter a fugitive from slavery; the fair young lady was Miss Lucy Stone, who spoke for an hour. Miss Bremer did not admire the matter, so much as the manner of the oratory; but as Miss Lucy Stone has long since abandoned public life for family duties, I pass over the passage.*

Miss Bremer found it advisable to seek for a time a milder climate than that of the Northern States, and on the last day of February, 1851, she left Massachusetts *en route* for its moral antipodes, South Carolina. I cite a portion of her valediction to Massachusetts.

"I thank it for its rural homes, where the fear of God and industry, family affections and purity of life, have their home. Its educational system has my esteem, and many excellent people have my love. I thank the land of the pilgrims above all for its ideal, for its conception of a higher law in society, a law of God, which ought to be obeyed rather than human law; for its conception of a standard of morality, higher than that which is current in the world, and which demands the highest purity

* Miss Lucy Stone became Mrs. Stone Blackwell, and is now the sister-in-law of the famous Doctors Blackwell.

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of life in man as in woman, and which admits of no lax concession; for its noble feeling as regards the rights of woman and her development as a fellow citizen; for its sense of the honour of labour, and its demanding for every good labourer honourable wages as such. I thank it for its magnanimous wish and endeavour to give everything to all; for those little" [socialist] "settlements in which the children of the New World endeavour to bring into operation the divine teaching. People say that such ideas are impractical. It is by such impractical ideas that society approaches nearer heaven."

In the middle of March, Miss Bremer took the steamer from New York to Charleston, where she first came in contact with Southern life.

(To be continued.)

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COLONEL RANNOCH.

CHAPTER I.

RANNOCH OF RANNOCH.

THE close of a warm September day drew on; Buichaille-Etive—or the Shepherd of Etive—lifted her triple head, all draped in crimson and in misty blue, dear to artists who venture to copy the autumn shadows that hide away among the Highlands; Ben Lauders and fairy haunted Shecallion caught the same rosy blush, and the fair loch, the bright watered and richly set Rannoch, flashed back the light, kissing, with rosy lips, the green banks of the island prison of the Lord of Lorn.

The old pine woods, twisted and gnarled by centuries of storms, stood boldly out, their blood-red trunks contrasting strongly with the sombre brown green foliage, and still more strongly with the airy white-stained birch wood, upon whom the sear and yellow tints of another autumn were painted.

Up from the shores of the loch came the dim hum of insect life, broken by the lowing of the cows going home from the milking shed, and the occasional bleat of a mountain sheep. Rooks sailed slowly homewards, seemingly inclined to linger in the blue air; and the laird's old Galloway, cropping the crisp grass, lazily shook his ears now and then at the approach of some more daring midge of the million army, dancing their short spell of life away.

The laird himself, Rannoch of Rannoch—grey, well-fleshed, and near the last stage of fourscore years—sat on a rough garden bench, watching, with sight that had not dimmed a whit, that point of the loch where Meal-riake dips his foot in the brown water. Presently, a light flashed in the old man's face, and he tapped his stick contentedly against the ribs of a great shaggy deerhound, who, with his muzzle resting upon his master's cap, and eyes raised to his face, responded by a low whine, and lazy beat of his tail.

"He's coming, Wolf," chuckled the old man, poking the dog. "The boat has pushed off; nae arm but a Rannoch's could bring her over the loch like she's coming now. Ay, ay! ye may growl, auld dog, but ye think sae yoursel'. Ay, ay! there she's coming, for all the world like a swallow. Ah, Angus, lad! there's many a Sepoy devil felt the strength o' the Rannoch shoulder. Poor lad, he's got the bad, though, as well as the good. Faith, Madam Cailin might rest content with the childless lairds o' these seven generations, and let my poor lad find a marrow."

"What's that about the fairy, uncle?"

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The laird started; the turf had deadened the footsteps of the girl, and she had been standing by his side for a second or two, watching the little boat with much the same earnest, fond, and proud look.

"I was thinking of your brother, darling, wishing he had been less of a Rannoch in his loving heart; he's ower true, pet."

The laird sighed; and then, becoming conscious that he had said something painful, he took hold of one of the hands she had clasped upon his shoulder, and, patting it gently, whispered—

"You've a right to be true, pet; never think I meant a word to hurt you. Your truth heals your heart; but his, poor fellow, his keeps the wound open and festering. Has he spoken of her since he came back to us?"

"Not a word. I think he is getting over it."

"God be thanked, then! Oh, Effie," and the old man's voice grew husky, and his eyes dim as he spoke, "even you don't know the trouble that cost me! You did not think I knew it all, but I did; only I knew he'd never brook interference. So there it was, I held my tongue, though it was sorrow and grief to me."

"Poor uncle!" and, stooping, Effie kissed his grey hair. "You always think more of others and their likes than of yourself. Mamma and you were both alike there; she didn't seem to remember that she'd either strength to spend or a heart to break."

"Dinna speak of her—dinna speak of her," broke in the laird; "she's ane a' God's angels now; and them that hurried her to her grave, the Lord will avenge her wherever they are. Whist, lassie, dinna greet; I loved your mother mair than a sister, long, long before your father thought her bonnie. I'd set her up as Nebuchadnezzar set up his golden image, but your father was quicker in speech than I was; he had been away in Edinburgh, and I, the laird, was to mind the home-biggin; he used to joke me about my shamefacedness, Effie; but when he robbed my nest, and—"

"He was my father, uncle," Effie whispered, her face flushing; "Angus's father, too, uncle."

"Ay, my doo, and my ain brother—the Lord forgive me for speaking against him!—and him, maybe, ay, surely lying in his grave; he must be dead, darling, he was never sae strong and hearty as I was; and then the curse, ye ken. He could not live after me, and I am going fast, Effie; the silver cord is loosened, the golden bowl is cracked. Angus will be laird soon now, darling, and a braw laird he'll make; if I could only hae seen him bring home a bonnie young bride to make the auld house lightsome again; it looks dark and woesome sometimes, Effie, and I fear and fret lest Angus should tire of it, and let it out to strangers; it's a bonnie place, Effie"—and he rose up, and, leaning on his stick, gazed fondly at the old house—"and it's been a blithe place,

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too, in the days gone by. I often fancy I hear the bairnies' footsteps toddling along the passages; and in the long nights I maist always now dream that I am a bairn again—a sure sign that the end is not far off."

Effie's tears were dropping silently upon the green grass.

"Greeting, Effie—greeting because an auld man, fourscore and three is going home? Shame, lassie, ye dinna grudge me my rest, after eighty-three years of work and life?"

Effie could only clasp his arm, and, nestling her head in his breast, hide away her tears; and they were standing thus when the report of a double-barrelled gun rang through the air; Effie lifted up her face; "That's Angus firing off his gun; he must not see me crying," and so saying sped off into the house, and the laird, forgetful of everything but Angus, settled himself to wait his approach.

In a minute or two a man in the Highland dress came up the brae, and vaulted over the paling, followed by a couple of black and white setters; while, at a little distance, came two men, one of them laden with the day's bag, the other carrying the colonel's gun; very carefully, too, for Donald had never seen a breech-loader until that season, and did not approve of new-fangled notions, though inclined to think everything his young master did perfection.

"Well, Angus," hailed the laird, "what's the bag?"

"Fifteen and a half grouse, five black cocks, and a hare. Here Willy, tumble them out for the laird to judge of."

Willy did so, arranging them brace by brace on the grass.

"Brave birds, sir," said Donald, uncovering and looking at the fine show of feathers with a loving eye; "the mountain's in a braw good humour this season."

"And the new gun, Donald? She's nae sae unhandy as she seemed when the colonel brought her here."

"She might do better, laird; if it wasna for Maister Angus she'd be but a puir feckless thing."

And having delivered this opinion Donald helped to put the game together again, while Colonel Rannoch, stretching himself upon the grass, lay gazing upon the fair scene spread out before him.

The colonel was in the prime of life, tall, like all his race, and like them, too, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and light-loined, the shapely foot, with its high instep, the clean ankle and muscular limbs showing plainly in his country dress. He had taken off his bonnet and pushed back the short thick rings of brown hair, crisped by heat and confinement, from the broad fair forehead, under which, set in long dark lashes, gleamed the violet blue Rannoch eye—an eye which, according to the clan tradition, was endowed with something more than human vision.

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The eyes, though sad and full of thought now, could flash and burn when occasion showed, or melt and fill with the light of love—the deep, passionate, self-consuming love that Cailen, the evil fairy of Shecallion, had bestowed upon his race—the curse the old laird had been bemoaning when Effie Robertson came to his side.

Of the rest of Angus Rannoch's face there was not a great deal to be seen, saving the straight well-cut nose, and an occasional gleam of white and regular teeth below the heavy moustache that, curling downwards, met his whiskers.

Angus had just got his promotion; won it, I had better have said. He had not won it for nothing, either; he had been a soldier nearly twenty years; entering at seventeen, he had served first in India, and bought his experience in the Affghan campaign; he had done his share of work in the Crimea, and it was during the Indian mutiny, where his regiment was ordered among the first, that he gained the name of "the devil's own;" the natives said he bore a charmed life, and in good truth it seemed something like it. He set death at defiance, they said. They did not know the story that lay hid under the quiet, stern face; they did not see the gnawing agony that drove him to court death with a passion as fierce as he had wasted upon the woman who had left him this legacy of despair, and whose falseness had withered his life.

He had taken no one into his confidence, it seemed, for the story never leaked out, and such stories are pretty sure to do so if there are more heads than one at work; one man knew Rannoch's secret, but it was his interest to keep it.

Death is as fickle as love sometimes, and flies those who court him most persistently; so Major Rannoch came home without a scratch, and without having known a day's sick leave—came home to receive the honours he had won in spite of himself, and was gazetted colonel and C.B. before he left London for the North.

"Colonel Rannoch," said the old laird, proudly, "Colonel Rannoch; it sounds just as it should; they said you were charmed, didn't they?"

Angus laughed.

"The blackies did; but how the deuce did you hear, laird? I did not think you and Effie had any correspondence with the mutineers."

"There are newspapers, lad—we are not quite out of the world here and when you were there, surely we would read all they said of you."

Truth was, the laird had lived upon the newspapers, and kept a gilly doing little else than running to meet the coach that carried the London newspapers. And these he had filed in his private room, and still pored over, after they all thought him in bed, getting up questions to ask of Angus next day, cunningly drawing on to cheat his nephew out of some mention of his own acts. But the great day of triumph

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was when there came an official intimation that his name had been sent in under recommendation for the "Victoria Cross."

"You'll hear about the cross soon, Angus," said the laird, after the birds had been taken away.

"Yes, I suppose so; you'll like to see it, laird. But, do you know, I think what I am looking at now is worth a hundred crosses. Could there be anything lovelier than the loch, now, with the evening and night meeting on the water—half is red, half cold grey."

"I've seen it so long, Angus, I think I almost forget how bonnie it is. I mind when the nursemaids used to frighten me to death, by telling me the firs over there were bogies, and had been little bairnies like myself; and as for the birches over there, many a greet they've given me. The dominie over at the town used to have a big bunch sent him every week—'For,' said he, 'they stang maist when the sap is in them;' I believe he was right."

Angus laughed.

"Still the birches are bonnie, uncle; more especially after India, and the horrors out there; you have never left the peace and quiet, and cannot know what it is to a fellow like myself to feel there are miles and miles of mountain between you and the world of men you are tired of."

"Dinna say that, lad; you are too young to weary honestly of the world and them that's in it. The loch and the mountains are bonnie and peaceful; but there's a time for a' things."

Colonel Rannoch said nothing in reply, but a dark frown settled down upon his face; half raising himself, he leant upon his elbow, watching the grey light folding the far off mountains in night, and thinking that this same cold gathering darkness was emblematic of his own life; for though no romantic dreamer, Angus was a true Highlander, and had all the poetry of his mountain birth hid away deeply in his heart.

The laird sat watching him with eager eyes—eyes that longed to let the heart and tongue speak their pity as plainly as they did. The laird knew right well why Angus spoke as he did of the world, and why the dark frown had clouded his face; he knew, or fancied he knew, something of what, working at the colonel's heart, brought the red blood to his bronzed face, and set the full lips hard together. The old man had loved and been deceived too, and as he looked, his own youth seemed to rise again in him, and the blood leapt in his veins; at last he could be silent no longer.

Angus," he cried, in a hoarse whisper, "ye ken the curse; if ane" (the laird dared not hint what he knew too well) "has been false, pluck her out o' your heart, and seek another; break the spell, set the auld deevil of a witch at defiance; it's no like these enlightened days to let a foolish story like that make the world a wilderness. Hold up your head, Rannoch, and pick out the bonniest, kindest lassie ye can find,

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and bring me your bride to bless before I'm laid up among my kinsfolk on the auld rock."

Angus had started violently when his uncle first spoke; something in the tone as well as words rivetted his attention; but he had turned away his face before the harangue was finished, and it was perhaps as well the speaker did not see the white pain that settled down upon it, bleaching out the red blood, and that he only heard the lightly uttered words, "You are not going to die yet, uncle," that fell from Rannoch's lips as he sprang to his feet, anxious to put a stop to the conversation.

"You are driving off my question, Angus," persisted the laird. "I was asking you to bring home a mistress for the auld house, and you loup up with a jest on your tongue. I am going to dee; men dinna live for ever, and I am past the Bible span o' life."

"You are hale and hearty yet, laird; I'll lay anything you saw me shove the boat off at Lorn's landing place."

"Ay, that I did, and kenned whose arm was driving the boatie over the water. How many minutes did it take you to come?"

While Angus was trying to calculate by taxing his memory as to whether he had looked at his watch, Effie joined them, bringing a handful of letters for him; one a long blue official enclosure, on which the laird's eyes fastened greedily.

"Is it about the cross?" he whispered, presently, seeing the colonel had read it through.

"No, uncle, it's an announcement of my appointment as colonel to one of their new-fangled battalions; you can read it yourself," and laying it on the laird's knee, he went towards the house.

"Read to me, Effie; I hae left the specs in the house."

And Effie read.

"Where is it to, lassie, where's the town?" said the laird, when she had finished.

"Challoner," repeated Effie.

Both were silent for a minute or two; then the old man laid his trembling hand upon her arm, pulling her down until he could whisper in her ear.

"Wasn't it there she lived?"

"Yes, uncle; but they are all gone; her father died, you know, and Angus was never, that I heard of, in the town."

"He'll maybe no' go, Effie?"

"Oh yes, he will; he is not one to shirk a trial, and it's the same for that matter wherever he is; if the love's in his heart all places will be the same. But come in now, uncle, the cold wind is getting up, and there's a brace of grouse ready for supper; and don't for pity's sake let Angus see you are thinking of what he has kept kindly from you; his burden will never be lightened by being put on another's shoulder."

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Effie and her uncle were close to the house now, and as they stood there whistling to Wolf, who had taken a gallop round the shrubbery, an upper window was thrown open, and Colonel Rannoch appeared in his shirt-sleeves.

"Read that to the laird, Effie," he said, dropping a letter into her outstretched hands; "it's from his old friend, Duncan Stewart; I'll be down in a minute for supper, as hungry as a hound, too."

"Poor lad," thought the laird, "if he can make believe to forget it, so maun I."

CHAPTER II.

"AND ARE YOU SURE THE NEWS IS TRUE?"

CHALLONER, where the depôt to which Colonel Rannoch was gazetted was to be formed, is a cathedral town, and lies snugly and prosperously in the middle of one of the fairest agricultural counties in England. It is, or rather was, some three or four hundred years ago, surrounded by walls, in which were four gates; Cromwell Gate, so called because Oliver of the Commonwealth here entered, when he and his soldiers spoiled the Philistines, by cutting up the pictures, carrying off the gold and silver plate, burning the gorgeous vestments, and stabling their horses—and themselves—in the cathedral.

Bond Gate, Rufus Gate, and Front Gate, were the distinctive titles of the other three, and although the gates themselves had long ago been pulled down, and the stones used up in building modern houses, the streets still retained the names they had borne of old. The line of wall, with some portions still intact, still remained visible to the acute eyes of the members of the Chardshire Antiquarian Society, a member of which drew a plan, and wrote a learned history of the ancient town, its walls, gates, and cathedral.

Besides antiquarian interest, Challoner possessed the attractions attendant upon a good fishing river, and the proximity of the far-famed Roodee Kennels. In summer, strange faces and garbs showed themselves in the coffee-room of the Royal Arms, and by the river side; in winter, not a bed in that same comfortable old hostelry was to be had for love or money, and livery stablemen flourished and grew rich. The new blood thus infused into the sombre "Close" society, was a welcome element with the young ladies, who since the removal of a cavalry regiment from the barracks, had given themselves up to mourning and discontent.

Trade had never been very lively at Challoner, but of late years there arose a dead lock. Shop after shop put up its shutters and died, the theatre was let to a corn-factor, and only the annual hunt ball saved the

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assembly rooms from a like ignoble end. At this crisis, Her Majesty's Government decided upon the extensive military experiment of forming depôt battalions, and fixed upon Challoner as the site of an infantry depôt, No. 200. The news was received with joy proportionate to the dulness that had lain over the town for so many years. Shops brightened their windows, the corn-factor got notice to quit, a new floor was proposed for the assembly rooms, painters, paperers, and upholsterers were in demand, and their wages rose accordingly.

Among the houses at once put in hand, was the Friars, occupied by Mrs. Glanley and her daughters, Ellice and Nora.

Mrs. Glanley had been a widow for many years; her husband was the proprietor of a large property in a neighbouring county, to which her only son had in due course succeeded.

Why she had taken up her residence at Challoner no one knew—not even she herself; somebody had said—"Why not take the Friars, it is a capital house, and Challoner is a quiet, aristocratic place?" and Mrs. Glanley had accordingly taken the Friars; and, migrating there from Sledmere, regretted the change ever afterwards—the only alleviation to the trial being a month's visit to London during the season; when Jim, like a dutiful brother, anxious to further his sisters' settlement in life, paid the house-rent, and, coming up, did male chaperon; until, taking his mother's advice, and marrying a wife, he had to leave his two unmarried sisters to his mother's generalship.

Ellice Glanley had been out for eight or nine years, and kept her place as a beauty all the time; to accomplish this, and retain her freedom, required considerable force of character, as well as personal attraction; Ellice had both. Lovers she had had by scores; offers, good, bad, and indifferent, had been registered and sighed over by her mother, who only once ventured to remonstrate, and take a pull at the curb she had used so unmercifully with her already married girls. The occasion was a tempting one; the *parti* at Ellice's feet the catch of the season; Mrs. Glanley had looked on and kept silence during the beginning of the flirtation, but when July was waning, and Ellice was still playing her favourite game, and keeping her lover just at arm's length, poor Mrs. Glanley grew desperate; she opened her mouth and spoke—so, for that matter, did Ellice, and to more purpose. The earl left town next day, and Mrs. Glanley never interfered with her daughter Ellice any more—keeping it all for Nora, who, being five or six years younger, and of a much more gentle (Ellice called it cowardly) disposition, suffered herself to be kept in training harness.

James, or, as everybody called him, Jim Glanley had married well—that is to say, he had married a lady in her own right, with an income almost, if not quite, equal to his own. Nobody wondered, or expressed any astonishment when this marriage in high life ornamented the page

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of the *Court Circular* appropriated to such interesting events. Lady Emily was young, moderately good-looking, and also had money. Mr. Glanley was young, uncommonly handsome, possessed of a good estate, and universally styled a capital fellow; so, to those who only saw the surface, Jim was the lucky man he tried to believe he was when people told him—and Lady Emily a very fortunate girl. That there was another side to the picture we may be pretty certain, nor was the reverse long in showing itself, and making itself visible to the rest of the world, neither husband or wife being of a kind who can smile at fortune and suffer in silence.

When the news concerning the depôt battalion reached the Friars, Mrs. Glanley determined to spend a month at the seaside, partly to have her house re-papered—anticipatory of balls and dinner-parties to the new-comers—partly to freshen both herself and the girls, and partly to give the battalion time to assemble, and herself time to ascertain the names, and as much as possible of the means of those composing it, and thus get her cards well together, before venturing what she had been tormenting herself into calling Ellice's last chance of matrimony—London having long ago been given up as hopeless.

It mattered very little where they went, so long as they had sea-breezes, and somebody to look at, if not talk to. The month stretched out into five, then six weeks, and the housekeeper wrote in despair—the men were still at work; another week, and September was out; October came—the seaside got lonely. The *Times* had a small corner for hunting appointments—the Roodee never began early, but every day might see their names in, and Ellice, who was a first-rate horse-woman, and a pretty constant attendant at the meets, generally riding well forward, threatened to go home in spite of workmen and wet paint. Happily there was no necessity for this; the good news that the house was quite ready reached them on Wednesday, and they were inspecting the causes of banishment on Friday.

Monday was announced as the first meet of the season. Tym Clifton, the master, sending a special intimation to the Friars, accompanied by an invitation to breakfast.

The battalion had arrived, and the band was playing on the causeway, when the Glanley party drove past on their way from the station.

"Will you come over to Roodee, and see the dogs, Nora?" asked Ellice, as they sat at breakfast the morning after their return. "Mr. Clifton will be at home to-day, because it is his practising day, you know, mother, and we could lunch there."

"Really, Ellice," put in her mother, petulantly, "I wish you would think a little; it is not the thing for you to be going taking lunch with bachelors."

"But Tym Clifton is old enough to be my grandfather."

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"No, he is not, and if he was it would not make that friend of his, Mr. Kealder, the same. I do not so much mind Mr. Clifton" (with an emphasis on the Mr.), "but he has no right to force such people upon us."

Ellice's eyes grew brighter, and a wicked curl of her lip changed suddenly into a smile, as she said—

"You and I never agree about people, mother; I like Mr. Kealder; he's neither a boy, a horsedealer—like half the men in the country here—nor a fool, like those in town. He can talk, which is more amusing than having to flirt simply because your partner cannot talk, and you are too lazy to do so, even if he could understand you. But it was not to see Mr. Kealder, or even Tym Clifton, I was going; Mr. and Mrs. Clive were expected yesterday, and I really meant my call for Alice, not Mr. Kealder. I suppose Nora must not go?"

"Oh, yes, if you are determined, she may," said Mrs. Glanley, in a tone of martyrdom, and having so said, she ate her breakfast in silence.

Mrs. Glanley did not often venture to cross weapons with her eldest daughter; she had tried it once or twice, but finding she always came off the worst, as a rule, carefully avoided an encounter; this being the case, you are aware that there must have been some extraordinary grievance to provoke her to take up the foil, and I question much if careful mammas would not have agreed with her, and censured Mr. Clifton's conduct as strongly; for surely a man who has the *entrée* of every house worth visiting at, should be a little guarded as to the friends he keeps running tame with him. Now he knew nothing, absolutely nothing of Mr. Kealder, and no one else did either, no more at least than Mr. Kealder chose to tell of himself.

Tym had been ordered off to Baden, and there, bathing, gambling, and racing, he had fallen in with Mr. Kealder, invited him to Clifton, and then forgotten all about it until the Goodwood meeting, where they met again, and where the invitation was renewed. He rode well—that perhaps won Tym's heart to begin with; Tym's weakness, bachelor though he remained, taking the form of women and horseflesh—Tym saw him steer a runaway ill-tempered brute round the Baden course, and duly appreciated the feat, wishing in his heart he could secure such a rider to push his bay colt along for the Liverpool grand; "He'd be certain to walk away from Mantrap," thought Tym, and cultivated Mr. Kealder accordingly; so you see Tym was like other men where his pet hobby was concerned, and Mr. Kealder did not come to Roodee only to flirt with the girls, play billiards with the men, and go out to eat three dull dinners a week; he and the bay colt, christened "The Lost Child," were getting to understand each other, and although the result was kept dark, just enough leaked out to excite the curiosity of the neigh-

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bours, and bring a tout or two down; nor was the quality that had gone so far to win him his present pleasant quarters the only companionable advantage Mr. Kealder possessed; he could do most things well, beat any of the country gentlemen at billiards, rifle-shooting, or whist, and with the young ladies he had at once established his reputation by being a first-rate partner, carrying the clumsiest waltzer over the ground with as much apparent ease as the smoothest stepper in the room; and then he could talk well, that was a great point, and Ellice was right, he had a way of talking without appearing to monopolise the conversation; he had been everywhere, and made good use of his eyes; added to all these things, he was a good-looking man—both men and women, for a wonder, agreed in that—he was big enough just to run it very fine to ride twelve stone, very powerfully built, with every muscle developed as if by long training; he had dark brown, almost black hair, growing low upon a wide intellectual forehead; eyes which no two people could decide upon as to colour, though in fact they were that peculiar dark blue, which in some lights or tempers grows black. A thick black moustache fell over the worst feature in his face, as if to veil the story that might have marred al lelse, and, with a closely cut beard, hid the lower portion of his face.

No one, I have said, knew the story of his life; so of course some one invented it for him, and it became a recognised fact that his father had emigrated to America after the Peninsula War, that Kealder himself had served in the Mexican army, and that he had plenty of money, some people added in consequence of a lucky year in California; I need not say that the most interested person in such matters, namely Mr. Kealder himself, heard all these things, and hearing laughed, well content that gossip had taken up the wrong scent. Tym, in his quiet way, tried to find out one evening if the story of the "diggins" was true.

"You've been in California, they tell me, Kealder?" he said, as they sat over their wine.

"Yes; there are few places I've not been at; I went down there with a party of miners, I had one lucky haul, and would have come off the winner, but for fever and ague, and a knife in my shoulder."

"How was that?"

"I put what gold I had under my mattress when I took ill, and one of the fellows, thinking I was dying, and that he might as well save nature the trouble of polishing me off, came one night, stuck his bowie-knife into me, and walked off with the money; luckily the knife struck a rib, and, glancing off, only bled me pretty freely, and I believe saved my life; I got all right again, but cut the diggins, and didn't gain much by them, as you may fancy."

"Did you fall in with the fellow again?"

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A dark flush came over Kealder's face, and Tym was sorry he had asked the question.

"No, by heaven! I am looking for him yet."

"He was English, then?"

"Yes, and is in England; we'll cross each other some day, and then he shall pay me back." Kealder's face had changed as he spoke, and Tym absolutely started as he saw the alteration passion had made in the other's face; an alteration he did not care to look at again.

Tym never repeated what he heard that night, and he never referred to it. If the truth were told, Tym was a little disappointed and horrified at the tokens he had seen rise in his friend's countenance. In the quiet home life in which he had been bred, such passions and such scenes as that described by his guest, were looked upon as belonging to another sort of society.

Now Ellice, who had heard this same story from Kealder himself, received it in quite another fashion; but then she was a woman, and with a woman as listener, the teller made a better story; and Ellice, though she could and did take her own line at home, and made no secret of her contempt of young ladyism, not to say women in general, was not a bit above most of her sex in a certain hankering after the sensational element; seeing the effect, Mr. Kealder was not slow in taking advantage of the same, and Ellice had good reason to say he did not talk like other men; and his conversation, though too cleverly toned down in its colouring to offend, was just of that suggestive sort which, by leaving the listener to fill in the detail, saves the speaker from the charge of levity or coarseness.

All this time Mrs. Glanley had eaten her breakfast in silence and displeasure—a silence which was interrupted by the arrival of the morning post, and then, after glancing at the addresses upon her letters, she plunged into the pages of the *Naval and Military Gazette*, and speedily announced the names of those who were to compose the staff of the depôt; two or three of whom were familiar to herself or the girls; one especially so, and, to judge by the bright colour that flushed up into Nora's pretty face, the depôt battalion promised to bring her happiness.

"There's a letter for you to read, Nora," said her sister, leaning across the table, and laughing as she whispered,

"Did you not know it before? I did a week ago. Bella Wray told me."

Nora made a face, then opened the letter given her, and read.

"Who's your letter from?" asked Mrs. Glanley, dropping the *Gazette*.

"It is from Emily, full of the usual matrimonial advice she is so fond of giving me; she is frightened out of her wits in case I am an old maid, and then Jim will take me to Sledmere; and—you need not laugh

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Nora—she has an inveterate hatred towards poor me, because she knows I thought Jim a fool to marry her."

"Ellice," remonstrated Mrs. Glanley, "pray be guarded. Lady Emily had £1,700 a year of her own, and is a remarkably ladylike accomplished creature; she keeps up your brother's dignity, and you know he required some one to do that."

"Jim required some one to sympathise with him, mother. Some one who would not turn up her nose at dogs and horses, or call every manly sport coarse, as I know she does. Jim would be a happier and I believe a better man without her ladyship and her money."

"Then you can easily take your revenge, Elly," laughed Nora, "by taking up your spinster quarters with them; Jim will do anything you like."

"Your brother James is much too sensible to do anything to displease his wife."

"Yes, of course he is;" and Ellice got up. "Jim is a dear good fellow, and the pattern of filial obedience; but I doubt whether, if he got the chance, he'd play the same tune over again." As soon as Ellice was out of the room, Mrs. Glanley gave a sigh of relief, saying, in a deprecating tone,

"Really, Ellice becomes more self-willed every day. I almost believe she flirts with that Mr. Kealder to vex me; and now you and she will be away all day, too, and I shall have to receive everyone myself. I hope, Nora, that *you* don't intend keeping up your old intimacy with Herbert Eyre, who is, I see, appointed to the depôt?"

Nora's cheeks grew a fiery red, then pale, as she answered,

"You need not fear that, mamma, if you remember what you told him three years ago."

"I am glad of it, dear, as I can ask him to the house in that case. Cutting him would be so pointed and troublesome. I scarcely think he'll come, though, if he can help it; all that scandal about his sister will be enough to make the place distasteful, if it were not anything else. I see a Colonel Rannoch has the command; I wonder if he is one of the Loch Rannoch people; if so, I knew his mother, and he will have his uncle's property; get me an army list and the county families, dear."

"The colonel came yesterday, mamma; Mr. Legh pointed him out; he is a fair, good-looking man."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON.

JIM GLANLEY had a habit of making his appearance at his mother's house at all sorts of odd times, with, or as often without, any warning of his intentions; so that it did not cause very great surprise when,

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next morning, just as Ellice was coming downstairs, apparelled in her riding-habit, ready for the first meet of the season, she beheld her brother divesting himself of his great-coat in the hall.

"All well at home, Elly?" he cried.

"To be sure we are. I thought somehow you'd be here for to-day, but was giving you up when the night passed. We are going to have a splendid meet; Tym is to give half the county a breakfast, and your old friend, Alice Clive, is there, you know."

Jim had put his arm round his sister's waist, and was stooping to kiss her; but he stopped short, and set his teeth together with a muttered oath, which brought the colour to Ellice's face, and bringing her lips to his cheek, she whispered—

"Dear Jim, I am horribly stupid. I rode over to see her yesterday."

"How does she look?"

And Jim heaved a deep sigh, and toned down his great voice as if he was speaking to a baby.

"I don't know."

And Ellice's hesitation told him she did know, and what she knew, too, as plainly as words could. Jim's lips got hold of the end of his moustache, and Ellice began to prepare breakfast.

"You'll have to dress, Jim. Shall I ring?"

Jim nodded, and, walking up to the sideboard, got out a bottle of brandy and took a refresher; then he followed the footman upstairs, and in about ten minutes came clanking down the oak stairs whistling, thereby giving his mother notice of his arrival; so, after sending her maid to inquire how he was, and if it was only the hunting had brought him down, she went on leisurely with her toilet, reaching the breakfast-room just as Nora said—

"Come then, Elly; we'll get our hats on, or we'll be late, and miss this paragon of Jim's."

"Who's that, James?" asked his mother, after the greetings and proper inquiries for her daughter-in-law's welfare were over; "who does Nora mean?"

"Angus Rannoch."

"Do you mean the colonel of the depôt?"

"To be sure I do. He's a capital fellow; I've known him these six or eight years. Look sharp, girls; I hear the horses."

"I am glad you know Colonel Rannoch," said Mrs. Glanley, when they were left in possession of the breakfast table; "he must be one of the Loch Rannoch people. Ah, I was sure of it; but before I saw you I had made up my mind to be civil to him upon Ellice's account. She is getting quite *passée;* did you observe it?"

"Not a bit, mother; I thought her looking first-rate—not a morsel too much flesh, and as clear as—"

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"Oh, for pity's sake don't talk that way!" interrupted Mrs. Glanley, with a look of horror. "You are as bad as ever, James. How can poor Emily let you talk so?"

"Poor Emily, as you call her, is much better pleased when she don't hear my voice at all. But let us drop that, please; I get enough and to spare. How many men do you really want to fill up your table for the dinner to-night—and is Tym Clifton coming?"

"Yes, he is; and that reminds me of another thing I want to speak to you about; you know what a peculiar man Clifton is, in some respects, and how easily imposed upon? He has picked up a friend now, quite young, and very good-looking and taking; nobody knows who he is, and Clifton gets quite cross if you hint at a question."

James laughed.

"Which do you want him for, *ma mère?*"

"Not at all; how you jump to conclusions! I don't want adventurers for my daughters; you have no right to speak to me in that way, James. I am sure I have done all I could to—

"That will do, mother," said Jim, getting up, and prepared to make a diversion in favour of the stable, "I really did not mean it. Does this new chum of Tym's stay at Clifton?"

"Yes, and Mr. Clifton asks the girls over to see this, that, and the other thing, and he has no right—"

"To form his own acquaintanceship, eh? Isn't that rather hard lines for a man at Tym's time of life?"

"How provoking you can be, James! He's welcome to fill his house with swindlers and people nobody knows, but he has no right to introduce them to unmarried girls. I am seriously unhappy about Ellice; she lets this Mr. Kealder pay her constant attention; and, in fact, I wish you would speak to Mr. Clifton."

"Upon my word I'd rather not! Miss Ellice is a young lady I'd trust to her own discretion; she's old enough to judge for herself, too."

"There it is, James," sighed Mrs. Glanley, actually flushed with excitement, "Ellice is twenty-seven, it absolutely makes me tremble when I think of it—I sometimes almost lose hope of her ever being married."

"Better so, perhaps; better a happy single than a miserable married life; she's got no property to find an heir for, too—I wish to God I'd never had either, I'd be a better man now!" and he stood leaning against the chimney-piece with an inexpressibly moody bitter look upon his handsome face. His mother watched him anxiously, then went over and laid her hands upon his arm, asking, in a very different tone—

"Nothing new, dear?"

"No, nothing new, that's where it is; nothing new, never different,

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always the same. Good heaven! if I was carried home on a shutter from the next street, she'd do nothing new."

Mrs. Glanley had laid her hand upon her son's arm, but she took it away as he spoke, and kept it tightly clasped in the other; she did not like even him to see how it could shake, or how nervous she was growing. She had always told herself she had made a good marriage for Jim, and that she had done her duty in getting him such a nice addition to his income; it was only when she caught sight of the bitter, despairing, dare-devil look that came across his face sometimes, and heard him break out as he did now and then, about the coldness and discomfort of his married life, that a sharp pang would strike into her heart, bearing with it a doubt as to the success of her matchmaking.

"You mistake her, James, you do, I am sure; she is a little cold—"

"A little cold, you say? What do you think of this; the night before I left home I was standing in the small drawing-room, talking to that brother of hers, when she passed on her way up to bed. I went up to her and held out my hand, saying, 'I'll not see you in the morning, Emily, I am going to my mother's for a few days, and may run down into Yorkshire when I have the horses in the train;' she said, 'Are you—goodnight;' and that's the way we parted; you don't call that the sort of thing to keep a man from the devil? Ever since that row, she's been goading me on, I believe, to drive me to the worst; playing the suffering angel before the world, and throwing in my teeth," Jim's voice grew hoarse, "that I am too bad even to have her pity; I don't say I've ever been a good man, mother, I think I am far too wild and reckless to keep straight; but she's never let me have a chance of trying, and now, God help me, it's too late! I am so far on the down-hill road, I couldn't stop if I tried."

Mrs. Glanley's handkerchief was at her eyes—"Poor mother," said Jim, as he put his arm round her, his manner changing directly, "don't waste your tears on me. I've cost you many an anxious hour. I know you think Emily all that's right; perhaps she is in some ways—anyhow I'm strong enough to bear my own sins, so don't fret about them. Ah, there go the girls! Am I to ask old Tym, and the swindler—"

"Oh, James!"

"And the 'devil's own?' Rannoch, I mean—he's sure to be out; and," he added, looking in at the door again, "please put a knife and fork for Bella Wray; I could not dine without a look at the dear little old maid's face; her eyes are just the colour of the sky when I am not too shaky to look at it."

The Clifton kennels lie about four miles from Challoner, and in one of the finest old parks the country can boast of.

Tymothy Clifton, owner and master, is a staunch old English gentleman, "one of the olden time," a born and bred fox-hunter. His

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father and grandfather before him having kept the hounds, and hunted the same country for more than a century, Tym's popularity was as great as it deserved to be, and few men who hunted one season with him ever cared to seek a newer love for the next; consequently, hunting was at a premium, and the farmers found it suited their pockets to find a spare room or two for the "hunting gents;" nor were their buxom and rosy-cheeked daughters averse to the good-looking liberal-handed lodgers the hunting season charmed into the neighbourhood.

A few men brought their wives and families down, but houses were scarce and small, and rents proportionately high. Servants grumbled at the rooms, and as, in these days, the comfort of your life depends upon the temper the downstairs department is in, it behoves all wise managers to see that the servants are fed and housed to their hearts' content.

Tymothy Clifton took no subscriptions; his father, finding his banking account the wrong way, had tried that, but soon gave it up, finding it was better to be entirely his own master than, by virtue of a lot of ten pound subscriptions, *to be hunted.* Besides, he had left no living child but Tym, and there having been a series of deaths in the family, causing numerous leases to lapse, Tym got a clear rentroll, and having admitted no rival in the affection he displayed towards his hounds, in spite of the numerous nets laid, and flattering display of ladies invariably present at his meets, year after year saw younger daughters trotted out, while the elder were carried off to grace some other scene, and prepare another detachment of the rising generation, and Tym rode fancy free—kept a first-rate house and stable, and was as happy and contented a man as you'd meet in a day's walk. And at the period of the forming of our depôt battalion, having got round the corner of fifty, had become sensible of a change in the demeanour of the fair sex. Mammas began taking him into their confidence, and talked in a you're-an-old-friend sort of way, concerning the pretensions, fortune, and merits of this or that recruit at the hunting field, while the girls themselves laughed and joked with him in that jolly open sort of way, which is the plainest of all witness of gathering years. And yet Tym showed very few marks of age, and though his hair was certainly of a clerical tint of grey, it was as thick, and curled as crisply as ever over his forehead; he had, much to his disgust, been gaining weight during the last twenty years, but in such a general and gradual manner, that if it had not been for the change in his horses, and the continual moan made over the fact by himself, nobody would have remarked it.

In very truth, time had dealt leniently with Tym, and the even tenour of a comfortable, useful, and God-fearing life, had brought him to the half century with marvellously few wrinkles upon his jovial honest face.

No one is without a fault, so it must be confessed our M. F. H. had one. One which, however it might indirectly lead to trouble amongst

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his friends, was more calculated to let its malignity loose upon his own shoulders. Tym was indomitably and unreasonably positive and self-willed, and the best of the joke was that Tym had not a notion of it himself, and was particularly fond of asking people's opinions, hearing all they had to say, and then invariably doing just exactly what he pleased himself. He had an even temper, but, like all men worth anything, had a vein of passion in him, which, though corrected and held down by a thoroughly good and kindly nature, it was possible to rouse, and on these occasions—few and far between—Tym was, as his old whip asserted, "Neither to haud nor to bind."

The post of master of a pack of fox-hounds, is, in England, no easy one; he is slave to the public, forced to humour the people who follow his hounds, and to put up with all manner of inconvenience, and often impertinence; there are always grumblers and backbiters; men who have systems of their own, and don't seem to see what the use of having a whip and a pair of lungs is for, unless to show off how much more they know about the master's work than he does himself; and if he does lose patience, and rap out a rather strong expression, take their revenge when his back is turned, and do their swearing in cold blood in some other county. Men, too, who go out to show off their high priced horses; and who cry out against the weather one day, want of foxes another; then there's no scent, too much or too little rain; the hounds cannot hunt, the master is in the sulks, and so on. Nothing is right, nothing will stop their grumbling, until they are pumped out by a splitting burst, and then, as soon as they have filled their lungs again, they swear at the woodland.

Upon this, the first meet of the season, there has broken a splendid hunting morning; the old story of the "Southerly wind and a cloudy sky" was verified to the letter; a slight frost in the early part of the night had strung the festooning cobwebs with pearls and diamonds, glinting in the low rays of the morning sun. The grass lay bathed in dew, and breathing forth a strong aromatic perfume. All along the valley, vapoury mists were curling upwards, caught by the currents of wind; now and then they would float higher up, and cling round the lofty grey tops of the larches. Here and there a bright golden spire of furze would gleam out amongst the bare hedgerows and dead brown beeches, and up from beneath the horses' feet would float a gush of sweetness and wild thyme. Altogether it was a lovely morning, one such as doubtless many of my readers will call to mind, and fancy they can again feel the touch of the cool, loving wind, bringing colour to their cheeks, and sending the blood tingling with innocent enjoyment through their veins.

I hardly know which of the trio who started from Mrs. Glanley's enjoyed or felt the cheering influence of the morning most. Jim was

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like a boy again when among the old well-known lanes with his sisters; every hedge or dyke had its memory; there were rails he had broken or jumped, ditches he had got a ducking in, and bogs that had come between him and his day's fun; so that the whole conversation seemed to hinge upon the familiar, and unspeakably sad and dear words, "Don't you remember?"

Ah, for those days gone by? How every tree, every turn of the road, makes the heart beat fast, and wakens a gush of youth, love, and lost happiness, shutting out, for the instant, the lapse of years, the crowsfeet, and burden of many sins. The grass is green upon the bank where the old love story was first told; it is green over the old love's grave now; the eyes that saw like things are closed for ever in the present! You have sworn the same vows at how many shrines since, and she died believing you; and the "Don't you remember" comes like a reproach from the grave, or it may be another kind of memory worse of endurance.

A little farther on lies an old-fashioned, many-gabled house—the smoke curling bluely up amongst the elms; don't you remember standing by the gate on your left hand, watching that window in the east wing, watching with throbbing heart, until, with very passion, the heart grew faint and weary, and made place for doubt—doubt that gradually became conviction, and froze up the young, warm blood with its bitter, icy breath? You watched there until you knew she was false, and then, with a curse on your tongue, and despair at your heart, you went back to the world again; not to forget—no, memory has no such boon for us—we forget that which made life sweet, but we never forget that which has poisoned life.

Jim was thinking of old times, grew suddenly grave and uneasy, as they rode up the beechwood leading to Roodee Court. Ellice, who stole a glance at him, knew very well what was making his answers short and bringing out "ugly words," and half wished they had been too late for the breakfast, the coverside being a less formidable place to get over an awkward greeting than a crowded dining-room.

But Ellice need not have had any fear; Jim knew what he was about very well; and although old hopes, and old (true and pure) love had been stirred up by the mention of Alice Clive's name, he was not the sort of man to make either a fool of himself, or a scandal for the greedy world.

So when, on entering the long dining-room, he saw at the far end a pale face, set in a cloud of golden hair, his face flushed for an instant, and a wild gush of happiness came over him; the next he was master of the position, and was making his way quietly up the room—shaking hands right and left, and answering all manner of welcomes, for Jim was a favourite wherever he went; at last he reached the post, and bowed low before Mrs. Clive.

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Alice had seen him long before, and the first look at his face had banished every vestige of colour from hers.

She saw there that the tales the world told were true, and that his marriage had not brought love or peace; and hers—Alice looked across the room to where her husband stood, or rather leant, for he was leaning over Lady Morland's chair, whispering in her ear—his lips were almost touching that wonderful mass of jet-black hair. While she looked, Jim had made his last move, and was beside her chair, and was saying—

"It is a long time since you and I met, Mrs. Clive."

Alice gave him her hand, looking up with unquiet eyes—eyes that lingered but one instant on Jim's, then sank beneath the long dark lashes—as if afraid to show what was in them.

"We only came the day before yesterday," she said—and every nerve in Jim's body thrilled at the sound of her voice.

"Are you going to stay long?"

"Only until the Larches is in order."

"The Larches—you don't mean to say Sledmere Larches?"

"Yes; my husband has taken it for a year; it is near enough town to suit him, and I am ordered to remain in the south."

One of Jim's hands had been resting on the back of a chair, but, as she spoke, the strong fingers twined themselves round it until the white sinews stood out across the knuckles like bands. All thought of the gulph between them was forgotten—he saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, but that he was to have her near him—near his own miserable, lonely home; near enough to let him steal an hour's happiness now and then, and an hour's forgetfulness of himself that would not rise up in judgment against him.

Fortunately, ere Jim could make an answer, a general move took place, and no one took any particular notice of the pair, as Jim, hardly knowing what he said, whispered—"Will you point out your husband? Remember, I do not know him yet, and if we are to be such near neighbours I must make friends at once."

Alice pointed out Mr. Clive—still occupied with Lady Morland—but she did not look at Jim's countenance as she did so; perhaps instinct told her what she would see there.

"You'll let me see you to the carriage, Alice?" he whispered, a whole world of meaning making his voice low and soft as a girl's. "I see you are going to drive, but not alone—are you?"

"No, I am going with Lady Morland; pray do not stay—my husband will see us off, he drives with us."

Jim took the hint; first, however, making sure she would dine at the Friars that evening.

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CHAPTER IV.

MATED, NOT MATCHED.

FROM what I have said touching Jim Glanley and Mrs. Clive, it will be surmised that there had been something more than acquaintanceship between them. In truth, it was only one of the endless variations of the same old story told over and over again. Jim had loved Alice, but Alice was "a penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree;" and, though Mrs. Glanley liked pedigree, she liked money too, and very soon decided that Alice was not the sort of wife for her son. Thereupon, things were so managed that Jim went abroad; and Alice, being invited to the Friars, was regaled—morning, noon, and night—with "dear James's" prospects; how he must marry for money; and how Lady this, or Miss the other thing, all with heaps of money, were ready to throw themselves into his arms; now it is by no means a pleasant thing for a girl to hear that half-a-dozen other girls are ready to throw themselves into the arms she has imagined were, strictly speaking, her own special property. Moreover, girls are apt to reason that, if so many others are thus ready, the arms may not be able to resist the temptation; if, indeed, they have not, in some indefinite manner, thrown themselves open to the soft impeachment already. Thus, although Alice knew Jim loved her, she also knew Jim was possessed with a universal sort of admiration for her sex, and had a reckless sort of way of showing his appreciation of every pretty and taking face, that might very easily be construed into something deeper. Therefore, when Mrs. Glanley talked of Jim's many love affairs, and the many hearts that were supposed to be lying at his feet, all crying, "Take me, if you please," Alice, never wanting in spirit, began to see through her hostess's hospitality, and worked herself up into such an excitement of indignation that a certain Mr. Clive, falling in the way and in love with her, she said "Yes" to his suit, and proved her indifference by marrying him at a month's notice.

That Jim heard nothing from his mother of the marriage you may be sure; so, seeing it first in the *Times*, and having no idea of the pressure which had been at work, he broke out into a storm of vituperation against feminine fickleness, and then went and got drunk. And after that night, for six weeks, there came no word or letter from him; nobody heard or knew of him, not until, nearly two months afterwards, some friends come across him at Vienna, "looking," as they wrote home, "like a ghost, and bent upon proceeding to the Zambesi river." And such, indeed, was the case. Jim had come to his senses again; and, sickened of the life he had been leading—disgusted with the world and himself—had taken up the idea of going somewhere beyond the

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limits of civilisation. He had read somewhere of a river called the Zambesi; and, being asked by his friends what he was going to do, had blurted out the first place that came into his head. Hence, the startling intelligence that was conveyed to the Friars, and induced Mrs. Glanley to think she had perhaps gone a little too far; nor was she quite at rest until Jim himself turned up, having changed his mind about expatriating himself any longer, tired of that as of all else.

That Mrs. Glanley was glad to see him back would be giving a very faint idea of the sense of relief that fell upon her mind when she knew Jim was under her roof again. He was changed—no one could help seeing that; but then the cure for the disease, though necessarily sharp, was permanent. Alice was married, and out of the country, with her husband; and before the London season (just then in the bud) was over, Mrs. Glanley fondly hoped to see Jim married too.

Very carefully she went to work, feeling her way with caution, and pondering hours and hours over every step, a precaution that was entirely unnecessary. Jim had lost all faith in woman, or love that was supposed to be too pure to buy; he fancied he hated Alice, and was ripe for anything that would kill thought or bring excitement for a time, and nothing at that time offered so fresh and fair a scope for such an experiment as getting married.

Lady Emily Martingale had just come out, and, having a large fortune, with the reputation of a vast deal more, had been singled out by Mrs. Glanley as her future daughter-in-law. To her Jim was duly presented, and finding the lists full, and odds strongly in favour of the elder brother of the very Mr. Clive who had carried off Alice, Jim found excitement enough in the race, and, plunging right to the front, took the lead, and carried off the heiress, in spite of all the odds against him.

He never thought, or wished to think, whether Lady Emily loved him. She accepted him, and everybody was content; she herself not least of all, for Jim's handsome face, with its reckless look, had something different in it from those of other men; and then something in the way he had taken her by storm—something, perhaps, of the excitement that had been driving him forward, had communicated itself to her. Anyhow, after Jim fairly started, he had the race in his own hands; the others were nowhere. And yet nobody got out of temper; Jim was too great a favourite to quarrel with because he had carried off the prize.

A marriage such as this has only two chances—either love does grow up as they learn to know each other, or else they become perfectly indifferent. In the case of Jim Glanley and his wife, it was the last mentioned. The excitement was soon over; and, when the reaction came, Jim took to his stable and stud; Lady Emily fell back upon her

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great friends, and filled the house with Lady Maudes and Lord Harrys, who—coming out of the world into which poor Jim had only once stepped, when he made his successful raid and brought home his wife—were in the habit of amusing themselves at the expense of the country squirearchy, and patronising their host.

Jim, however, managed pretty well; in winter he could hunt six days a week, and did not much mind the evening, when, if there was no one to play billiards with, he would go off to his den and fall asleep.

It was when March was over—when the fields were getting too green for hunting—that the Master of Glanley found his time hang so heavily on hand. He had never been able to get up a piscatorial interest; thrashing a stream of water for five or six hours, in the hope of filling a basket with trout, or even landing a *salmo ferox*, seemed to Jim a very slow method of killing time. Isaac Walton was a meditative man, we all know, and, like all such, fond of his own society; and there is no record that the father of the fishing art was jilted by his first love, or had any acquaintance with a certain voice that delights in putting the inevitable past in the light of "what might have," not "what has," been, and rouses up vain regrets that take a vast deal of beating down.

Then, again, Isaac Walton was a religious man; and Jim Glanley, at this period of his life, thought very little upon the subject of religion. He went to the parish church once every Sunday, and, f the rector was lucky enough to hit upon a startling text, would listen to the good man's discourse. He never sneered at religion, or laughed at men who affected good principles; indeed, he rather admired them for it; and never thought a man a finer fellow because he set at defiance the laws of God and man, or chose his friends because they were worse than himself.

Jim, like many another man of his temperament, only required firm and loving influence to get and to keep straight; but like many another man, too, whom the world first pets, then suddenly shuts all doors of grace before, Jim had been foiled in the good he had sought for, and left hopeless, and with a heart rankling against things pure and holy, to the aimless guidance of his own reckless will. He had plenty of money, a fair house, and a fashionable wife; but no poor, ragged, shoeless wretch, slouching along the cold flags of a London street, was more lonely, or in every pure and good sense more homeless, than was Jim Glanley; and the poor fellow looked forward to his occasional visits to the Friars, with even a stronger feeling than he had ever done in his schoolboy days; and he often racked his brains for days together to trump up some excuse for a flying visit to Challoner; though, for the matter of that, Jim might have spent half his time in his mother's house, or indeed, if public opinion had not been against such an

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arrangement, he might have stayed there altogether, for all Lady Emily would have cared to the contrary; the small amount of affection she had entertained for her lover had gradually faded out, when the excitement of the new life was over, and though not acknowledging it in so many words, she thought her husband a little vulgar. She could have borne with his turf proclivities—great men, who had their blue blood duly attested by sounding titles, went on the turf; her own father, the Earl of Cantire, had once owned the winner of the Derby, and her brother, Lord Mull, that most astute and talented of politicians, was in the practice of giving his name once a year as one of the stewards of the Dunaverty Races, at the ball held in honour of which he was wont to appear and astonish the eyes of the country belles.

It was not, then, the single fact of her husband keeping racehorses; there were many other small items, like the proverbial load of feathers, the last of which broke the unhappy camel's back. For one, there was the unfortunate habit Jim had of introducing the existence of these same horses to people, and how, not content with a little mild ladylike edition of the *Sporting Calendar*, he would go deep into its mysterious details, and talk a whole evening of the chances that this or the other had of winning; then again, he would rush off to some obscure town at a moment's notice, disturbing my lady's arrangements thereby; and last, not least, he would ask men to the house who were not only unknown to her, or to her world, but whose conversation savoured of the stable, and with whom Jim would sit up half the night, coming to his dressing-room far into the small hours, sometimes, too, in the state Lady Emily described in a confidential conversation, as "Like those dreadful men in the theatre, you know, forgetting to undress himself."

So, although it was not the turf exactly, it was of the turf, and, after all, Lady Emily had some reason on her side. Jim had no right to have the men he did at the house, and it was very wrong to drink brandy and water until three or four in the morning.

Lady Emily, of course, as is always the case, found plenty of sympathising friends ready to uphold her in her unwise conduct, and, as is always the way, the more the advice she sought extraneously, the less easy did the right path, that of reconciliation and mutual forbearance, become. Ladies who make their husbands' shortcomings the subject of consultation and trust to dear friends to advise them as to the terms of amendment, will generally, if not always, find the breach widened, and wish, as Lady Emily learnt to wish, that she had been more merciful, and less ready to cry out when her pride was hurt.

As it was, poor Jim little thought of the court of inquiry that sat so often in judgment upon his marital sins, or how the very name of the turf became odious to the well-bred nostrils of his wife—not that he would, as things stood, have cared one straw what was said in my lady's

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chamber, or that he would have taken one tumbler of brandy and water less. I don't believe Jim would have done any one of these things even had he known the verdict given. But still, having no chance given him to make amends, it would surely be more Christian-like to suspend condemnation, and pleasanter to be on the side of mercy, rather than find we had added one iota to the weight that sank a soul to perdition.

There are some burthens which do this, and about the most fatal of all is that piled up by those calling themselves Christians, and not as other men, "extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this man"—who quietly put their brother or sister beyond what they are pleased to make the pale of society, and, arrogating to themselves the jurisdiction of Almighty justice, shut the doors of pity and mercy, leaving the unfortunate the old choice "between the devil and the deep sea."

Jim Glanley was what the world calls a fast man; but there are various stages and paces upon the road fast men travel, but Jim was neither a bad nor a vicious man; he was reckless, wilful, and selfish perhaps, but then circumstances went strongly against him, and he was more sinned against than sinning. Given a temperament such as his, he might have made a very good man—he could not be a moderate man; and wanting the true touch that might have led to high things, he became what he was—what, at least, ill chance and the world had made him.

They had no children, or things might have been different, but there was no sign of such an escape from the life that was stretching its long length before them; and things were at a high pitch when Jim paid the visit to Challoner we have recounted in a former chapter.

He had no idea of meeting Alice, he thought Clive and his wife were still abroad, and he would not have gone had he thought they were at Roodee; he was still angry and indignant with Alice, and however much he might have been inclined to forgive her, the misery of his own home had kept the wound rankling; but, alas for weak nature, one look in her face, changed as it was, one touch of her hand, and back rushed all the dear memories of his lost hopes, and, tearing away the veil, by showing him what his wedded life might have been, made plainer what it was. He had blamed Alice, and laid all his sins and shortcomings at her door, until that morning in the breakfast-room at Tym Clifton's, but he never did so again.

Suffering, doubtless, gives us an instinct peculiar to itself; and begets a sympathy that sees deeper than the ordinary world; and a man or woman who has played the great stake of life and lost, must have some intuitive knowledge of similar losses in another. At any rate, Jim Glanley, though none of the brightest of wits, or at all strong in physiognomy, had no need to look twice into his old love's face to discover that there was one other heart as lonely and world-worn as

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his own, and such a discovery was not likely to be received quietly. Of course he ought not to have been glad that such was the case; yet Jim, being only human, was glad; his old love would have been deadened, if not cured, had he seen her happy and beloved, loving her husband as she was capable of loving—he could have called her a jilt and a flirt to the end of the chapter of life, and contentedly accused her of his troubles.

But this was all changed now; he had read the secret of her lot, and his whole soul was on fire again. Why had she left him? Why, loving him, as he believed, now she had done, did she suddenly and wilfully break away; deliberately accepting, and actually marrying, another man, without so much as a word of warning; a man totally unlike Jim —in body, temper, habits, his direct opposite?

Jim had known nothing of these things until that morning; and, as he left the breakfast-room, he felt bitterly that he would have given every earthly good to shut out at once, and for ever, the light that had broken in upon him.

So it was but a moody day's hunting, after all; not that there was any lack of sport, a fox was found almost immediately, and took a direct line across the best part of the country, which was in pretty good condition. Jim's horse went well, and when he woke up now and then from the spell that had fallen on him, he found himself in the first flight; but when the day was over, and he was trotting quietly homewards, he cursed his luck in coming to Challoner—not loudly, but all the more deeply—and mentally resolved that as soon as the night was over he would go home again; but Alice was coming with the Clifton party to dine at the Friars that evening, and Jim knew that.

(To be continued.)

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A LITTLE MUSIC.

"A LITTLE music." Ominous words—suggestive of a great deal of noise, and much torture inflicted upon sensitive ears! We are not of a misanthropical turn of mind, and are quite ready, as a general rule, to join in the gaieties of our neighbourhood; but every rule has its exception, and when Mrs. Peniwistle's invitation to an evening party winds up with—"We hope to have a little music," we feel sorely tempted to plead a previous engagement.

The English are accused of not being a musical nation, yet we can boast of many names among the living and the dead famous as composers and performers, and there is more music, good, bad, and indifferent, to be heard in England than out of it. The Monday Popular Concerts are a complete success, and the masses have learned to appreciate Beethoven and Mozart. Village concerts are becoming an "institution," penny readings are enlivened by music. All this goes far to disprove the assertion that we are an unmusical people. Why, then, is it, that when we are asked to "a little music," we feel sure, nine times out of ten, that misery awaits us?

We fear that, in order to answer this question, we must nerve ourselves for once to accept one of Mrs. Peniwistle's invitations.

We arrive; and, as we leave our hat on the hall table, our eye falls on a well-worn piece of music. It has evidently seen service, and, indeed, we are afraid that we recognise it. Too true! it is "Ah! non Giunge," and we know—alas! only too well—who will, not sing it, but screech it—murder it—and, in short, do her very utmost to make us rush out of the room, stopping our outraged ears!

We are announced, and are welcomed by Mrs. Peniwistle, in a whisper, for a gentleman with a bass voice of very mild quality is going through "The Bellringer," and flattering himself that he is producing a very fair imitation of Mr. Santley. Well, he is doing his best, and we must not be severe upon him, for he is a hard-working barrister, with little time for any other pursuit, and he sings in tune, which is something to be thankful for at any rate. After him comes a lady who plays one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," and a "Tarantelle," of Heller's. She is a really good musician, and we are sorry when she leaves the piano. Still more sorry when she is succeeded by a young lady who, in newspaper phraseology, "cannot be trusted." She favours the company with "My mother bids me bind my hair," taken nearly a semitone flat the whole way through. But she is complacently unconscious of having given any pain, and when Mrs. Peniwistle says—"Thank you—I do so doat on those old things," Miss B. further attempts "Where the bee sucks," with what result may be imagined! It is almost superfluous to add that the symphonies were scrambled

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over, and the accompaniments played with the total want of care unfortunately too common amongst amateurs. Have they never heard Mr. Benedict or Mr. Lindsay Sloper as accompanyists? Those great artists consider that the symphony and accompaniment bear the same relation to a song as the setting does to a gem, and, accordingly, they do not think it beneath them to take some pains when they accompany.

But we must cease our moralising, for the glee-singers are being mustered for "The Chough and Crow." A few of them have occasionally met for the ostensible purpose of practising glees and madrigals, though not exactly after a fashion which would satisfy Mr. Henry Leslie; but there are one or two supernumeraries to-night—a fatal mistake, as we shall no doubt find presently. The soprano has by no means a bad voice, and acquits herself fairly till she arrives at the descending passage in the tenth bar, her execution of which can be best compared to some people's writing; putting only the first and last letters, and filling up the intermediate space with a line. The contralto is seized with a little nervous cough on reaching "my lady's bower." The bass succeeds better in "Nor board nor garner own we now" than he did in "The Bellringer." A painful want of unanimity is apparent in slackening the two bars marked *largo sostenuto*, and the long note is given in file-firing style. But how about the concluding chorus? Shade of Bishop! was there ever such dire confusion—such an utter absence of precision and *aplomb?* But it comes to an end at last, and the performers are greeted with loud applause. "Who will o'er the Downs," presenting fewer difficulties, goes better, and then the glee-singers disperse.

Now for the lion of the evening, a tenor, who has been secured with immense pains, and of whom great things are expected. "So good of you to come!" Mrs. Peniwistle says enthusiastically, and Mr. C. looks as if he thought so too. With a good deal of mystery, he produces a manuscript song, "a very sweet thing," composed by an amateur friend, and entitled "Broken Heart Strings." Mr. C. is considered to sing with "wonderful expression," and if the phrase be taken to signify a suppression of the voice till it can be scarcely heard at all, it is certainly very applicable to him. We only wish he did not remind us so forcibly of the gentleman who sings, "Would you love me if you knew me?" in Mr. John Parry's incomparable entertainment, for the resemblance causes us to smile, which under the circumstances is inappropriate, to say the least of it. "What is the name of the song Mr. C. is singing?" inquires a deaf old dowager sitting next to us. We whisper the title with bated breath, for the question has reached Mr. C.'s ears, and he is looking daggers at the interruption; "'Broken *Harp* Strings,'" returns our friend; "dear me, what a very odd title!" We don't think it worth while to correct the mistake. But Mr. C. sings Italian as well as English, and after a vast amount of coaxing from Mrs. Peniwistle, consents to give us his idea of "Fra poco," of which we will

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merely say that it is indisputably his own. "Thank you so very much, that is indeed a treat," is heard at its conclusion, in excitedly grateful accents, from Mrs. Peniwistle.

However, feeble as are Mr. C.'s vocal powers, we infinitely prefer him to the "funny" young gentleman to whom we are now compelled to listen. A more dismal performance it is impossible to imagine. We can laugh as heartily as most people, but just now we feel far more inclined to cry, such an utter simpleton is Mr. D. making of himself. And yet half the room is in convulsions, and one young lady, whose intense appreciation of Mr. D.'s comic powers threatens to terminate in hysterics, exclaims apologetically, "He is the drollest creature!"

And here we must enter our emphatic protest against the introduction into private circles of songs originally composed for very different auditors; and we strongly advise all would-be drawing-room comic singers to leave the music halls in the undisturbed proprietorship of "Oh! Ka Foozleum!"

Well, we now begin to think of beating a retreat, and accordingly approach Mrs. Peniwistle for the purpose of saying good-night, but the conventional fib on our lips, touching the "delightful evening" we have had, is arrested by Mrs. Peniwistle. "You must not dream of leaving us yet, Miss E. is just going to give 'Ah! non Giunge;'" so there is nothing for it but to sit down again. Miss E. is a tall showy young lady, with a self-satisfied air that seems to say, as she takes her seat at the piano, "I know I am the prima donna of the neighbourhood." Her pronunciation is a cruel injustice to the lovely "lingua Toscana," particularly observable in the word "terra," which she calls "taira." She sings the first part of Persiani's greatest triumph in a loud uniform tone, destitute of the lights and shades which the words demand, and in the variations she resorts to an expedient which is the invariable resource of aspiring but incompetent singers of florid passages, *e.g.*, she ducks her head at the commencement of every roulade, raising it again at what is supposed to be its conclusion. We are sure our readers are too familiar with this manœuvre to require further explanation. The final crash comes, all is over, and we go home and betake ourselves forthwith to our snuggery. There, ensconced in our arm-chair, by a good fire, and in dressing-gown and slippers, we ask ourselves, has this evening solved the question with which we started. Assuredly it has. The cause of the acute suffering which our ears have undergone to-night is not far to seek.

Not one amateur in a hundred really *learns* music. It might at first seem strange that this remark should especially apply to lady amateurs, as music is made a *sine quâ non* in nearly every school-room. But what is the course pursued? A certain amount of strumming on the piano which, in nineteen out of twenty cases, results in an utter inability to play any but the most trivial compositions correctly, if even so much as

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that be accomplished; and when singing is attempted, the evil is magnified tenfold. A few lessons from some first-rate master to finish what has never been properly begun, generally supplement the instructions of the governess or the inferior teacher, and nothing more is considered necessary. Just contrast this with the education of professionals. We hear a lady exclaim somewhat indignantly, "I don't want my daughter to sing like a professional, I only wish her to sing in a quiet unpretending way to give pleasure to her friends." Ah! my dear madam, that is the very point we are discussing. How can bad singing give pleasure to anybody? And how can it be otherwise than bad without practice—real hard practice, which means something more than running up and down a scale three or four times, and then flying off to a song, and going straight through it without any study of the difficult passages. It is simply for want of proper training that so many young ladies victimise us when they attempt to sing. Happily there are some bright exceptions. We can call to mind two sisters, whose singing, both of duets and solos, it delights us to listen to; but exceptions only prove the rule.

It is curious to observe how mercilessly amateur young ladies will criticise their professional sisters. "Oh dear! we had that dreadful Miss Skremer, really she ought not to be allowed to sing!" Now very possibly poor Miss Skremer may be an indifferent performer, but it has probably cost her years of incessant study and hard work to qualify her for singing at all in public, and we suspect that her fair critic would have cut but a sorry figure in her place. The best amateur we ever heard, had not been allowed to sing anything but exercises for two whole years.

But the most surprising thing of all is, that though so keenly alive to the shortcomings of others, young ladies must certainly be deaf to their own. How else can we account for the fact that, after hearing any great singer, they rush immediately to the music-shop to procure her song?

To give an instance: Jenny Lind made her first great sensation in "Robert le Diable," and thereupon "Quando lascio la Normandia" formed part of every young lady's repertoire for the remainder of the season.

And no less is constant practice required for the due performance of part-songs. The marvellous precision of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir is the result of going over and over each glee and madrigal with unflagging perseverance. We are not unreasonable; we do not expect to find a Jenny Lind or an Alboni, a Santley or a Sims Reeves amongst our amateurs, but we do expect such an amount of care and pains to be bestowed in the culture of the most delightful of all accomplishments, as shall make us eagerly anticipate, and gladly accept, all invitations to *soirées* where we may expect "a little music."

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ONE-SIDED MORALITY.

Part II.

This is a world of trial, where, notwithstanding, "the strong are not to take advantage of the weak." No woman, it may be safely said, ever passed through life without rebelling against the contradiction assigned to her moral nature and its false position, whether owned to herself or even denied to others, however much a moral coward, or however credulous. Nor, it may with certainty be averred, has any man, while abetting her moral inertness, been wholly unaware that he was thereby violating a higher law, ever interfering with his inclinations. Both are to blame, but the latter, according to his own showing, as enjoying, apparently, the more advantageous position, should remind himself, and with emphasis, that he too has a sacrifice to make, a something to give up, of which to take final farewell, if he would be Christian in morals as well as in name. It is assuredly not for the interests of society that the character of the one half of it should be "excitable, morbidly sensitive, timid, superstitious, and vain, above all, pliant," to servility or folly, and to insinuate that the Deity so made it, is to brand Him, as did the old pagans, with imperfection in His work. Notwithstanding, such defects are alleged to be loveable (mark, not admirable!) in women; if so, this only proves the perversion of men's tastes no less than of women's habits. In the same way, there is no foundation for the popular distinction made between the passions of men and the feelings of women, no such distinction of kind here exists, but simply of degree in individual temperament, whether for good or evil—no more and no other. But, indeed, some are only content when they imagine they have limited the female nature wholly to its lower portions, whose development alone they would admit. On the part of women, again, all who strive to attract through the senses and deceive by tricks, the first requiring to be eked out by the second, whether under the girdle of marriage or otherwise, abet such ideas, gravely misnamed "adaptations of propriety and tact," or glibly styled "engaging arts of little minds trying to interest great ones." The Greek poet rated himself so loftily that he propounded one of his own sex to be worth a hundred of the other; this notion and the like must result, as they do down to this day, in that falsehood, difference of morality. The few moral attributes of value allowed to be possessed by women, are not the possession of them alone, whereas the many others awarded to them are not of the value declared. The Roman boys represented truth, the girls modesty (much as is done still), and the Roman women became a lie to them-

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selves and others. The Romans knew that modesty was no affair of sex, only of race, training, or individual character—but their powerful women were proud and bold, hence the need for inculcating the retiring virtues. Affected modesty is not only abundant, but is pushed to the ridiculous; the pendulum of national reserve of manners, however, is now being swung pretty far to the other side. In these fast and public days women push forward, not always in the right direction, nor for the best of purposes, or from the best motives—all as may be expected. Meanwhile even the popular minor moralities in women, are dubious, mythical, for we daily hear of the undesirable presence of much that contradicts them. Proving the necessity, as it is privately thought, for preaching them up, insisting upon them, for the urgent call for types of all that is most trying in the shape of angelic patience and humility, with the reality fronting us in the forms of scolding Junos or peevish vixens, to descend no further. When women try to be unnaturally amiable—to be, in short, the ideal women wanted—they are sensible they are acting, and with indifferent success; to be at once above and below humanity, is not satisfactory in the end; but women are supposed to exist in a circle of magic. Sexual virtue, like sexual intelligence, are fancies; good and evil being one in both halves of the race, among whom there are no demi-souls or divided humanities, their one-purposed and temporary bodily difference not requiring it. Therefore we ought to face the worst, and acknowledge that tenderness, sympathy, and piety, in their due degrees, are necessary for the moral perfection of both. We want neither amazons in the one, nor milk-sops in the other; feminine men and masculine women, to speak according to popular phraseology, are present among us only as exceptions. Yet, as there is no purely masculine man or feminine woman existing, without that basis, humanity, which is neither, it were well that the extremes of male ferocity and female timidity, instead of true courage in both, and so of other moral qualities, called by those unmeaning adjectives, manly and womanly, existed only in exceptions likewise.

Men are rivals in every shape; a great authority is of opinion that if left to themselves they would even annihilate each other; but on the surface they do not seem to oppress each other as women do. It is unquestionable that men ridicule, yet secretly like women to rival one another for the sole aim of their favour. But it would be wise in women to reflect that wherever such rivalry is practised, it is simply such a repulsive immorality that it deserves to be, as it is, suicidal in the end; apparently advantageous for the hour, yet she who thus lowers another inevitably lowers herself—this, notwithstanding, is a common sin. If "a friend is a greater boon to a man than either wife or child," women are understood to have no friends among their own sex, nor the other,

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only rivals in the former—lovers in the latter. They are even said to be incapable of friendship; yet that there is no inherent obstacle in their nature to prevent the formation of the most elevated friendship, is proved by its existence in many of the best of the sex. In the same spirit it is alleged that neither can they associate for any purpose, however good, because of such rivalry—or because of mere scatteredness of brain—unless it may be in such doubtful communities as belong to the Church of Rome, where parental avarice, or self-despair, enforce the union. Yet, pressed by the needs of our criminal and suffering population, an attempt is now made to combine a few women, too old, too poor, or too ill-favoured to marry, to undertake duties neither very conducive to association or attractive to humanity, though it must be added even this experiment is, once more, thought dangerous to morality! These are not the days of giants—wonders to their fellow men—and so associated numbers are inevitable. But women, whether as leaders or followers, whether as sharers in social meetings, members of charitable societies, or partners in trade, must work harder and think more than they have done yet, as well as have more *esprit de corps*, if they would refute the calumny. Their sphere of action will widen before their eyes, just in the ratio it is, in the face of every obstacle, overstepped by them.

The moral life of woman, marred in so many external directions, or sinking beneath internal self-imposed burthens, often enough bursts the bounds set to it, and, however indirectly or invisibly, carries away others along with it; even the married man, in most respects, does not rise above his wife! The division of the duties of the race, in virtue of which the reproductive bodily power of the one half is greater, not to dwell upon the excess of this, whereby mankind, if multiplied (doubtful, if premature deaths consequent on such excess are reckoned), is yet degenerated, is alleged to be the cause of their lesser mental, moral, and physical power. But—were excess changed for just proportion—such inferiority does not follow; the value of the mother equals that of the workman. Yet, while in the exceptional cases of failure of reproduction, the defect, or more correctly speaking, the lapse belonging to the human animal, like the fewest progeny to the largest and finest of the brute tribes, has been considered a disgrace, the fulfilment of the function, on the other hand, has never been estimated at its true worth. But cited amidst glozing flattery, not to help the just estimate of women, or to attain their rightful position, so much as to invest them with secondary mental capacity, moral sentiment, and need for general indolence, bodily and other. No wonder that sons grow up scamps or fools.

Certain friends to the advance of woman—something beyond the like of this—try to beg the discussion into a hearing, as privately as

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maybe; the few who have perhaps more earnestly discussed it in a public kind of way (scared as the mass are, by inertia or fear of phantoms, from discussing it at all), to use a plain simile, have put the cart before the horse. Laying their shoulders to the wheels with laudable effort, they try to push on the cart, as if the need for bread they so truly insist on would not only compel employment from the public, but also produce the desire to work and power to learn in the applicants. Others, still more anxious and more courageous, placing the horse first, would emancipate and instruct single women, even set a few to drive the horse—charioteers of progress, or martyrs to ridicule, if inevitable. But they forget the wives and mothers left out of the cart; the question of moral and other improvement in women is beyond the discussion of exceptions or temporary wants. Were it the truth that while man was made to excel in intellect, active in the intercourse of human faculties and relations of society, woman, through love of husband and children (not even interest in herself), in her whole mind was to be occupied, to the exclusion of all action—nay, all thought, outside her home and family—the question would be, not whether such "harmonious opposites" fit one another, but whether two beings so different are of the same species? If women, again, are the inferiors described, the further question arises, can their destiny here or hereafter be a spiritual one—there being no spiritual life in instinct—none devoid of thought? The course of such a being is surely downward; unprogressive, and therefore down to destruction; and, however such female beings may fare in the end, as yet, all thoughts and deeds in reference to them—all manners, customs, and institutions applied to them—are thus downward in tendency.

Left, accordingly, to themselves and to stationariness, while all else is in motion, when the humblest of the more fortunate sex is helped to attain some amount of knowledge, or encouraged at least to make his want of it known, it becomes the first as the highest duty of women to exhibit and develope the moral and other essentialities of their being. It becomes them to prove that they are more than they are taken for, or more than some of them, with their lack of self-respect and self-reliance, think themselves; until some such experiment is carried out, their moral character necessarily is false, and accepted as false. The trial, however, must not be made fitfully, languidly, or doubtfully; they must exercise the will to go through with it, to complete it; time too must be given, for the stagnation of ages is to be stirred, the moral confusion of centuries to be restored to order; yet protraction is nothing compared with the duration of humanity. Not until women themselves, after such successive trials, confess that their self-reform, progress, and true morality, are beyond them, can it be asserted, with any degree of certainty, that they have been by nature denied the will and power to accomplish such

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advance. A few women, to whatever moral or other height they attain, cannot raise all, who meanwhile get no credit for being other than the rest; society presumes certain female interests to be beneath its notice, and so their representatives, except in select circles, are ignored or unknown. There are even some of their own sex who, from jealousy or indolence, rather than ignorance or stupidity, decry them, muddling thus their own brains and twisting their moral sentiments for the sake of popularity. We address women, that they may no longer neglect n themselves their true moral character; even in the conjugal and maternal department there is plenty to be amended, probably more than in the others. Woman can be what she makes herself, her power lies within her own grasp, not in what she can prevail upon others to do for her; it is immoral, sinful, to retard our advance in the scale of creation, by keeping latent or slumbering the best part of us. Men possess neither the more pleasure nor power because women are placed in a false position, and are certainly less moral. While the lot of indolence is granted to women, from the idea that the exercise of the instincts alone are needful for their duties, the ignorance of the mass of men is roused up by the need of working for bread. There is not much progress among this mass, nor do they profit largely by experience, but ignorance and indolence prevail up to the highest class of women, and in no class does their education fit them for anything. Yet, as they were created existences of doing as well as of being, of use as well as of ornament, it will not be until they have attained their just moral condition, that the race will have attained its best. As the moral equals of men, their influence—or, as we prefer to call it, their power in action—is as yet directed wrong; and because of this, let it not be forgotten, they are just as unsuited for wives and mothers in the moral sense, as they fall short to themselves.

When it is maintained that women can be wives and mothers only after the selfish, narrow, and worldly mode prescribed, it may be asked, how is such very domestic doctrine to be reconciled with the command to love our neighbours as ourselves? True, men, as husbands and fathers, may be understood to stand in the same predicament; yet this is not sameness, only strong similarity; something more akin to the spirit of Christianity is theoretically allowed for their guidance, if not carried out in practice. Men would blush to be considered the ignoble creatures women are applaudingly called upon to be in the public relations of life. Yet if women, according to the hopes of Christians, are to live hereafter surrounded by others besides those composing their domestic circle, and who, moreover, may even be absent there from their sides, they make a bad preparation for the different career then to be entered upon. "But" says a great novelist, "to the earth, where her fortune has fixed her, woman submits to be bound by a chain;

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while man," he adds, "roves round the universe, in deed and thought," and so on. So much for this world; but as there are others in store for us, nothing can be more prejudicial to the formation of true human and Christian character than the propagation of ideas of feminine inferiority thus let loose; to some extent, however, in vain, as we can only be evil within limits. While again, the government of the nation is akin to that of each man's household, women are understood to be the proper managers of the last, only knowing nothing of the first, though taxed and punished under it as men are. To give them such political privileges as are now proposed to be bestowed on our hodmen and paupers would, it seems, not only be hurtful to marital comfort, but as usual (a word in their case assumed to strike every nail home) immoral. Setting aside this vexed question as the secondary one it is at present, it may be asked, however, why should women be kept in ignorance of what so nearly concerns them—some knowledge of political economy? Is there any morality in the fact, that men are compelled by the ignorance and indolence of their wives as mistresses, often to superintend the entire household arrangements, and still oftener to interfere therein, through their want of will or capacity to undertake such duties? Englishwomen are understood to be the most domestic of their sex, they even transform domestic life into a wearisomeness, talk of nothing else, listen to nothing else, do nothing else, think of nothing else, all to end in—what? Ill-regulated, often-oppressed servants, spoiled children, worried or pampered husbands, and extravagance combined with meanness, extending from outrageous and ill-chosen dress to bad victuals and as bad cookery, compelling the master of the whole to resort elsewhere, even for his dinner. Yet all this, and much more like it, is less immoral than the notorious want of principle in women, engendered by that distinction in morality, which fixes in their hearts the selfish, nay vicious, feeling that the interests of their family are their sole concern, to the injustice of the rest of the community. Thus it is not considered immoral but moral, in a wife to cheat in money matters for her husband's sake, equally moral to oppress (where she gets the chance of dependants) for the sake of her children; whether good or bad in themselves makes no difference, this does not alter her reputed duties to them. It is deemed admirable in her to be blind and deaf to their defects, and equally insensible to the merits of other members of society, where they come into collision with them, and in her narrow or avaricious view they are constantly doing this, from the humblest to the highest interests. The universe in her eyes was made for them, and as to the commands of God—so far is her spirituality abandoned—they are here a dead letter to her; to this, and the like, has a spurious morality conducted us.

As there is connection and reciprocal action in all things in the phy-

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sical, so in the moral world; moreover, example teaches ill or well, and habits are transmissible. Women—beset by the morality of Pagans, change husbands into Pagans too—cannot bring up their children in the morality of Christ, and so turn out sons like themselves. Boys, however, are supposed to be uncontaminated by whatever is defective in such maternal tuition, if removed from that school, in Chinese fashion, at the age of seven. Husbands pique themselves on living one life in view of the domestic hearth, another (mark!) and a higher outside of it. Never were greater mistakes; we oftener, almost always, indeed, find the low dragging down the high than the contrary, even where peculiar men are of really loftier nature than their partners, owing to that inevitable power in women so absurdly denied. Another form of immoral sentiment in which women exhibit themselves in a monstrous way, under this system of moral difference, is that of conjugal jealousy. Here they advocate, rightly enough, strict Christian monogamy; but limited as they are in other objects or pursuits than the domestic, they are continually apt to be overridden with the vagaries of this passion where there are no grounds for suspicion; this is troublesome—yet men, from feelings of vanity, even like it, but it cannot be said to improve the Christian character. On the other hand, and in direct violation of the moral precepts of Christianity, so much is the importance of women made to depend on sons as well as husbands, in cases where they are forced, as with their eyes shut, to see a son availing himself of a common male privilege in doing evil, as a "necessity of nature," the evil does not end here. The perverted ideas and feelings of women lead to the chastisement, not of the real, anyhow the greater, offenders—having the benefit of position and means, if not, as themselves allege, the greater moral force—but of the miserable victims of their own sex; temptresses, as they name them, with more of the devil's animus than a sense of God's truth. In our now numerous lunatic asylums (much indebted for their increase to the encouragement of the passions, roused by an ultra civilisation) it is still a question, not to be settled by statistics, whether the large proportion of males owing their condition to such excess, or the large proportion of females therein, inmates on account of morbid affections or sympathies, or passions such as jealousy and worse, are greater. Anyhow the numbers of both, compared with other patients, are fearfully large, and on the increase. A similar remark is applicable to the extension of Magdalene asylums, hospitals akin thereto, and other such conduits of immoral sewerage. The Deity has certainly not intended that such evils should be, or that a distinction of morality should lead to them. Neither is this distinction to be defended as an expediency whereby the female outcasts are lifted out of manure to be flung on mire as a matter of justice. Such morality shows no sympathy to women, but

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cruelty, and though less apparent on the surface, it is against the pecuniary, as well as higher, interests of men—in these days a matter of weight, considering the spirit of the age.

Legislation is busy in a small way with the prevalent crime of infanticide, now exceeding in extent that of savage or semi-barbarous races, who turn the usage into a commendable moral institution, especially in the case of female baby pariahs, the fruit of, and yet too numerous for, the wants of polygamy. But, as before, it is scarce known what legal remedy to suggest; really fettered on one hand by the fixed idea of sexual morality, and nominally on the other by regard to female weakness. Conscience will speak, and it demands why murder the mother and let the father go free—free alike of moral blame and pecuniary mulct; rather indeed under the rose admired for his gallantry. The law answer has always been, because women, as the more yielding and unreasoning animals in the trespass, must be punished as animals would be; the dog has got an ill name—go hang it. Are we Pagans here, or perhaps Jews only? After all, if no better legislative remedy can be devised, perhaps women may as well be hanged as hunted to death. Christ, however, died for Magdalenes as well as for Marys. But far apart from deeds demanding the last penalty of the law, double-sided Janus-faced morality propounds, with one tongue, that "Cæsar's wife must not even be suspected;" with the other, not on her own account as a human being, but only as the "wife of Cæsar;" himself by no means of the moral type he would have her to be. If but a shadow rests upon female virtue, though again only further shadowed out by hearsay, or calumny, raised by a disappointed suitor or envious rival, it is enough to dim its brightness—for ever? No; happily only in this world; though, from the light in which female transgressors are held, as lost for ever, even theology indirectly helps the base axiom thence to be inferred, that the angels rejoice only over penitents of the male sex—who thus, whether penitents or incorrigibles, may well wonder, as they do in secret, whether they are entitled to be received as members of Christian society, on the ground alone that the world cannot go on without them, or because they help it to roll round. And this difference of morals unhappily does not end with the life of each individual, any more than the results are restricted to one generation; it is proved to be transmissible, though yet uncertain how far the cross influence of sex extends therein. We are only what our ancestors were in body, and in what the ancient sage described as the soul of the body; and were this morality real, it would deny to women the true soul, not transmissible and distinct from the last, deny it altogether. Women, though admitted to the rites of Christianity, can scarcely be said to be fully recognised as Christians, because not recognised for themselves, or as a real power under the Christian dispensation. To

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supply this notorious omission, some indeed argue that there thence arose inevitably the august elevation of the Virgin Mary, and the female saintly hierarchy. Again, it is asserted, "women, when degraded, carry the marks of degradation in their faces, while men of the same stamp do not;" and so on. Why? because such women are not only more degraded in their own opinion, since society thus compels, but also for the reason that it declares they shall evermore bear the mark of the beast, does its utmost to stamp them with it, nor will ever consent that they shall have wherewith to obliterate the vile effigy. The victims loudly complain, but it is a woman's part, not only a debased but a worthy woman's part, to be silent under injustice; thus she may possibly, it were hard to say, beg her dumb way to heaven at last. The tongue of Philomela was cut out that she might not complain, yet she did not become a goddess, only a nightingale.

In the face of such absurdity it were surely time that society, in the nineteenth century—suffering, as it confessedly does, from the fruits of this distinction—if women are weak or inferior in morality, saw fit to strengthen and improve them in this respect. There is assuredly more to be gained from such a reform, than from continuance of the force or moral superiority of men, being of the quality these are, valuable rather in appearance than reality.

This is an age of transition, of a new constitution of many things; it is a fit opportunity for change for the better in our one-sided, dilapidated morals, whereby women would come forward under a new view or development in every phase and aspect of life, from the fresh combination or re-arrangement of their original elements. As they are now, they get Pagan indulgence, not Christian justice; the former of course much intermingled with Pagan contempt or indifference. Public opinion may be against such a desirable change or innovation, but public opinion itself changes every day, if its great exponent, the *Times*, is correct. If it hesitates to change in respect of this spurious morality, it is certainly uneasy about it, and though, like the old Persian sage, it tries to believe that though women are rare and valuable, yet they are only able to pack a chest of linen—or, in spite of conscience, would fain agree with Socrates, that their highest virtue consists in managing their households, and obeying their husbands (alas, for marital freedom with Xantippes as the fruit of it!); the contradiction is too puzzling or dangerous, perhaps too awful, to be tampered with. "In Heaven," we are told, "there is neither male nor female." There are other worlds than this, even according to philosophy: worlds, sometimes too near us at midnight! As ultra-civilisation strides on, this is a matter which, if not settled by us the right way, will go far to settle itself the wrong one—towards (perhaps) national downfall. Mankind was not made for happiness only; women were not made for the pleasure of men more

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than for their own; exclusively in that virtue for which both should live, lies the highest enjoyment. The subject would cease to be the vexatious one, so petulantly called, were both sexes willing to hearken to reason about it, rather than to be swayed, as they are, by feeling. The weakness of woman surely does not increase the strength of man, but takes from that strength: man is weak in his desire to make her so, and, in her connivance, she is weak also. But it may, however, be doubtful which is the weaker; if, as he says himself, he is the wiser, the more powerful, and having the greater will; why then the more easily tempted? Or, if woman be the reverse in all these respects, whence came her force to tempt? Too late in the day to reply—from the devil. It is plain, so long as this fatal distinction continues to pervade the community, that, suppose every other chance was in our favour, progress made in every other direction, yet, as all things act and react on each other, the right moral path of man will not be found till woman walk side by side with him there, instead of loitering herself along a devious byeway, or dragging him over the broader road that leads—we know where!

Women are said to be the arbiters in manners, if in nothing else; but it is certainly not their fault—alone—that in these days their manners, costume, and appearance more resemble those of the *demi-monde* than is consistent with morality. Extraordinary though the fact is, it has been found necessary thus to imitate that *demi-monde*, in order to attract the other sex—hence our fast and slangy young ladies. Where is, what is styled, the natural magic of sex flown to, that not only the young and single, but middle-aged matrons, are forced to have recourse to similar temptations in order to carry out the sole design of Providence in creating sex? Yet who are denounced in Scripture, as well as public women? Surely those who mince, and lisp, and ogle, and are decked out in tinkling attire. What sort of usages have we reached, when, among the lower orders, it is said, the sexes would never meet at all except for one purpose; that among the middle classes, schoolboys and girls cannot be safely educated together beyond the age of seven—nay, that even at this age, large numbers thus associated, even of one sex, are dangerous; that sons are become so unruly as to be beyond parental rebuke, and must be boarded, like lunatics, with strangers—surely, much to the mortification of mothers, who have trusted so much to the fondness of such sons for the maternal person, rather than to respect for the maternal mind. While, among the adult members of the same class, there is no mental communication worth the name, only companionship at meals, household facts for entertainment on the female side of the house—somnolence or silence on that of the other. And among the highest, even—the upper ten thousand—how comes it that their ladies are excluded from the second of the national legislative

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assemblies, even as spectators, except some two or three—allowed, like harem-women, to peep at the show through a gilded grating? Because, it is alleged, they will not behave with gravity, and that the speakers are so liable to get bewildered by such a presence, as to be betrayed into inattention or unmeaning oratory.

Nearly every institution, no matter how insignificant or restricted in its nature, excludes women as members—from the last new idea of working-men's clubs upwards. Lectures fit to be attended by women are held to be almost worthless; scientific meetings they frequent only as ornaments or obstructions; in the field, or at the racecourse—those favourite national pastimes—they are present simply because men are there, not from love of the chase or admiration of the fleetness of our horses. Schoolgirls walk along the streets with their hands, as it were, tied, and their feet barely accomplishing the act of walking; but is the smugness and demureness natural, and is the squeeze-in, not followed by the untimely burst-out? A game has been lately invented, whereby, it is liberally said, the youth of both sexes may at length meet on something like equality in gymnastics; yet it is fitter for the play of babies than women. At fancy fairs, even on behalf of Magdalene asylums and Magdalene hospitals, where there is surely cause enough for sobriety, it is asserted that women attend rather from love of display than charity. And, in the case of more direct charities, it is still doubtful whether single women can distribute the doles with equal propriety as the married; though the latter again, by the very fact of being married or double, are supposed to be morally exempt from such outside duties, and so on, into manifold ramifications.

Most important, perhaps, of all, however, is the contradiction of true morals apparent in law and education, thus complicated by the abuse of sex. Half a century ago, Sydney Smith asked—"Why should the difference in education between the sexes be so great, when the natural difference is so small?" and he is yet to be answered. Their mental equality has had supporters from Plato downwards, and Dr. Johnson was of opinion, if this is of any consequence, that strong-bodied women were more than the equals of effeminate men. But we have no wish to enter upon this department of the discussion, but rather to confine our remarks to that side of the manifold-sided human crystallisation—sex, or its exaggeration, ever intruding into our better ideas of culture and legislation, and thus distorting morals at the outset. Among the working classes women are not given the education of men of their class; the majority of women therein who can neither read nor write is shamefully great; and here, again, as among all classes, and this, too, by recommendation of clergy, they are taught religion only through the feelings, not the intellect; yet what sort of morality is to be expected from feeling unregulated by

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intellect? Because women are assumed not to know or even conceive of principles, they are left to impulses, and are consequently disorderly and capricious; because required to obey without reason given why, they are wanting in that firmness, that severity, or sternness of resolution demanded by strict morality. Having no lofty pursuit in life, nay, withheld from reflection about such, they are without purpose in small as in great affairs; with the faults of the slave, yet expected to possess the virtues of the mistress—a contradiction of qualities which can never meet in a human being. We give women the accomplishments of the harem, not that sound education which would stand them in stead in old age or in adversity—harem-attractions for ever over. Yet what does, or can man give them in exchange? Truly, he has enough to do with himself; because women do nothing, he seems able to do more than he does, or can do for them.

It may, notwithstanding, be so far true, that women are in moral character more wanting to themselves, than institutions or usages are wanting to them; but this can scarcely be admitted of law more than of education. They have had neither hand nor voice in the forming of those laws under which they live, and it is a glaring assumption the law makes, to assert that men should legislate for them; excused on the ground that this is done because they are by nature incapable of such a task themselves. Let their nature be tried, and it will answer. Strange, that such a compound figment is yet allowed to pass, as that "Women do not know themselves, it being only men who know them; that women are instinctive only, not rational; that as the lesser, they cannot comprehend the greater; that there is no common humanity, mental more than bodily, whereby women may know men just as the latter know them; no mutual insight." Man, according to philosophy, as well as according to the popular interpretation of religion—can have a glimpse into the farther or outside empyrean, woman can only peep inside him; if she fails in this, there is nothing farther for her to know. Married women are by law the chattels of their husbands; grandmothers in social life are regarded much as pieces of well-worn furniture, to be cherished by the fireside; as mothers, they have legally no power over their children, no possession of themselves or their minds, could the last stretch of authority be effected. A wife may not witness against her husband, though he be the worst of criminals; and in cases of matrimonial dispute, besides condoning his immorality till too late to be of avail, it is thought to be her duty to stay by him till he kills her, a fate she apparently deserves from the misfortune of not succeeding in keeping his love, as it is called. As an ex-lord chancellor pertinently said on the subject, "It is useless to legislate for women on one grievance, they are sacrifices from the cradle to the grave." No wonder that women lie, cheat, are not to be believed, even on their deathbeds.

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The sword cuts more ways than one, however; what must gall the vanity of man, their affection thus becomes doubtful, even when the golden fetter is accepted as a token of its existence; since he has the means of living in his hand, and the offer of that hand—two boons in one—scarcely to be rejected under circumstances which deprive single life in women, even of respectability, and in the presence, too often, of dire poverty. No wonder there is mercenary marriage on the part of woman, and the numbers increasing, another result of false morals. We are understood to be training our youth on the modern principles of love, rather than the old ones of fear; the domestic instincts are to stand in the stead of Christian discipline, especially—always—in the case of women. Yes, the asceticism of Christ is forgotten, or it is considered in His followers to be an impossibility; yet, what are any of us worth who have not passed through adversity? Still, we are not of those sour few, who would "make of earth a hell," though in some cases it seems as if this were already present among us. Looking to such, it may once more be asked of one—the most rampant, the worst, is it really the necessary evil so called, whereby not only some, but, as is the fact, many women must be sacrificed for the rest? Science leaves no doubt how far this is a necessary or only a wilful evil. On the other hand, let us direct attention to our best women, our wives and mothers and sisters—the fairest women, as we consider them, perhaps justly, in the world—how comes it about that their features (in contrast to their fair complexions), are not equal to those of their American sisters—not equal in form or regularity to those even of men. That, moreover, while according to the present ideas of extravagance in dress, they flaunt in every finery, yet the beauty of expression is either wanting in their countenances altogether, is of an abnormally depressed kind, is that of a Bacchante, or that of a semi-idiot. Expression being the outward, symbol of the ideas or of the soul, could its hieroglyph be fully read, what is to be inferred from this? We have, perhaps, said too much already, and hesitate, except to add, that some men admit they would prefer women to exhibit more inspiriting minds than are developed by the cyphers they encounter. But the majority, it is to be feared, as yet prefer to absent themselves from female society where mind is thus developed, and like those women best, who, taking them at their word, even affect to be more stupid than they are, that the mental contrast between the sexes may be the more agreeable. Yet Christ spoke of no weaker vessel; He united every virtue in Himself; if His apostle, making himself all things to all men, meant as he spoke differently, he spoke still only as a Jew; or he waited to overthrow existing usages, as did his Master, the more surely, the later such overthrow.

The final questions to be settled are, how is habit, that second nature, to be overcome, and how is the opinion of the many, the Greek "un-

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wise," to be persuaded, or overruled by that of the few? To confess our sins is the first step to amend them; let us own that any habit which is immoral, need not necessarily triumph over that nature which was created to be moral; let us acknowledge that the voice of the multitude (or even our own) is not the infallible voice, but subject to the approval of those set over it, apparently to enlighten or contend against it, though in turn subject themselves to that higher voice. Uncontrolled power makes men mad, and so on all sides there is restraint, which if men cast off, they are brought back within severer limits, or brought to destruction. In regard to the means of reform, as in other matters, which are neither to be improved by indifference or over care, there must be recourse to real moral reform in manners, customs, institutions, law, and education, founded upon a true interpretation of religion, and change in practical religion. Involving, as a main idea, practical human morality and its adaptation to life, and involving, too, as the first or leading principle to be worked out in every department of the subject, however gradually, that we are now acting upon an exaggeration of sex, an abuse derogatory and injurious to both halves of the race; that this, as an excess, is a sin against nature; and therefore, as such, being hateful in the sight of the Creator, should be the same in that of humanity.

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THE CIVIL AND POLITICAL STATUS OF THE FEMALE SEX,

FROM THE TIME OF THE ROMANS UNTIL THE PRESENT DAY.

Translated from the French of Professor Edouard Laboulaye.

BOOK IV.

THE FEUDAL EPOCH.

PART II.

THE SERFS AND VILLEINS.

INTRODUCTION.

FEUDALISM, as we have just viewed it, is destitute neither of *éclat* nor of grandeur. If in this system the woman is odiously sacrificed to the power of the family, so as to wound our natural sentiments, it cannot be denied that, from the political point of view, the family gains from this sacrifice an imposing majesty. There is grandeur in these families which never die out, and which, in length of pedigree and traditional wealth, are on a level with kingly houses. Add to this that individual merit has never been thrown into stronger relief than under a system in which every lord of a manor was the king of a small society which dwelt beneath the shelter of his castle, and which he was bound to protect with all the resources of his fortune, power, and genius.

Let us, however, leave the brilliant side of feudalism to occupy ourselves with its dark side; let us see what was the condition of the villeins and the serfs, the poor progenitors of modern nations, who, by dint of their blood shed in its defence, and of their sweat poured forth in fertilising it, have won for us this land in which they had no right of ownership. Let us respectfully study these miseries of our ancestors; it will render us better citizens by giving us more esteem for the past, more indulgence for the present, more patience and more hope for the future.

The amelioration of human conditions is not the affair of a day; humanity progresses slowly, but its march is sure and knows no retreat. On a close inspection of the immense advance made by civilisation during the last thousand years, whose heart would not be animated with new confidence? Who would not devote himself to the realisation of that fraternity which the Gospel proposed to us as the last term of progress on earth?

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CHAPTER I.

THE WOMAN OF THE SERF AND VILLEIN CLASS AS A DAUGHTER.

§ 1.—The Villein's Tenure.*

One of the most important documents published of late years, the *Polypticus* of Irminon, the Abbot of St. Germain-des-Prés, during the ninth century, exhibits the serfs and labourers of the abbey, occupying, in twos and threes, a portion of land granted by the abbey subject to certain tasks (*corvées*), and dues. Between these labourers, huddled together in the same cabin, there is no ground for supposing that any tie of relationship existed; it sometimes happened that even the daughter or the sister of a labourer occupied another cabin in common with another family, stranger to her in blood, a fact which leads one to surmise that the hereditary character of the tenure was not yet established, and that the abbot located his serfs in whatever part of the estate he judged to be most convenient for that purpose.

The distribution of the soil in small portions, a system adopted by the monks, who understood the importance of the division of the soil, on economical principles, was applied during the middle ages in the numberless estates of the Church, and in the great baronies. The interest of the baron was, in fact, to have in his service the greatest possible number of hands, and, as he did not farm the estate himself, and had a share, not in the rent, which is a net product, but in the yield, which is a gross product, he had no motive for concentrating the property in a small number of hands.

When, by the natural course of things, the soil, thus cut up, was occupied as a heritage, a state of things which, in the twelfth century, was in operation throughout almost the whole of Europe, every little holding was inhabited by a family living together and cultivating, at their joint expense, the land which maintained them all. Each holding was therefore occupied by an association formed of the father, the mother, and the children—an association which was continued between the brothers after the death of the common ancestor, and which was thus perpetually renewed by the entry of new generations into this domestic circle. Says Coquille, the author who has most clearly treated of this institution—

* This is called *main-morte*, in ancient French jurisprudence, and I am not aware of any exact equivalent in our legal phraseology. Mortmain is quite a different thing from *main-morte*. The latter is defined by Bosquet in his "Dictionnaire de Droit," as meaning all corporations and partnerships which, being perpetual, are not dissolved by the death of any of the members, and which cannot dispose of their property without obtaining certain authorisations.—Translator.

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"These words, *customary partnership*, have been the cause of a great deal of trouble to village families, since attempts have been made to apply to these associations the same rules as those which relate to the Roman law of partnership, according to which the death of one of the members dissolves the partnership, and where the articles of association cannot stipulate that it shall remain good between the heirs; further, where a minor cannot be a partner; but I have always thought that it was absurd to apply these rules of the Roman law to our rural associations. For the partnerships affected by the Roman law were commercial ones, to which the good faith, the industry, and the means of every member were considered an essential part, wherefore the said associations were strictly personal; but our rural associations are merely families which are treated as corporations and colleges, and are maintained by the substitution of persons who are born into the same, or who are adopted, for those who leave it."

Coquille compares these rural associations with the civic ones:—

"In which the substitution takes place as a matter of course, without special declaration or agreement, and where the substituted persons do not make it a different corporation, although there be none of the original members left, but it ever remains one and the same association.

"Accordingly, in these family associations, the children who are born therein and represent the future, and those who are of full age, and who carry on the affairs of the family in the present, and the old people who represent the traditions and claim the rewards of the past, are all held to be useful and necessary members for the sustentation of these corporations, and to succeed to each other as joint owners, so long as they remain in the same family, which continues until there is an actual partition and express dissolution; I mean by actual partition, when they have a separate household, and have their meals apart for a year and a day."

If the reader has caught the idea of these associations sought to be conveyed by Coquille, the daughter's right of succession will be easy to determine beforehand; there was no preference of sex, for in the agricultural household the woman has functions which are neither less useful nor less necessary than the man's labour; there was no right of primogeniture, for in the field one parcener is as good as another. On the death of the father the partnership subsisted between the surviving mother and the brothers and sisters; there was nothing changed either in the household or the family; there was only one member less.

But in order to inherit (if you can call this continuity of possession an inheriting) you must be a member of the association, for it is the continuous existence thereof which stops the menacing right of the baron; the daughter succeeds to her father, not as daughter, but as partner, and if she has ceased to form part of the association, she has no longer any right, for her father was not the proprietor of the holding. The baron is the owner, the moment that there is an open succession, that is to say, that the continuity of possession is broken. In this respect, the baron's right is similar to the lord paramount's right over the fief. The villein's tenure, in like manner as that of the vassal, reverts to the lordly grantor on the death of the tenant who does suit

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and service for the estate; only there was this difference, that the primitive rigour which was abolished in favour of the vassals, remained for the poor serfs, to whose fate legislators were indifferent. The Custom of Troyes says:—

"The rest are, by reason of their servile condition, subject to their lord's right of reversion to all their real and personal property, wherever situated, when they died without leaving a child born in wedlock, and remaining in the cabin.

"And if there are several children who have married out of their cabin, one child alone remaining therein bars the lord's right for all the rest who may be gone from the cabin, and who have the same rights as the former."

From this passage we may gather both the rigorous right of the lord, and the favourable exception introduced by jurisprudence at a later period.

Accordingly, on the one hand, a daughter married away from the association cannot succeed (except by special grant and licence, of which there are some examples in the collections); on the other hand, a single child remaining in the association, excluded the lord; and the lord's right being paralysed, the brothers and sisters who had left the association came in and competed with the brother who had remained in the cabin, who could not oust them, for his title was not a baronial possession, but a bare right of succession based upon birth and blood.

The exclusion of children who had left their father's house was found in several municipal customs, as a relic of servitude. Jehan Desmares informs us that, in his time, this custom was still observed in Paris; I meet with it at Lubeck and at Hamburgh, at a much more recent epoch; and it was only a rescript of King Frederick William, dated 1720, which abolished in Westphalia this last monument of villenage. It is but yesterday that we escaped from the strong grasp of feudalism.

The association being the only title to succession, when there was a dissolution of partnership this title was lost. This act of dissolution was presumed by the law when the partners had lived apart for a year and a day, whence arose that customary adage, "the board severs the villenage;" and as it was the baron's interest to multiply the dissolutions of partnership, in order to obtain the villein's heritage, they laid down this severe maxim, "When one is gone, all are gone;" that is to say, the withdrawal of a single member dissolved the partnership once for all; so that the will of a single member disposed of the right of all the rest.

For those poor people who could only endow their children with a few chattels, the marriage of a daughter was almost an act of disinheritance, since by her establishment outside the association, she was excluded from the succession to her own family. To remedy this inconvenience, the children were married by exchange; that is to say, if two serfs of

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the same barony had each a son and a daughter, they exchanged the two daughters by making them wed the two sons. The daughters thus exchanged and admitted into their husband's association, were substituted one for the other, and they succeeded to their father and mother-in-law, just as they would have succeeded to their own father and mother, if, not being married, they had remained in their father's house.

This custom of marrying by exchange is to be met with among free men as a last relic of servitude, so true is it that man cannot break rudely with the past, and that his condition and his ideas are modified only by imperceptible changes. Bourbonnais observes that this custom only obtained among plebeians (*roturiers*).

When the exchange could not take place, the married daughter found herself "cut off;" the father could not, by a will, provide against this harsh result, for the serf could only make a will for a very small amount, and where the primitive rigour had remained in force, real and personal estate belonged alike to the lord. Thus the Custom of Champagne says—

"It is the custom of Champagne that if a man in *main-morte* dies without heirs of his body, or if he is separated from those heirs, that the lord bears off the reversion of goods and heritage by reason of the *main-morte*. And in such wise, that if he wish to retain the heritage only, he is not obliged to pay the dead man's debts. And if he uses his right so far as to take both real and personal estate, he will be bound to pay the dead man's debts, by reason of the chattels, and for the heritages he will pay nothing. This is the usual custom in cases of *main-morte*."

§ 2.—Of the Right to Forbid a Marriage.

I have already noticed that base tenures were subject to principles similar to the customs of the fief. This analogy would deserve to be more closely followed up, and it would be seen that one uniform law, namely, the relation of the tenant to the granting lord, has controlled in its diverse applications all the social relations of the middle ages.

One everywhere encounters this right of property, which, under a thousand different forms and names, governs the condition of persons not less than that of things.

In villenage, for example, one meets with all the feudal principles; for instance take (1) the escheat of the land to the lord, free and unencumbered, when the occupier is dead or when he has forfeited under the stipulations of the grant; (2) the prohibition on alienating the holding except between people of the same barony; (3) the prohibition on marriage (*formariage*), a violent exaction, but one flowing from the same principles which entrusted to the lord the wardship and marriage of the heiress of the fief.

This right of *formariage*, which originally went so far as to forbid the

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serf or villein from marrying without the lord's consent, was at a later period limited to a marriage contracted with persons who were not of the same class and the same barony.

This right was of Teutonic origin, for it is indicated in the Salic law. It was a corollary of the *mund* which belonged to the master of the estate over all the free or non-free persons who lived under his protection. This right, moreover (I am ashamed to say), will always exist where the human species is looked upon as cattle, the young of which are appropriated in advance.

At the Carlovingian epoch, the master of the female serf, with a view to appropriate the issue of the marriage, would quash the marriage contracted with a serf on a neighbour's property, and it was necessary to bring the artillery of the Church to bear upon this infamous abuse of power. The Council of Chalons-sur-Soane (A.D. 813) decreed as follows:—

"We have been informed that some men by a certain assumption of power quash the lawful marriages of their serfs, paying no regard to that injunction of the Gospel, *whom God has joined together let no man put asunder*; wherefore it has seemed good to us that the marriages of serfs be not quashed, even if they have different lords, but while remaining united in wedlock, let them each serve their own lord; but with this proviso, that the marriage is a legal one and originally made with the consent of their owners."

This approbation of the Church, although given but timidly, inspired the laws with a new spirit; for example, at Jerusalem, when a serf married a woman of another barony without having obtained the consent of the woman's master, the husband's master could discharge the liability by returning a woman of the same value as she by whom his own estate had been enriched.

In other countries, a treaty effected that which at Jerusalem was established by custom; the barons stipulated among each other marriages by exchange, that is to say, they exchanged serfs of the same value, in such wise that the estate was not impoverished by the marriage of their labourers. Dubreuil, in the "Antiquities of Paris," and Chantreau Lefebvre in his "Treatise on Fiefs," have handed down several deeds relating to this curious custom, which, moreover, is found in Germany as frequently as in France.

Often also, when a baron allowed a woman of his estate to marry a man of another barony, without receiving as the price of this permission another woman in exchange, he stipulated with the owner of the male serf that the children of the marriage should be divided between them, half for the husband's master and half for the wife's master; the latter generally having the first choice. This preference was borrowed from the 162nd Novella of Justinian, which, in the case of the marriage of two slaves of different estates, gives to the mother the only child and the

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advantage of the odd number, on the ground that the woman had the pain of bearing and rearing the children.

The law of the Visigoths divided the children equally between the two masters, and more than one deed of the middle ages reproduces, without being aware of it, this provision borrowed from the Roman laws.

This stipulation, so advantageous to the masters, for it preserved to them their serfs—still more advantageous as it was to the serfs, since it reserved to the married child his or her rights to the paternal succession—this stipulation brought about that transformation of the prohibition on marriage into a mere due. A similar revolution took place in reference to the lord's reversionary right, the *main-morte*, which dwindled down into the right of taking the best beast or best garment belonging to the late tenant. These dues, which our fathers abolished as an odious relic of feudalism, were, in the twelfth century, the price which our ancestors had paid for the enfranchisement of their persons and property.

For the rest it was not only half of the children which the lords reserved for themselves, it was also, in case the couple should die childless, half of the property which the serfs might have acquired during their union.

There may be seen in Dubrueil a long and curious treaty made in relation to this subject between William, the seventy-fifth bishop of Paris, and the Abbot of St. Germain-des-Prés—a treaty which was designed to reserve the rights of the bishop and those of the abbot in the marriage of Adeline de Wissons, a serf of Notre Dame, with Bertrand de Verrière, a serf of St. Germain-des-Prés.

The deeds of *marriage by exchange* were very common between convents of the same order, and which, to some extent, looked upon each other as the same community, divided only by space. Thus, for instance, in Switzerland, the seven Benedictine convents authorised the intermarriage of their several serfs under the name of marriage by exchange.

These stipulations are often to be met with in the deeds of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; Kindlinger in his "History of Serfdom," has preserved a large number of these memorials. One of them, belonging to the fifteenth century, informs us that before being exchanged the mutual consent of the subjects of the exchange was obtained. This liberality must have been quite a novelty, for it is very improbable that at a more remote date the lords who cared so little for the inclinations of their noble female vassals, took more account of them when women of a servile class were in question.

In England also the right of prohibiting a marriage was changed into a charge imposed upon the land like all other feudal charges, and was paid alike by the free man, who was the holder of a base tenure, and

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by the serf attached to the soil. Long before this amelioration of the English law, Pope Gregory the Great, who occupied himself from first to last with the condition of the serfs, as is proved by a thousand passages in his letters, had forbidden the practice of demanding excessive dues for the marriages of that unfortunate class, and he had prescribed that they should not exceed the value of one *solidus*.

From the dues payable for permission to marry sprang those singular customs known under the name of the *droit du seigneur*—customs which one would like to be able to deny the existence of, for the honour of humanity, but of which there are numerous undeniable traces in some deeds of comparatively modern times. Servin, in one of his pleadings, makes mention of one of those customs which had maintained itself in the fief of Soloire, and whose abolition he brought about as contrary to public morals. The lord claimed that on every marriage his steward had a right to be invited a week beforehand, that the latter could make his appearance at the wedding feast with two couples of hunting dogs and one greyhound, take his place at the bride's side, be served before her, and call upon her for the first song, while the bridegroom was bound to feed the dogs.

I refer the curious to Bouvot, Papon, and Boyer, who have related some of these disgraceful proceedings, which show how far the mad caprice of a village tyrant will go.

(To be continued.)

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A HOME FOR FOREIGN GOVERNESSES.

THE pages of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE have always been open to every practical movement for the benefit of women, and it would argue but a small amount of womanly feeling if an appeal for a Home for Foreign Governesses was excluded, or awakened no active sympathy among its readers. The claims of the English teacher have for some time past been advocated, and many attempts have been made to lessen the hardships attending her profession, and to provide for her when her health and energies fail. Much still remains to be done in this direction; but, meanwhile, we have no right to overlook the necessities of the stranger.

The circular before us states that, "Each year brings a large proportion of foreign ladies to England's great metropolis, for the purpose of imparting to her daughters that knowledge of the various foreign languages which is deemed so essential; but few, perhaps, who accept their aid are aware of the evils which beset their path. . . . . Many, when they first arrive in London, are indeed strangers in the midst of strangers, with no home open to receive them—no hand outstretched to welcome them. Ignorant alike of the customs and language of their adopted country, too often their spirit fails them, and powerless under such difficulties to obtain the employment so necessary to their support, their lot often becomes one of peculiar temptation and trial."

The idea of establishing a Home to remedy these evils appears to have originated with Fraülein Erck, an active German lady, who, with the help of some friends and a few public donations, opened a Home at 2, Stanhope Place, Regent's Park, where—since September, 1865—she has received between fifty and sixty ladies. As far as we can judge, the Home appears to be under very judicious management. There is no unnecessary expenditure in the shape of salaried officials, but the funds seem to be duly applied to the purposes for which they were intended. A detailed account of the receipts and expenditure will shortly be published; but, in the meantime, Miss Erck asks the public for assistance, in order that sufficient accommodation may be provided for the ladies who apply to her for admission. The applications are so numerous, that the necessity for taking a larger house is making itself felt more strongly every day. It is to be hoped (and, indeed, only reasonable to expect) that the Home will in time become self-supporting; but, in the first instance, there is necessarily a considerable outlay, and the sums paid by the ladies during their residence for board

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and lodging are obviously not sufficiently remunerative to make the matter a mere commercial speculation.

The Institution is already under the special patronage of

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE,

AND

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE.

The Lady Patronesses are as follows :—

HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS BERNSTORFF.
HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.
THE MOST NOBLE JANE MARCHIONESS OF ELY.
THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS OF DURHAM.
THE RIGHT HON. THE VISCOUNTESS JOCELYN.
MADAME LA BARONNE DE STAËL.
THE BARONESS D'ORMIEUX VON STRENG.
THE BARONESS WIMPFFEN.
THE HON. MRS. LLOYD LINDSAY.
LADY HAVELOCK. LADY PETO. LADY HOGG.

The names of many other members of our aristocracy are to be found in the donation and subscription list; and we feel assured that we have only to bring the Institution before our readers in order to obtain their support.

It is not difficult to understand the boon such a Home will prove, when we remember the shortness of the vacations, and the many impediments to a foreigner's return to her own country and friends for a brief visit. Sometimes we fear she would find its shelter opportune under cases of less consideration than we like to think it possible she could receive from English ladies. Such cases have occurred. Not long since a foreign governess was told by her employer that her services would not be required for several weeks. A date was fixed for her departure and her return, but no inquiry was made as to her means of living in the interval. She had no friends or relatives in England; and how welcome to her would have been such an Institution as the "Home" established in Stanhope Place. What a blessing to have such a place to turn to, not as a pauper or a dependent, but a self-reliant woman.

Subscriptions will be received at the office in Princes Street, or may be sent direct to Miss Erck, at the Institution itself, at the address we have given above. A Bazaar is to be held during the ensuing month, and articles in aid of the same sent to Stanhope Place will be gladly accepted.

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THE YOUNG STILT-DANCER:

AN EPISODE IN A TOUR IN THE UPPER PYRENEES.

Translated from the German of Elpis Melena.

CHAPTER IV.

LE PONT D'ESPAGNE—LE LAC DE GAUBE—JOURNEY TO LUZ—ST. SAUVEUR ON AUGUST 11, 1860—LUZ AND BARÈGES.

"Do you know," said I to Marie the next morning, "if the boy is really gone?"

"He was still here an hour ago, Madame, for I saw him buying some apples in the market. I believe that he played and danced too, yesterday evening, for I heard two ladies praising his skill. By this time, however, I should think he must be on his road home, for he could scarcely remain longer away from his sick father. If Madame had only seen the condition in which he was, when he arrived here yesterday!"

"Why, Marie," said I, "my wonder was only how he could look so bright and clean!"

"You little know, Madame, how much trouble his toilette cost him. Only fancy, Madame, the boy had hurried away from Barèges, and when he arrived here, he prevailed on me to tell you that he was so tired he must lie down to rest. But in reality it was to go to the Gave and wash his shirt, that he might be able to present himself properly before so gracious a lady."

The visit of my doctor obliged Marie to retire. M. Dimbarre came to invite me to join in a pleasure trip of which the goal was St. Sauveur, the following Saturday, having heard that the chapel which the Emperor had built on the ruins of the Hermitage of St. Pierre, would be consecrated on that day by the Bishop of Tarbes; and he thought that this beautiful ceremony, and the concourse of visitors at that romantic spot, would be worth my notice.

Although he spoke strongly against all these fatiguing mountain excursions, Dr. Dimbarre declared that I must not leave Cauterets without visiting Pont d'Espagne and the Lac de Gaube. It was, he said, a seven hours' journey, and the passes difficult; but by the aid of a "chaise à porteur," he thought I should get through the day very well, and he advised me to take advantage of the present fine weather to make the excursion.

I had heard the Pont d'Espagne and the Lac de Gaube spoken of, till I was almost tired of their names. Still, the undoubtedly beautiful scenery of two of the most picturesque points in the neighbourhood of

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Cauterets, made me wish to see them. To a donkey-chaise, however, which the doctor seemed to prefer for me, I could not quite agree, and therefore I determined upon a slender-legged, sure-footed grey horse, which I had ridden the preceding summer, on several occasions.

The road to Lac de Gaube leads to the Raillière, and all the southern baths, and immediately after passing them, the road changes into a bridle path, through an accumulation of blocks of reddish granite. The Gave here follows the path, and shaded by dark firs, mossy stems, and rocky projections, its clear waters glide along over every depth, and through every bend, of its rough bed.

The Cascade de Cerizet is the first point at which a short halt is required. A rolling rushing noise gives the first notice that the stream has met with some obstruction to its placid course. It breaks, with its whole force, against a colossal block of stone which overhangs a precipice, and which sustains, as it has done for centuries, the attack unmoved, looking on with stern indifference, while the rolling waters fall into the eddying mass of foam below. A perpetual mist, which appears neither to rise nor fall, rests over this abyss, while the tumbling flood, illumined by the sun, is now crossed by brilliant rainbows, and now descends like a sheet of gold.

The precipice which causes this fall is called the Geret de Macadan, and the defile of which it is the commencement, stretches to the confines of Spain. It is one of the wildest and most sublime in all the Hautes Pyrenees. The pen of a writer endued with every feeling for nature, could alone paint the variety of pictures which the capricious course of the Gave here presents, even when the serenity of a cloudless sky covers the scene. Then how fearfully grand and sublime must it appear, when storm-clouds darken the heavens, and the red lightning illumes the rugged summits of the rocks; when the hooded crow and the majestic eagle mingle their melancholy cries, with the rolling of the thunder and the roar of the tempest.

On the way to Pont d'Espagne are the waterfalls called La Cascade du Pas de l'Ours, and La Cascade de Bourrés.

The former is said to owe its name to an encounter between a bear and a dog. The two animals met in a path about a foot in width, and fought a hard battle for the passage, which ended in the overthrow of both into the depth below; and in the rushing mountain torrent they both met an inexorable fate.*

The other cascade is chiefly noticeable for its single gigantic shoot, issuing from a dark thicket of pine trees.

After a three quarters of an hour's ride, I arrived at the Pont

* This neighbourhood was once the haunt of lynxes, but they are now seldom found. About fifty years ago a pair were captured and placed in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris.

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d'Espagne, of which I had heard so much. This bridge, formed of some old planks placed over each other, is so called, because it stands at the point where the defile divides into two branches, one of which leads into Spain.

Few scenes in Switzerland are superior, for wildly romantic grandeur, to the view down and from this path. The Gave, which issues from the Lac de Gaube, bursts over the almost perpendicular rock, in the wildness of its liberty, in one gigantic column of water, which falls groaning and struggling into the abyss below.

On a little elevation not far from the Pont d'Espagne, Mdlle. Sarrazin de Belmont, a landscape painter of some renown, built a hut, still standing, in which she lived fifty-two days, while engaged in painting the views from that spot.*

After having viewed the waterfall from different points, and examined well the hut where Mdlle. Sarrazin took up her abode, I was just remounting my horse to continue my ride to the Lac de Gaube, when, to my great astonishment, I espied my young stilt-dancer coming out of the wood in company with a Spaniard.

"What in the world brings you here?" cried I.

"Oh, Madame," he replied, "when I left you yesterday I fell in with a friend who was going to Barèges, and by him I sent to my father the money which you gave me, and a message to say that, having a prospect of earning something more, I shoutd remain a day or two; and thus relieved with regard to my family, I danced at the Mamelon Vert till dusk. There I made acquaintance with this Spaniard, who has persuaded me to accompany him to Panticosa, where he tells me there are many visitors, and that to-morrow, being a *fête* day, there will be more. But further into Spain I shall not go, because of the terrible mountain passes, of which I am afraid."

* Mdlle. de Sarrazin has resided for a long time in Italy, and is usually in Rome from October to May. I have the pleasure of her personal acquaintance, and have been many times allowed to look through her Album des Pyrenees, a collection of interesting views which she made during a fourteen months' stay there. This amiable artiste not only possesses talent of the highest order, but heart, mind, and understanding, to a degree which we seldom see combined in one person. She belongs to a French family of distinction and wealth, but foregoes the advantages of her birth, and lives with her old companion, Carmela, in a simple style in the quarter of the city called St. Onofrio. She devotes all her time to her art, and the produce of it to good deeds. Company Mdlle. Sarrazin does not seek, but she is never unwilling to spend an evening in a circle of valued friends, where, notwithstanding her age, her conversational powers, serenity, and wit, render her the soul of the party. One evening, when she joined a meeting of this description at my house, I turned the conversation to the Pont d'Espagne, and her stay there. With much willingness she related all that passed, and dwelt particularly on the nightly visits the bears made to some neighbouring raspberry bushes (of the fruit of which they seemed very fond); their nocturnal rambles form no very pleasant episode in her and Carmela's residence there.

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"For a young and light little dancer like you," I replied, "they ought to have no terror. However, do not hurry yourself, and take a rest before you return, for I am going to the consecration of the chapel of St. Sauveur, to-morrow, and will take the opportunity of visiting Barèges, and of calling on your father, and telling him where you are."

"May I call on you, dear lady, on my return, and tell you how it has fared with me at Panticosa?"

"Certainly," said I, and I had scarcely time to greet the young Spaniard, when they both sprang forward on their way, and left me to my ride.

"Do you know anything of the Spaniard?" said I to my guide.

"I only know that he is a *contrabandisto* (smuggler), Madame, and that, like all his tribe, he leads a life of danger and difficulty for the sake of a very pitiful gain. At one time he is on the track of the French soldiers, and at another he is watching the Spanish troops; now lying in prison, and now escaping to the mountains; now suffering from want, and now from a gunshot wound. The box which you saw behind him is filled with French goods, which he is carrying to Panticosa to be disposed of by some of his confederates, and then it will be filled with Spanish produce, which he will convey for sale to Cauterets."

"And how long will he be getting to Panticosa?"

"We reckon it about six and a half hours from here, but the Port de Marcadan is so difficult that there is no certainty as to time. But it is to these difficulties that these people owe the possibility of carrying on their trade, for were the bye-ways with which they are acquainted, known to others, it would be all up with them. The smugglers never go direct to any place, and they generally hide themselves by day in caverns at a distance from the passes, and go on by night, in order to reach Panticosa before daybreak."

"Have you ever been there yourself?"

"Only once, Madame; and it is certain I will never undertake such a journey again. I was born at Cauterets, and know the worst passes of the Pyrenees pretty well, but they are none of them like that of Marcadan; and if you meet a robber there, you have not a chance of escape."

"But I hope," said I, "we do not run any risk of such a *rencontre* here?"

"Look here, Madame," the guide replied, pointing to a large block of granite, overshadowed by some fir-trees, not twenty steps from where we stood; "near those identical trees, only a few days ago, as I was accompanying a party to the Lac de Gaube, I saw a bear enjoying herself over a sheep which she had stolen from some flock or another. Frightened by a stone which we threw at her, she left the remains of her booty, but she did not lose sight of it, for as we returned two hours later, it was gone!"

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Had I then known what I afterwards heard from Mdlle. Sarrazin, I should have given more credence than I then did to my guide's story, for I considered it a mere "guide's wonder," and did not allow it to shorten my ride.

With steady steps my grey charger overcame every difficulty—through deep morasses, rotten branches, furze and brake, rolling stones and granite blocks. We soon reached a path thickly walled by red pine stems, whose lofty tops afforded a grateful shade, and scented the air with resinous fragrance. Presently they opened wider, and afforded us a view of the snow-capped mountains before us, which seemed to have served as patterns for some masterpiece of Gothic architecture—their sparkling and fine-pointed tops showing through the gloom of the fir-trees against the blue sky, like the sharp pinnacles of the Cathedral of Milan.

The wood became thinner and lighter, until at length it entirely disappeared, and after we had ridden for about an hour and mounted a little hill, we came in sight of the amphitheatre of hills which surrounds the Lac de Gaube.

This lake is the largest in the Pyrenees, and has a circumference of six kilometres, being 1,788 metres above the level of the sea. The mountains Pachmeya and Palomière bound it on the east; on the west, the Pic de Gaube and de Peyrol; while the giant, and ever snow-covered Vigiremal closes the view to the south.

A few meadows, with a fir-tree growing here and there, form the sides of these the highest of the French Pyrenees, and are the only spots of green which refresh the eye, while the stone-built hut of an old fisherman is the only sign of life which appears in this solitary corner of the world.

Although this dearth of vegetation and habitation increases the sternness common to all these lakes, the Lac de Gaube has by no means a gloomy or melancholy appearance; on the contrary, its aspect is as friendly and peaceful as any I can remember. A truly Oriental clearness, which the atmosphere that day imparted to the scene, may have given it a somewhat unusually dreary character. The stillness of the blue water of the lake was so entire that it looked like some immense jewel of enchanted story, in whose equal depths were reflected the fine forms and shadowy clefts of the surrounding mountains.

A marble tablet, not far from the fishing-hut, bears testimony that this remote and calm lake has not been without its victims however, by recording the tragical end met here by a young and newly-married pair from England. The weather was fine, and the young people, wishing to row themselves across the lake, embarked in a light skiff, which, it is supposed, must have been upset by some unskilfulness, for no human eye was witness to the mishap, over which a dark mystery still hangs. The bodies were found after a while, and sent to England.

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The fishing-hut forms a place of refreshment for the tourists; and the trout of the Lac de Gaube are in great repute. Not feeling any want of such refreshment, however, I spent my time in surveying the beauty of the scene, until I thought my horses and guide had rested enough to undertake the march home; when I told the latter to follow me, as I should walk through the wild shrubs till the road became less impeded.

The sun was setting as I reached Cauterets, and knowing that the ceremony of the morrow would call every carriage into requisition that the place could furnish, I thought it best to take care of myself at once, and therefore sent to bespeak the carriage and coachman I had had on former occasions.

I was about to consult the Sieur Harraca respecting the best route, when I encountered the Concierge Marie, at the door of the Lion d'Or, and standing by her was a poorly-clad peasant woman.

"Well, Madame," said Marie, "you are aware that your protégé has gone to Panticosa; and here is the good woman at whose house he always lodges, and who can tell you several particulars about him."

"Have you known much of him?" asked I of the woman.

"I only know, Madame, that there are few to compare with him, and you are certainly doing a good work in helping him to recover his loss. My husband and I are very poor people ourselves—as you may well believe, when I tell you that we live entirely by lodging the jugglers and others who come here to entertain the visitors—but we are honest folks, and that, Madame, the Concierge knows, and I cannot tell you what were our feelings, when we heard that poor Dieudonné had been robbed at our house."

"At all events, my good woman," said I; "the young lad could have no suspicion of your family, or he would not have returned to your house, and he lately told me he had left some things under your charge."

"Merely his violin case, Madame, which would have only been an incumbrance on so trying a journey. The poor fellow had nothing else to leave, for the very day you sent for him, he was obliged to wash his one shirt in the Gave. He begged hard that I would iron it for him, but I could not spare time, for I had eleven lodgers to attend to, and to prepare their meals. However, I gave him an iron, and you would have been astonished to see how handily he used it."

"Did you know his late mother?"

"His late mother!" replied the woman with a look of surprise. "She must have died very lately, if she is dead, for a few months ago she was still in Bayonne. The young Dieudonné has but little of her beauty, but luckily none of her faults. To show you how proud and

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delicate the boy is, though he well knows that his mother is a bad woman, who has deserted her husband and children and eloped with others, for the purpose of leading a sinful life, he never utters a word against her, for fear of casting a slur on his family honour, and that I call a very pretty feature in his character."

Thanking my poor visitor for what she had told me, I dismissed her, and spent the evening in reflecting once more on all the points of this poor boy's case.

An unusually early rolling of wheels in the streets, and a tremendous stamping of horses' hoofs next morning, brought to my mind as I awoke, the object of the day. Little less than such an object could have roused the visitors at so early an hour. It was the Feast of St. Sauveur, and all the world and I were to be present at it.

It was not long before I was ready to depart, and the sun's first rays had but just cast the shadow of the clouds upon the narrow valley, when the Sieur Harraca and I took our seats in a light carriage, which carried us with much rapidity to Limaçon. Pierrefitte was soon reached, and the smiling vale of Argeles, where the nut trees and chestnuts furnish so rich a harvest, where the gardens are crowded with flowers, and the higher grounds are clothed with green, from which every zephyr extracts sweetness. Still, in this sunny valley, though I experienced a feeling of health and liberty, I could not get rid of an impression of banishment in this Ultima Thule of the Upper Pyrenees, which made me ask how long it was to last.

This slight feeling of imprisonment, however, was but of short duration, for no sooner had we passed Pierrefitte and left the Gave of Cauterets behind us, than we again entered a deep valley, and the eight kilometres which conduct one to Luz, have a stern and even gloomy character. The hills on each side approach closer to each other, the Gave is more and more hemmed in, and the hollow murmur of its swelling waves shows that it has often to force its way through rocky passages.

As change the colours of the climbing plants which bedeck the sides of the rocks, so changes the tint of the stream below, which, now green, now blue, and now grey, runs rapidly through the narrow pass, while the path, which can be followed only with difficulty, now winds over a costly gallery, now upon a high viaduct, and now across the bold arch of a bridge, which majestically spans the defile.

In order to avoid the difficulties that beset the left of this valley, a new road is being formed on the right side, which will extend from Pierrefitte to Luz.

After crossing no less than six bridges, this long narrow pass begins to widen, and we soon caught a glimpse of the pleasant vale of Luz, smiling through a dark frame of rocks, and, on the other side, of a

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seventh bridge, we found the little town, whose bright aspect fully made good its right to the name. *

A long poplar alley leads from Luz to the foot of the hill on which lies St. Sauveur, and a steep spiral path conducts you to this little bathing place, which consists of but a single street; its situation and agreeable aspect, can scarcely be surpassed. The number of its clean-looking, marble-faced houses, of which some are in rows, and some are detached and surrounded by trees, is not large, and at most sufficient to accommodate 500 visitors.

A certain Bishop of Tarbes, by name Gentica d'Ambise, who fled to Luz for refuge from the Protestants, is said to have been the discoverer of this spring. He erected a small chapel near the spot, and placed this inscription upon it—

"Vos haurietis aquas de fontibus Salvatoris."

This is said to be the origin of the name of St. Sauveur.

More than a hundred years ago, the establishment consisted of a basin hewn out of the rock, and nothing more, in which the dwellers in the neighbourhood, partly for the sake of cleanliness, and partly for the pleasure of a bath, were accustomed to bathe. A professor from Pau, who happened to find here the cure he had sought in vain at Barèges, was the founder of the reputation which the spring now enjoys.

In the Jardin Anglois, two marble slabs recorded the visit of the Duchess d'Angoulême to this romantic spot; but, from some weak-minded regard to the present Emperor, the inscriptions have been obliterated.

I devoted myself almost entirely to the inspection of the new building erected on the ruins of the Hermitage of St. Peter, which was this day to be consecrated. It was here that the pious recluse, Ambroise de Lambey, who came hither to work, to pray, and to die, wrote his valuable work "La Paix Interieure." Well may it have come from his heart, for what is more fit than such a solitude to raise the heart of man to his Creator, and through such communion, to fill it with "inward peace," such as neither glory nor knowledge, neither art nor love, could produce?

The Chapel of St. Pierre de Solferino is charmingly situated; thence the view extends over the smiling valley of Luz, with its well-watered pastures, its verdant woods, and the two half-fallen towers which preside over the town, whose guest population are always on the move—in carriages, on horseback, or on foot—whence, too, on the left hand, is seen the deep dell, in which the Gave flows, varied by cascades, foot-paths, and thickets, ending in the romantic pass of Gavarnie; and just opposite rises the beautiful hill, on the side of which St. Sauveur is

* Luz is the Spanish word for light.

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built. The architecture of the chapel is Romanesque, and its simplicity accords well with the grandeur of its surroundings. A white marble altar is, at present, the only adornment of the interior, but it is intended to cover, not only the walls, but the ceiling with frescoes, and the plain windows are to be filled with painted glass.

The bishop, assisted by all the clergy of the neighbourhood, had completed the consecration of the church, both within and without, and was about to commence his address when we arrived.

He first greeted the new house of God by its name, St. Pierre de Solferino, and did not miss this opportunity of extolling the bravery and heroism of the French army, and of dwelling on the sacrifice of blood, and the dreadful trials to which the troops were subjected in Syria. The bishop then said a mass without music, but a chorus of powerful male voices sang (after the Gospel) the "Domine Salvum fac Imperatorem," with which the ceremony was brought to a spirited close.

Their last tones had hardly died away, when the congregation began to disperse. Willingly would I have spent a longer time in this pleasant place, whose vallies and heights, woods and clefts, have seldom been thronged with such a concourse of people as they were that day. But my time was limited, and my coachman, anxious to bait his horses, wished to return to Luz as soon as possible—a wish which my own love for animals would not allow me to oppose.

Having taken dinner at the "Hotel de l'Univers" at Luz, I wandered about the town and inspected the old church, till the horses were sufficiently rested.

This church is one of the old Roman Basilicas, but it has a particularly warlike appearance. The walls are surmounted with battlements, and have a double row of loopholes, no doubt for the protection of its defenders against the attacks of the Albigenses. The end of the choir, behind the high altar, is flanked by two square towers. The first floor of the northern tower is reached by means of an outside staircase. Four large wall-guns of the sixteenth century, with their fork-shaped wooden carriages, are still there, and must have remained unmoved ever since the last assault took place.

Iron bits, stirrups, lance-heads, cartridge-boxes, and other warlike evidences, bedeck the walls of the tower, while the other contains a small Pyrenean museum, consisting of a few Roman arms, some ancient weapons, chains, fetters, and instruments of torture, which were found in the dungeons of the prison of Luz, when it was pulled down in 1851. A well-carved image of the Saviour, a chalice and silver censer, and an alabaster statuette, all of which are exhibited in this museum, were found about fifty years ago in the hermitage of St. Pierre, at St. Sauveur.

A small sarcophagus serves as a receptacle for holy water, at the

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entrance of the church. At the southern extremity I found a low arched doorway (now built up) which pleased me much; and when I inquired what purpose it could have served, the guide replied that it was the only door by which the Cagots* were allowed to enter, and it led to a space which was set apart for them, and divided from the rest of the assembly. For the archeologist, the most interesting monument in this ancient Basilica is the tomb of a child, surmounted by a canopy, and bearing the date of the thirteenth century; an inscription, which is still legible, informs us that the "good little daughter of Narano de Barèges, who died in April, 1236, lies beneath."

Besides its church, Luz possesses a sight which is particularly interesting to ladies. Who leaves Luz without seeing the manufactory where the beautiful Spanish wool is woven into many charming fabrics suited to female attire? Luz is the source whence all France derives her supply of these goods, which, under the name of "barège," are known all over the world.

The latter part of the road from Luz to Barèges is so steep, that leaders were requisite even for my light calèche. This road runs by a small river, branching into four divisions, one, the blustering Gave du Basten, the banks of which present many a picture; the many rills of water by which they are broken re-unite every now and then, under little mills, which are but huts in which horizontal wheels work, and where the old moss-covered stem of a tree intercepts the rapid stream, and carries it through a cleft made in the wall of the hut, to continue its course. Nothing can be more picturesque than this scenery, which seems but to await the painter's pencil. The shadows of the ashes and alders dance upon the fine grass, to the soft murmurs of these numerous

* This unfortunate caste existed, under different names, the victims of the same prejudice, from unrecorded times, in Guienne, Gascoyne, and other French provinces. They were looked upon in the same light as the idiot and the leper, and confined to miserable dwellings in a particular part of the towns and villages; were never allowed to bear arms or exercise any right of citizenship, and were obliged to wear a red badge, in the shape of a duck's foot, as a distinctive mark; and, as in the case of the door I have mentioned, they always entered and left a church by a separate passage.

The silence of all accounts of the Cagots, relative to their origin and organisation, leaves room for much speculation. Some medical men assert that they were endowed physically and morally, as other men, and others that they were of weak intellect, unsusceptible of civilisation, and afflicted with scrofula and other hereditary diseases. With respect to their origin, opinions are equally various, though on one point all seem to agree, namely, that this degenerate race must have arisen from the collision of some hostile barbarian orders. Be this as it may, the ill treatment the Cagots always suffered, their never having been entrusted with arms, and their being kept at a distance from all other members of society, show that they must have originally been captives, and that the revengeful feelings of these injured people, joined perhaps to the circumstances of their hereditary diseases, must have been the cause of the universal hatred and contempt, to which they were subjected.

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brooks; while on the other side of the Gave rise steeple-like poplars from the green sides of the hills, and, fanned by the gentle air, their trembling leaves show their silver lining against the deep blue sky.

By this road one passes three prettily situated villages; the last of these lies, at the height of 1,130 metres, against a rough rock, on the top of which are the ruins of a hermitage, said to have been inhabited in the fifteenth century by the holy Lucten. After this the road begins to be extremely steep, and just below the smiling valley, changes abruptly into a broad bare plain.

The parched herbage on the hillsides becomes even more sparse, and the ground shows little covering beyond a collection of large boulders, which have rolled down from above. The Gave itself, as if shocked at the desert appearance of its banks, seems to pursue its course unwillingly through such an uninviting tract of rugged confusion, and fights its way with difficulty between the rocks.

There is nothing either grand or beautiful in a scene like this; and the road, for three kilometres, has a somewhat melancholy aspect, till one passes the establishment of Bayun and reaches Barèges.

This is the most poorly appointed of all the Pyrenean baths with which I am acquainted. Amusements there are none, and the idea that the overflowing of the neighbouring lake and the Gave might wash away (as was actually the case on June 4, 1762) its few wooden houses in a night, is not a pleasant one, or one offering much encouragement to the visitor to remain there.

Barèges lies 1,200 metres above the level of the sea, only 800 lower than the point at which vegetation ceases, and is, besides, exposed to the fall of the débris of four mountain streams and of rushing avalanches, and this, at an elevation of 1,200 metres, with an angle of 45°, renders the place uninhabitable except during the four months of summer.

The whole place consists of but one street, of about sixty miserable houses and a few wooden shops. The latter are abandoned when the visitors leave, and the former have very few permanent tenants, these residents being then obliged to procure provisions where and how they can. The snow lies so deep that these poor people are often unable to get as far as Luz, and remain in a kind of captivity, with the additional inconvenience of occasional visits from bears and wolves.

An Englishman who once took it into his head to pay Barèges a winter visit, relates that he there found about twenty men and women (all the inhabitants of the place) herded together in the great bathing-hall, to take advantage of the heat of the springs, and all occupied in one employment—knitting!

The discovery of these springs was made in the reign of Louis XIV., during a visit which Madame de Maintenon payed, accompanied by her natural son, the Duc de Maine, and this circumstance brought them

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into immediate repute. After a rather prolonged stay, she was able to carry back her poor little crippled child, so far improved that he could walk about the palace of his royal father without assistance.

At that period there was no road to this out-of-the-way corner, and Madame de Maintenon reached it by Tourmalet, a mountain pass which joins the valley of the Gave de Pau with that of Adour. This called the attention of the government to the matter, and in 1735 the excellent road was made through Lourdes, Pierrefitte, and Luz, from Tarbes to Barèges. Later, a military hospital was erected at Barèges, having accommodation for 100 officers and 300 men. For these waters are remedies, not only for rheumatic and scrofulous complaints, but have also a wonderful effect in promoting the healing of gun-shot wounds.

The great number of cripples, and of sufferers from glandular diseases, does not of course render a stay here pleasanter. A wood of firs, which stretches along the foot of the rugged Pic d'Ayré, and serves at the same time as a protection against the avalanches, is the only pleasant walk to which visitors can resort for exercise.

Contenting myself with a glance at the bath-room and the hospital, I betook myself to the Pension de la veuve Pelou, the dwelling of my young protegé.

I had scarcely reached the door, when, in a poor-looking, ill-lighted room, I perceived a rheumatic-looking man confined to his chair, whom I could not but recognise to be the father of the young stilt-dancer. A boy of about five years old, who contrived to creep about the room with his hands placed against the wall for support, lifted up his intelligent face to me, with an inquiry after his brother, and asked why he stayed away so long. He was, I felt assured, the little Alexander.

"Maitre Charles," as the father was called in Barèges, did not seem to care so much for the news I brought him, as he did for having to receive me in "such a dog-kennel." Indeed, the room did not deserve a better appellation, and the Pension de la veuve Pelou was in fact only the resort of a set of jugglers and mountebanks, who congregate at all the baths during their seasons.

I could discern only two large beds in the room, and I supposed that these served for the whole heterogeneous collection of inmates.

In one corner of the room, occupied in mending her tambourine, sat the same "Improba Gadetura," whose playing had enticed me to the window at Cauterets, and whose dancing had quickly undeceived me. On some straw in another corner, slept a dog, which I at once recognised as the guide of an old blind beggar, whose persevering begging, and his ill-treatment of his dog, had often annoyed me. Here, also, I encountered a conjuror, whom I had often met riding in an old cart, drawn by a horse as old and worn-out as his master, who used to exhibit

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his numerous tricks to the public of Cauterets. To my astonishment he accosted me in a few German words, and I was therefore unable then to hold communication with Maitre Charles in that language; but notwithstanding this circumstance, my visit served my purpose, for I found that all Dieudonné had told me about his family history was perfectly true.

The father was not very communicative. He gave me the idea of a man whose energies were not sufficient to battle against such a stream of misfortunes as he had had to encounter, and he seemed to have sunk in "a sea of troubles," from which he was unable to escape. He spoke of his son as his guardian angel, yet he did not show any desire to rescue him from his present degrading employment, and raise so fine a nature as he possessed, into some more suitable sphere. His whole wish seemed to centre in his own means of support, and in being able to accompany Dieudonné in September to Bethar, where the festival of the Birth of the Virgin Mary would draw together a large concourse of people, and afford the boy an opportunity of gain.

The entrance of more of the *pensionnaires* of the widow Pelou, induced me to put an end to my visit, and after endeavouring to comfort little Alexander for his brother's absence with a few presents, I got again into my carriage to return without further delay to Cauterets. As the light calèche rolled over the high road in the cool of the evening, the valley of Bastan was seen to particular advantage. Behind the dark mountain of St. Sauveur, the last rays of the sun gilded the snowy tops of the Pic d'Arblanes, and clothed them with purple shadows. Full of delighted wonder, I contemplated this majestic picture, as my thoughts were occupied with my schemes for the poor stilt-dancer.

CHAPTER V.

DIEUDONNÉ'S ADVENTURES AT PANTICOSA.

WELL knowing the youth's disinclination to be absent long from home, and believing that Panticosa would hardly afford him much inducement to remain there, I expected an early visit from Dieudonné, but two or three days passed before the landlady announced his return.

"Now tell me how you have prospered," said I, after I had related to him my visit to his father.

"Ah, my dear lady," replied the youth, with a deep sigh, "you cannot imagine what I have suffered the last few days! It all dwells in my memory like a dream, and I cannot believe it to be real. I would never have undertaken the journey, had I known with what an adventurer I had got connected; but José, the Spaniard with whom you saw me at Pont d'Espagne, described it to me as being the easiest

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thing in the world; so I thought we were to be at Panticosa the same evening, but of that there was no chance, and soon after we left you, my companion gave me to understand that we should have to pass part of the night in a certain wood, near the Port de Macadan. During our fatiguing walk, he related to me stories of bears and wolves coming out of the woods through which we were passing, for their prey; also of gendarmes from the French side, and soldiers from Panticosa, who were lying in ambush for him, in consequence of which he walked so fast that I could scarcely keep pace with his long strides. We reached the mountain pass only as day fell—my God! how fearful it was to look down thence into Spain! Nothing to be seen but immense blocks of granite lying together as though giants had hurled them down; clefts and holes, snow and ice, though what all really was I could not discern in the declining light. I earnestly begged the Spaniard to let us use what light there was to get through this terrible labyrinth, but he would not listen to me. The idea of having to do so in the dark, burthened as I was with my violin and stilts, would, I thought, be the death of me, and I contemplated it with terror. Suddenly, in the distance, a shot was heard, which echoed all around us. José seized me by the arm, and, dragging me with him into the depths of a tree-covered rocky hole, threatened vengeance if I spoke a word, or even moved.

"After about a quarter of an hour had passed without anything happening, my conductor seemed to recover his tranquillity. He climbed up out of the cave, and helped me to follow, divided with me what bread and wine he had with him, and told me to lie down and rest till daybreak.

"The great fatigue I had undergone soon closed my eyes. I must have slept for many hours, for, when he roused me, it must have been at least two in the morning, as he said it was, and he added that we must now endeavour to reach Panticosa before the sun rose.

"Quickly did I take up my stilts and my violin, and we resumed our terrible march. I could not divest myself of the thought of my father and brother, and the situation in which they might be. I felt as if my blood stopped in my veins, and as if my breathing would cease, and every step would be my last. It was only by the help of José's powerful arm that I could make any progress, for neither moon nor stars shone to show us where to step, and we were stumbling over all manner of impediments when my conductor suddenly stood still. A light furtive rustle was heard through the stillness of the night.

"'I hope it is only a wild beast, which will pass us by unnoticed,' muttered José to me; 'but let go my arm, for in case of an attack, if you hold me so tight, you may come to some harm.'

"I had hardly loosed my hand from his arm when we heard the same noise again, but it was this time so loud that we could no longer doubt,

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for men's steps, and even voices, were distinguishable. Then everything was quiet again, and I thought the danger was past, and was about to grasp José's arm once more, when a flash of light suddenly showed me two wild-looking men, clad in uniform.

"A severe battle immediately ensued, and blows, pistol-shots, and Spanish oaths were exchanged, but José, although wounded, surrounded, and taken, did not forget me, for, at the very moment when he let his strong arm fall on my shoulder, he called out loudly to the soldiers, 'Let the youth go uninjured. He has nothing but his violin and his stilts, with which he is going to Panticosa to perform.' My only thought was of escape, and totally forgetting on what treacherous ground we were standing, I hurried away, but had not walked many steps, when I fell, head over heels, into a hole. Fortunately I retained my presence of mind, and feeling that I had broken no bones, and fearing I might fall into a worse situation, I resolved to remain where I was till daylight appeared.

"Of José and his captors I heard nothing more. All the sounds that reached my ears were those of birds and beasts, the melancholy cry of the night-owls, and the nearer or more distant howling of wolves. At length the day broke, and the first faint light showed me that I had escaped death almost by a miracle. For I perceived that I had been saved, only by my stilts having caught in the ground, from falling farther into what seemed to me to be a bottomless abyss.

"But my care for my own safety did not make me forget my violin. What were my feelings when I saw its wreck lying around me, and on my back, where I had fastened it, nothing remaining but the sounding-board, some strings hanging, and the bridge. What loss could affect me more nearly than this?

"Brought into this wilderness in the darkness of night, I could not tell in what direction lay Panticosa. Even if I could reach it, of what use would it be now? My stilts, indeed, were safe and uninjured, but without music what effect could they produce? However, troubled with these sad thoughts, I began to clear myself from the dirt with which I was bedaubed, and gathering together all the pieces of my violin that I could find, and unwilling to forego my original object, I trusted to chance to guide me into the right road. Committing myself to God's care, I set off on my unknown way.

"The sun rose. Not less exhausted by increasing hunger than depressed by vain delay, I was considering what course I should take to get out of the labyrinth of rocks with which I was still surrounded, when I thought I saw two figures in the distance, which went out of sight, and then reappeared. I was not deceived; two muleteers were approaching me; and they must have seen me perform somewhere, for before they reached me they cried out, in a friendly

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tone, 'Why, who would have thought of meeting you here, my little violinist?'

"Of course, I related all my adventures to them, on which one of them said—

"'The first thing we saw this morning, in Panticosa, was the commitment to prison of your late companion. I had heard of his having been long sought for; at last he has been caught, and he can trouble you no more. If I were in your place, I would go at once to Pantecosa. There is a grand fête there to-day, and I am certain you could gain many a penny, though you cannot use your violin, for a stilt-dancer like you has not been seen there for many a day.'

"Encouraged by these words, I asked the man to put me in the road to that place; and then set forward according to his directions.

"The Spanish side of the pass is much wilder and more difficult than the French side, and a truly rugged journey lay before me. The first person I met was an old woman, whom I asked about a public-house which José had recommended to me. The old lady, who understood French, answered—

"'Ah, my good child, you have a long way to go yet! The innkeeper, Borda, does not live in any village, but at the baths of Panticosa, nearly an hour-and-a-half's walk from here.'

"My courage began to fail; but there was nothing for it but to go on. Presently, I came to a rocky passage, so narrow that it is called the 'staircase.' The higher I got, the narrower it became, and the balder the rocks, till at last they were entirely bare of vegetation and dropping with water. I must have walked more than an hour, when, after passing a sharp turn, I came suddenly on a few houses built here and there against the rock, and in front of them a little lake spread its blue waters. This was the bath of Panticosa.

"The first person I met was a Spanish soldier, who cried out, 'Where are you coming, you young vagabond? and what are you going to do at these baths, where such rabble as you are not permitted?'

"I answered that I was on my way to Senor Borda's, that I was not a beggar, but a stilt-dancer, and I hoped to obtain permission to exhibit my talents in Panticosa. This explanation seemed rather to moderate the anger of my questioner; for he pointed out to me the house of Senor Borda, and left me with the warning that I must not remain there longer than the day after the morrow.

"The wife of the innkeeper received me with much kindness. She prepared a little meal for me, and assisted me to improve my damaged apparel.

"With the exception of the sleep I got in the cave with José, I had not closed my eyes, and I felt very tired, and very disinclined to dance; but this was exactly the hour at which all the world would be out of

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doors, and I could not afford to lose it. Although my hostess's endeavours to procure me the loan of a violin had been fruitless, I thought a few francs might be gained without one, so I put on my stilts, and went out into the crowded streets.

"The public walk, about 200 metres long, was in front of the bath-house, and thither I proceeded. I soon found myself surrounded by gazers; and, in the hope of a little gain, I did all I could to surprise them with some of my best *entrechats*. I had danced down the promenade more than once, and was about to do so again, when a half-clad Arragonian peasant-boy cried out—'Ay, hola, goven zanco!' and placed himself in my way, pointing, at the same time, towards the Posada Abijo.

"I looked towards the house, and, to my great astonishment and joy, I perceived the Count Belviaro, with his pale niece and her maid, in the first-floor balcony.

"'Well, my young friend, why don't you play as well as dance?' said the count, as soon as I was within hearing, making, at the same time, a pantomimic action of drawing a bow across the strings.

"I know not if he heard what I told him about my loss, but he motioned to me to come into his apartment, and left the balcony. Almost out of my wits with joy at this happy meeting, I hastened towards the house, took off my stilts, and ran up the stairs. The maid met me at the top and led me at once into the room. I was told to sit down, though there were many ladies and gentlemen there. Cake and wine were given to me, while the count inquired what had brought me to Panticosa. He overwhelmed me with questions, after I had mentioned my night adventures; and then, retiring into an inner apartment, quickly returned with a violin-case in his hand! Placing it on the table, he opened the lid, and took out a splendid violin—

"'See here, my fine fellow,' said the count, 'without a violin you can do nothing. In proof of the interest I take in you, and the good opinion I have of you, I will entrust this—my favourite instrument—to your keeping, as long as the daylight lasts; and you will bring it back to me before you return to your inn.'

"Quite overcome by this act of kindness, I had no words to express my thanks. I took the hand of my benefactor, and pressed it to my lips, and my tears must have shown him what were the feelings of my heart.

"Frantic with joy, I ran down the stairs of the hotel, put on my stilts again, and, with the costly violin in my hand, I began my most admired dance.

"I saw at once that the count and all his company had returned to their balcony, and had their eyes upon me. Wishing to realise their expectations, and to do honour to his kindness, I seemed to be, I

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may say, inspired. As I went nearer to the Posada, in order that the music might be better heard, and as the strings of the fine-toned instrument vibrated under my fingers, and the notes swelled or sank under the bow, I really felt an unearthly exaltation. I fancied I once more possessed my beloved Straduarius; and as the highly ornamented back of the instrument rested against my breast, I seemed to play the most difficult passages with more than usual ease, and the incomparable tones completely overcame me!

"I now held no lifeless machine in my hand. No! I governed and directed a harmoniously-echoing sister-soul, which interpreted every change of grief and joy, of hope, despair and confidence, with its stirring voice!

"Combining an air of Mozart's and a song of Rossini's, and working them into a fantasia, I lost myself in mysterious and fairylike melody. I was no longer a beggar-boy, surrounded by want and misery, care and trouble, dangers and sufferings; no longer the poor stilt-dancer, wandering from land to land and town to town, in order to earn bread for himself and those dependent on him! The doors of Elysium had opened to me, and I was listening to the voices of a heavenly choir!

"I know not how long I had been lost in these ecstatic dreams, when a beautiful bouquet—to which a gold piece, wrapped in paper, was attached—fell at my feet, and awoke me from my raptures. I looked upwards, and saw the niece of the owner of my violin leaning over the railing, and pointing with her delicate hand to the place where her gift lay. One of the crowd took up the flowers and gave them into my hand; I received them with a mute expression of deep gratitude.

"While this scene was passing, my graceful benefactress fixed her eyes upon me. Oh, how lovely she was—how indelibly engraven is her image on my memory!

"The rays of the sun played on the fair ringlets that hung unfettered upon her shoulders, and sparkled in the tears that fell from her soulful eyes over her pallid cheeks. Early grief and sickness had robbed that noble countenance of its youthful bloom and serenity. It was like a white rose, which a soft shower had kept alive in its decay! Withal, the sun-illumined figure of the beautiful girl was so delicate and ethereal, that I thought it might almost vanish away in its flight to that heaven from which it seemed to have come. I could have fallen at her feet and worshipped, and prayed that my life might be devoted to her service!

"Controlling my over-excited feelings, I commenced the first song of the page in 'Figaro;' and I was in full play, when the fall of more gold pieces again recalled me to the stern realities of life. I turned

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once more to the balcony of the count, but it was then empty. Doubtless, the approaching shades of evening had obliged the object of my delight to retire.

"Then I broke into one of Strauss's waltzes, and afterwards played many other favourite dances, and if my music was crowned with success, no less so were my *tours de force* on the stilts. Nothing but the falling darkness would have put an end to my mad leaps and their enriching consequences.

"After everyone had left the place, I repaired once more to the Posada Abaga, where Rosalind was again waiting to receive me, and told me that the party were at dinner and not visible, but that she was ordered to receive the violin, and to say that the count expected to see me the next morning.

"I cannot express the sensations with which I returned to my inn, where my excellent hostess, who had witnessed my triumphal success, met me with open arms. Whether it was the motherly care which she bestowed on me, or the certainty that my success had surpassed all that I could have dreamt of, and thus given me the prospect of supplying many comforts to my father and Alexander, or whether it was the hope of farther support from the count—certain it is, that my usual serenity returned to me, as I thought of those I had so long left alone at home.

"Since that evening at Pantecosa I seem to have awakened to a new life, and I ask myself what has happened to produce in me such a change? At one time I find myself almost shouting for joy, and at another bathed in tears. When I went home in the evening, I had no appetite for the nice things my good hostess had prepared for me, no wish to count up my hard won gains; and though much fatigued, I did not feel the usual pleasure in rest. For the first time, too, I found I could not say my prayers with proper devotion, and until the chambermaid came for my light, I could not determine on getting into bed. All manner of wild fancies crowded my brain; no sooner did a light sleep come over me, than the fair form of my patroness arose, as I saw it illumined by the sun when she reached over the balcony, and she seemed to float through the air. Bending towards me, it flung over me a shower of rich flowers; I tried in vain to take her liberal gifts; in vain I endeavoured to grasp her transparent robe, until I felt myself, after repeated endeavours, suddenly lifted, as if by wings, up into the air. She did not fly from me, but held out her friendly hand towards me, just as she did when she stretched forth her jewelled fingers to give me the bouquet from the balcony. Hastily I would have grasped it and kissed it, when she seemed changed into a shrouded corpse, and was borne away by angels' hands. In my efforts still to pursue her, I awoke from my feverish dream."

Here the poor Dieudonné stopped, and could no longer control his feelings at these recollections of his vision. He struggled to overcome

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them, but I had to inquire twice whether he saw the lady again while he was at Panticosa, before he could continue his narrative.

"When I went to the Abajo the next morning, Rosalind told me that the family was just at breakfast, and I must wait till it was over. She made me sit down by her, and began questioning me about my life and my family. She was so kind, and inspired me with such confidence, that I did not hesitate to give her an outline of my history. She listened to my words with the deepest attention, and seemed to be particularly struck with my account of the burning of the circus, by which, as you recollect, we lost almost all that we possessed. She wanted to hear particulars, which I really could not give her, for I was then too young to remember more than the most striking points of this tragic event.

"When a servant came to summon me to the count's presence, I left Rosalind, after giving her, at her earnest request, the addresses where we could be inquired about at Pau and Bayonne.

"In the saloon to which I was conducted, sat the count, alone with his niece. The latter reclined on a sofa, and looked very pale. She greeted me kindly and motioned me to a chair, and her uncle said feelingly, 'Now, my young friend, you surpassed yourself and all my expectations, and I am glad that you used my violin so worthily. How much did you collect by your performance?'

"'About twenty francs, sir, besides the gold piece for which I was indebted to this lady.'

"'And if you add these two napoleons, you will have eighty francs to take to your father. And indeed you have well earned this money, for your road hither was not strewn with roses,' and the count as he spoke, laid the two napoleons on the table before me, but I did not take them up. For the first time in my life, I felt myself lowered, not rewarded, by the offer of money, and even the thought of the necessities of my family did not decrease the pain I experienced.

"'Take the money, my good boy,' continued the count, kindly placing it in my hand, 'it is your just due, for your playing gave us all the greatest pleasure. Your choice of pieces was excellent, and that air from Ligard is an especial favourite of my niece's, here, and so much was she delighted, that she attributes a good night to your performance.'

"At these words, my blood ran hot through my veins, and rushed so powerfully to my face, that everything I saw before me seemed to run round in a circle. I dared not raise my eyes, and sought to conceal my confusion by extolling the beauty of the instrument, and ascribing to it all my success.

"When my embarrassment had a little abated, I summoned courage to ask the count when and where he became possessor of his costly Straduarius, which I told him appeared the very counterpart of one with which, in a moment of distress and in ignorance of its real value, I had parted for a much smaller sum than it was worth.

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"My patron, evidently as good a connoisseur of instruments as of music, complied willingly with my request, and began at once to tell me by what chance he had secured the instrument, but he had scarcely commenced, when he was summoned to his bath, and obliged to postpone the story, saying, 'The rest I must tell you some other time.'

"Taking this for a hint for me to depart, I did so, and the count said, on taking leave of me, 'From the 15th of September I shall be again at my château near Bayonne; do not fail to come to me then, my boy, as I am anxious to do something farther for you, and indeed you deserve it.'

"'And if,' said the niece, 'the count should again be absent when you come thither, do not let the servants turn you away, but ask for my maid, Rosalind, who will conduct you to me; for believe me, my brave youth, you have deserved our respect by your brotherly and filial love, as much as by your talents.'

"Inspirited by these charming words, I hastened back to Signora Borda's. Knowing my intention of leaving Panticosa that morning, she received me with the news that there were two Arragonians going to Cauterets, whose convoy she could strongly recommend me to take.

"'I hope they are not like my last companion,' said I, all the circumstances of my journey thither rushing at once to my mind.

"'Oh no,' she replied, 'these are two honest fellows from the neighbourhood of Jaca, who carry nothing but their woollen stuffs with them, and have no other object but a *novena* at the baths of Cauterets.'

"Reassured by this information, I willingly followed the advice of the good hostess, who refused all remuneration for my entertainment, and helped me to pack up my best things, before she went to arrange the matter with the Arragonians.

"A couple of more suitable companions she could scarcely have found for me. They were both sufferers from rheumatism, and could not walk either fast or far, and with them I arrived here last night."

"And what do you mean to do now?" asked I.

"To go this afternoon to Barège," he replied. "Before I came to you, Madame, I saw a driver from Luz, who agreed to take me for a trifle in his carriage, for I am really too tired to walk. I shall get to Barèges in the middle of the night, but that does not signify, for I am too anxious to relieve my father, to delay my journey."

"And do you not return to Cauterets?"

"Yes, if in fourteen days there is a change of guests here, that will afford me some success."

"If you make it later you will not find me here."

"Oh, that would be terrible; and therefore, before the end of August, I shall be here at all events." And with these words the youth hurried away.

(To be continued.)

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TURNER'S "RICHMONDSHIRE," PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE MISSES BERTOLACCI.

WHATEVER objections are urged against photography, it must at least be accepted as an important aid to art. It is true that it can exercise no power of selection, modify no expression, and while it reveals the truths of the material universe, it does not raise us to the contemplation of spiritual truth. What photography would ultimately achieve was little imagined by those who watched its first feeble essays at imprints of leaves and feathers. But it is in the reproduction of drawings that it is most successful, and our best thanks are due to the Misses Bertolacci for their exquisite photographs of Turner's "Richmondshire,"* a series of twenty pictures, engraved for Whitaker's history of that part of Yorkshire.

This reproduction must be regarded by lovers of art as a public boon, for not only are the plates extremely rare, but the photographs have been made from a very early set of proofs, and are identical in tone and detail with the best proof-prints, and offered at a price which makes this work attainable to people who could not dream of purchasing the original engravings of our greatest English master of ideal landscape.

As we glance through these photographs in succession, they all appear so beautiful that it is difficult to make any selection. We look from the exquisite calm loveliness of the "Simmer Lake," with its sparkling lights, and exquisitely delicate distance, to the powerful gloom of "St. Agatha's Abbey," "Aysgarth Force," and "Moss Dale Fell," and feel that it is only a matter of taste to which we assign the preference, they are all so completely perfect, not only as representations of exquisite scenes of nature, but as poetical delineations of different tones of feeling. It would be far too long a task to hint at the various meanings of these unrivalled pictures, for, like nature, they seem to suggest a thousand different meanings. "Weathercote Cave, when half-filled with Water," is perhaps the richest of all the series in delicate lights and exquisite curvatures of trees, though the picture has less incident than many of the others. In "Brignal Church" we have the loveliness of retreating hills on either side of a sparkling stream, the

* "Richmondshire." By J. M. W. Turner, R.A. The twenty subjects photographically reproduced by C. C. and M. E. Bertolacci, in one complete volume, with a concise historical preface. Published, for the Misses Bertolacci, by Messrs. Willis & Sotheran, 136, Strand, and, also for them, by Messrs. Colnaghi, Pall Mall East, and Messrs. Marion, Son, & Co., Soho Square, and Mr. Gladwell, 21, Gracechurch Street. Price £2 5s. Single prints, 3s.

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lights on the wooded heights glimmering away in the distance, the peaceful church quietly ensconced in a meadow sloping towards the stream. There is an exquisite little curvature, even in the wall of the churchyard; a boy is climbing one of the trees in the foreground, for a kite that is caught in a higher branch; and the whole is suggestive of the contrasts of nature—man's work, man's worship, and man's play. Turner's acute sense of the contrast "between the careless interests and idle pleasures of daily life, and the state of those whose time for labour, knowledge, and delight, is passed for ever," is also portrayed in "Kirby Lonsdale Church," where the children have erected their school-books on a tomb, and are playing at hitting stones off them.

However ardently we may admire Turner's pictures, it is only a mind that shares his sense of beauty, and passionate love of nature, that can fully appreciate his works. Endowed with the same sensibility to the beauties of nature, Mr. Ruskin possesses a corresponding power of giving forth in writing what Turner depicted on canvass, and to explain to a wider, but blind world, Turner's characteristics and extraordinary power, seems to have been his mission.

We can scarcely imagine a better study for a young landscape painter than this invaluable series of drawings. As far as the photographs go, we have only to add that they are perfect; indeed, that they are photographs scarcely strikes us, so utterly are they free from the flaws usually found in photographs. Not a heavy shade or ungraduated light can be traced in any one of them; the same remark applies to the Misses Bertolacci's photographs of England and Wales, which we shall perhaps examine in detail, on another occasion.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*As Letters containing various opinions, in order to promote free discussion, will be freely inserted, the Editor declines being held responsible for the* Correspondence.]

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—I have read with pleasure the article in your April No. of the VICTORIA, entitled "How a Woman may Live," as it is a step forward in the right direction, and shows that the subject of women ceasing to be miserable dependents is calling forth reflection and thought, doubtless to be followed up by action.

Among many senseless speeches uttered as to the necessity of women working and earning a livelihood for themselves, instead of being the heart-stricken and mind-deranged beings so many are, in consequence of their pauperised condition, is one to the effect that women should act and not talk, which means that thinking and writing are useless. This strikes me as a pernicious fallacy, for, as a body is nothing without a spirit or soul, so actions cannot be worth much without thoughts having preceded them; and until people at large are convinced by reasoning that they are in error, they will cling pertinaciously to their antique prejudices so long as they have a rag left to cling to. Until parents are convinced that daughters as well as sons ought to be trained for occupation, little, if any, progress can be made.

We are often told that by continual repetition and constant iteration of the same

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thing, people are brought to believe in assertions even when they are untrue. Now, if this is really a fact, can we repeat too often or too confidently that parents are in duty bound to provide for their girls as well as for their boys, by bringing them up in the idea that they are to be occupied by some kind of work, and not to be allowed to fritter away the best years of their lives in the veriest trifles? I heartily agree with your writer that to be able to earn one's own bread is an honourable position; whereas, being dependent on others who, at the same time, can with difficulty provide for themselves, is mean and degrading to all right-minded people. But how are women to escape from such demoralising influences when barrier upon barrier is placed right before them, and no sooner is one, as they hope, overcome, than another blocks up their path?

Fathers conceive it derogatory to their standing in society to permit their daughters to learn to work at anything real. They may crotchet and dawdle, and cut holes in muslin, and fall asleep stitching them up—embroidering, as they call it—or make a noise on a piano, or fly hither and thither through the house doing nothing, and no fault is found with them. Should one, with more intelligence and energy, denounce such a life as unworthy of a rational being, and ask leave to do something more substantial—something of benefit either to herself or others—the frown is immediately seen on the faces of all the male members of the family, and, I regret to say, likewise on those of mothers and sisters, who cannot face the hue and cry that would be raised by weak and foolish women when it should become known that a daughter or sister insisted on lowering herself in the scale of gentility and shams—as authorised by the general public. No one tries to smooth the way for such genuine characters in their own circle; and to whom are they to apply? They have no means themselves; fathers, and especially brothers, I have observed, fret and fume, and chatter about being disgraced. Often, poor silly fops, who disgrace themselves and their families daily by their follies and extravagance—for which they get other people's money to pay—thus chatter and talk of public opinion, when the public does not care one farthing about them. Another formidable objection raised is, that for a girl to work lessens her chance of getting married, as prejudice runs still so strongly against women doing anything except dressing themselves like peacocks, and smiling and yawning alternately. To endeavour, then, to break down such irrational objections seems to be the point towards which all who wish to see women in honourable positions should direct their attention. I may, with your permission, return again to this important subject.

I am, Madam, your obedient servant,

L. A. M.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—While I do not pretend to question the justice of a review which appeared in a late number, I venture to remark that we can scarcely be surprised at the production of such novels in days when parents do not scruple to take their young daughters to such operas as "La Traviata," "Faust," and "Don Giovanni," and permit them to discuss the habits and practices of the *demi-monde*. I cannot see much difference in the portrayal of such characters in books or on the stage, for though some writers excuse themselves by saying that they describe the sayings and doings of wicked people for the sake of rebuking them, and young ladies pretend to discuss bad characters for the sake of giving expression to their horror and disgust, there is too often no apology of the kind, but "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

I remain your obedient servant,

X. Y. Z.

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MISCELLANEA.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION was opened to the public last Monday, and we hope to notice in our next number some of its most interesting features.

WEALTH OF THE QUEEN.—It is believed that our Queen is now one of the richest sovereigns in Europe. The Duchess of Kent, who had saved no inconsiderable sum, bequeathed property to her Majesty. The Prince Consort, who had been saving from the day of his marriage, died worth a very large amount, all of which it is believed he willed to the Queen; and a wealthy old man, who thought more of royalty than his poor relations, left her nearly half a million. As the Queen cannot be accused of any very lavish expenditure in her court arrangements, there can be no doubt that she must have a very respectable balance at her banker's. Her Majesty banks with Coutts, as did also the Prince Consort. A separate set of books is kept in that establishment for the royal accounts, and these are written by clerks specially appointed for that purpose. The property purchased by the Prince Consort at Kensington is sure to become more and more valuable every year, though up to this the fine houses built upon portions of it have scarcely let so well as had been expected. They are very large, and the rents put upon them are beyond the reach of any but the "upper ten."—Correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion.*

A WARRANT, dated March 7, informs us that Her Majesty "has been pleased to institute a new decoration, to be styled the Albert Medal, to be awarded in cases where it shall be considered fit to such persons as shall, after the date of the warrant, endanger their own lives in saving, or endeavouring to save, the lives of others from shipwreck or other perils of the sea." This distinction shall consist "of a gold oval-shaped badge or decoration, enamelled in dark blue, with a monogram composed of the letters V. and A., interlaced with an anchor erect, in gold, surrounded with a garter in bronze, inscribed in raised letters of gold—'For gallantry in saving life at sea,' and surmounted by a representation of the crown of his Royal Highness the lamented Prince Consort, and suspended from a dark blue riband of five-eighths of an inch in width, with two white longitudinal stripes."

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LITERATURE.

Essays on Art. By Francis Turner Palgrave. [Macmillan.]—"I know nothing about pictures, but I know what I like;" is the remark heard six times out of seven, whenever the merits of a painter or picture form the topic of conversation at a London dinner party. It is curious to observe how perfectly this confession of ignorance satisfies most people. That they ought to know something about art, and that good taste and a correct judgment can be obtained by proper study and observation, never seems to enter their heads. It is to be hoped that Mr. Palgrave will awaken a few of our friends to the fact, that "art has fixed principles, of which any one may attain the knowledge who is not wanting in natural taste; and that this knowledge adds greatly to our pleasure, by giving it depth, permanence, and intelligibility." These essays have been reprinted from the *Saturday Review*, and other sources, but their value is much enhanced by the careful revision they have received, to which we may perhaps attribute the time which elapsed between the promise and the publication of the book.

True to his principle, that the "first, second, and third thing in criticism, is to speak the truth, after having taken due pains to find it," Mr. Palgrave endeavours, by making it known, to produce a current of true and fresh ideas; and as in his appreciation of the accidents of art he never loses sight of its higher and more essential qualities, as an expression of the highest truths, his art essays can hardly fail to be of more than ordinary value.

His criticism on Mr. Maddox Brown's pictures, is by no means the least interesting of this series. It opens with some very forcible remarks upon the displeasing nature of creative originality to the commonplace temperament, and the effort which the most open and cultivated nature must make before it can expand itself, and make room for new ideas. It reminds us of a striking passage in Mr. Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing."

"If you have been in the habit of looking at much spurious work, in which sentiment, action, and style, are borrowed or artificial, you will assuredly be offended at first by all genuine work, which is intense in feeling. Genuine art which is merely art such as Veronese's or Titian's, may not offend you, though the chances are that you will not care about it; but genuine works of feeling, such as 'Maud' or 'Aurora Leigh,' in poetry, or the grand Pre-Raphaelite designs in painting, are sure to offend you; and if you cease to work hard, and persist in looking at vicious and false art, they will continue to offend you."

The Quarterly Review. April, 1866. [Murray.] Opening with an interesting article on the Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the

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Quarterly Review proceeds to make a vigorous onslaught on the Ecce Homo; and, accusing the author of perverting the commonest particulars which lie on the surface of the gospels, stigmatises the whole, as "inaccurate, superficial, and unsound." "Female Education" is the article to which we desire to draw attention, for while the author frankly owns that he stands in danger of being one-sided and selfish, he exhibits singular good feeling, even in the discussion of the very points upon which we think he arrives at false conclusions. We quite endorse his statement that, without underrating the duties and privileges of maternity, it is an incomplete and narrow view of education to limit it to training a woman for a destiny which may never be hers, but that the system should aim more at producing the "perfect woman, nobly planned," who shall be equal to all occasions; for indeed it is "the want of sound education and an intelligent preparation for life, which makes the dissatisfied old maid, no less than the silly wife and the incompetent mother." The pernicious habit of transferring the girl of seventeen from a schoolroom, where every appliance to facilitate precocious ripeness of mind and manners has been used, to the round of gaiety, the engagements of society, the "no leisure" of a restless age, next secures the writer's condemnation; and equal blame is bestowed on the folly of making girls slaves to accomplishments for which they evince no taste. A thoughtful dissertation upon the division between the education of accomplishments and the education of intellect and moral powers, is followed by the suggestion that a thorough knowledge of French would be far better than the smattering of languages and the "broken gabble wherewith girls cheat the hours during which a veto is put upon their mother tongue;" but to strengthen the female mind by a discriminating study of Latin and Greek, is held to be of considerable importance. After giving a high place in the studies of girls to history and biography, the writer asks—

"Why should not English girlhood be taught, first and foremost, its own mother tongue; so as to love it, to read it, to write it; to be conversant with its poetry; to appreciate its prose; to know something of its structure, and history, and development? One knows not whether to smile or blush, in this age of books and literary luxury, to see how ignorant of our standard literature are three-fourths of the young ladies one meets. Without expecting them to pass an examination in Shakespeare, or 'Paradise Lost,' or to be thoroughly at home in the British essayists, one ought to find it a harder task than it is, to fathom the depths of their knowledge of English literature, especially if their skill in making talk out of small data is taken into account. To say nothing of the more frivolous, whose best reading is the serial of Dickens or Trollope, the better average of young ladies contents itself too generally with semi-religious novels, and the lighter articles of the various monthlies. The fault must be with the misdirection of taste in schooldays."

The use of Dr. Smith's "Students' Manual of English Literature is" advocated, and if girls were obliged to reproduce the lessons in the

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form of abstracts, the memory would not only be strengthened, but the writer thinks we should have a chance of the lively, easy, and graceful letters of which we have been deprived by "the hurry of modern life, the preference for showy accomplishments, and the skimming of many light books in place of the digestion of a few sound ones." It is, indeed, to be deplored that the training is so rare which enabled De Quincey to say of Miss Wordsworth—"She was content to be ignorant of many things, but what she knew, and had really mastered, lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own fervid heart." *How* to teach, and *who* shall teach next receive consideration, and on the latter point the writer seems to agree with the views expressed by Mr. Markby in *The Contemporary Review*, in the article reviewed in our last number; for he tells us to expect "more unmixed good from training schools for governesses, under the control and tuition of women of good sense and fair endowments, than from the best of ladies' colleges with the most earnest gentleman professors." The following passage, from a late work of Miss Sewell's, is quoted in support of this theory:—

"Anyone who has had much to do with young girls of the educated classes will probably own that in most instances there are but three points of view in which they are likely to regard their gentleman teachers. Either they will be afraid of them, or they will quiz them, or they will make romances about them. Fear, ridicule, and romance are not very elevating influences. The last, indeed, will be often hidden under the veil of respect, but if examined, it will be seen that underneath lies a very large admixture of vanity and excitement, which cannot fail to do grave injury."

We confess that we do not agree with Miss Sewell in this particular. We also take exception to the writer's belief that men cannot gauge so well as women teachers the intellect and calibre of their female pupils, and that it is doubtful if they could learn to accommodate their thoughts, and that if they did, the endeavour would "trivialise and impoverish them."

But while possessed with this fear, it is worth observing that the writer recommends fathers to teach their own daughters, and says it is much to be wished that the clergy should bestow time and pains upon this mode of improving female education, and so qualify their daughters for becoming real prizes in the governess lottery, or for influencing the more thorough instruction of their sex, as writers, as mothers, and as women of high culture; and he writes—

"At least three or four of the most accomplished female writers of our day occur to us, whose strength of mind and solidity of attainments are principally owing to such early influence and direction; nor is there in these instances any diminution of pure womanly grace and nature attendant upon a more masculine training than common."

It is at any rate satisfactory to observe that the questions relating to the education of women are receiving attention, and that, on the whole,

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it is now generally allowed that a woman ought to be regarded as a common denizen of the moral and mental world, and have a full and free access to intellectual culture.

The Republic of Plato. Translated into English, with an analysis and notes. By J. Ll. Davies, M.A., and David J. Vaughan, M.A. [Macmillan.]—The publication of a third edition of this translation is a satisfactory proof that the interest excited by the study of Plato's Republic has by no means subsided. We think it is Mr. Ruskin who says that an intelligent and rightly-bred youth or girl ought to be able to enjoy much, even in Plato, by the time they are fifteen or sixteen, and that the greatest books contain food for all ages. The moral problems to which Plato devoted himself were those which still perplex the Christian world, and if the limits of his age and religion prevented him from seeing some of the great questions on which he argued in the light they now appear to us, yet he never fails to present them to us under their simplest aspects. In the present work his object is to depict a perfect commonwealth, the members of which should enjoy the greatest happiness which a state of society allows. The nature of justice forms the first discussion, but the readers of the VICTORIA will probably be more interested in the fifth book, in which it is argued that women should receive the same training and education as men. The question is propounded, whether the nature of a woman is such as to enable her to share in the employments of the man, or whether she is wholly equal to any, or equal to some and not to others? After considerable discussion, the conclusion arrived at is that none of the occupations which comprehend the ordering of a state belong to woman as woman, nor yet to man as man, but that natural gifts are to be found here and there in both sexes alike; that so far as her nature is concerned, the woman is admissible to all pursuits as well as the man, though in all of them she is weaker than the man; in short, the difference is one of degree, not of kind. We recommend to many, who invariably approach this subject with ridicule, the remark which Plato addressed to his audience on this occasion—"He is a fool who thinks anything ridiculous but that which is evil, or who attempts to raise a laugh by assuming any object to be ridiculous but that which is unwise and evil; or who chooses for the aim of his serious admiration any other mark save that which is good." We hope our readers will avail themselves extensively of this admirable translation.

The Conversion of the Northern Nations: The Boyle Lectures for 1865. By Charles Merivale, B.D. [Longman.]—These lectures are marked by the same ability and historical knowledge which distinguished the former series. Mr. Merivale's object throughout has been to

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impress the reader with a sense of the gradual and constant preparation of mankind, from the earliest ages, for the full development of religious life under the revelation of Jesus Christ. As our space will not admit of our taking these lectures *seriatim*, we shall at once pass on to the eminently suggestive and thoughtful one on "The Northern Sense of Male and Female Equality," with which the volume concludes. Nothing is more marked and signal, Mr. Merivale assures us, than the moral elevation of women under the Christian covenant.

"It was a new revelation to the Greeks and Romans; and by the spectacle and the study of the love and faith, the patience under tribulation, the constancy in good works of Mary, and Martha, and Dorcas, in Scripture, of Monica and Paulla, and so many others whose names are treasured in the archives of the Church, the views of mankind upon the relations of man to woman have undergone a silent but complete revolution, and, I might add, a new bias has been given to the history of mankind. . . Tertullian, Cyprian, Origen, Augustine, the great doctors of the early church, all fully recognise the spiritual equality of the woman with the man; all tend to exalt to a spiritual dignity, to which Greek or Roman, matron or virgin, dared not, dreamed not, to aspire."

He then proceeds to show that women owe the position to which they have advanced, mainly to the religious instinct of Northern Christianity. The ancient German races shamed the Roman by the esteem and honour rendered to the woman. She was associated with man in his gravest concerns; he deferred to her judgment, and believed that a divine instinct resided within her. Mr. Merivale regards the revelation of woman's share in the divine economy as the surest pledge of the permanence of the Christian faith, inasmuch as the second half of God's creation is thus admitted to equal hopes and interests with man. To the woman the denial of the Gospel would be to fall once more to the position of man's plaything, "the transient companion of his leisure here, to be held loosely as the chance gift of a capricious fortune; or, to adopt the figure of an old heathen poet, she would be but the sauce or side dish of nature's great repast." But while the promises to the two sexes are equal and identical, we are told that "each has its own part to play in the advancement of the Truth."

"Each is a helpmeet for the other; each has its proper sphere of action, its own responsibility, in harmony one with the other—'Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man in the Lord.' The woman is impulsive and imaginative in her belief; the man inquires and seeks to understand. When these two elements are duly mingled, belief is sound and religion is sanctified; when they are confused, God's work in the heart is blurred by superstition on the one side, and scepticism on the other."

To the disturbance of this equilibrium, and to the "impetuous zeal," and "passionate fanaticism," of woman, Mr. Merivale traces much of the corruption of the Church in the fifth century, and he refers us to

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the letters of St. Jerome to Paulla and Fabiola, as a sample of the "spiritual influence of man's strength upon the weakness of woman; and again, the reaction of woman's sensibility on the harder fibre of man's understanding."

Alexander von Humboldt; or, what may be accomplished in a Lifetime. By F. A. Schwarzenberg. [Hardwicke.]—"Earnestness alone makes life eternity," is the motto selected from Carlyle for the title page. This pleasant biographical sketch will help to popularise the memory of Humboldt, and affords a useful example of successful and persevering energy. We regret that it came too late to receive a fuller notice.

Hidden Depths. 2 vols. [Edmonstone & Douglas.]—The author is perfectly justified in denouncing the surface moralities of society, and the hollowness and injustice of the world's judgment, more especially seen in the leniency shown to men guilty of sins for which women become outcasts. But we question if much good will be effected by the discussion of such a subject in a novel, even though assured by the preface that the work is not a mere fiction, but that is "actual truth" which speaks in it. Like so many books written for a purpose, an exaggerated view is often taken; the world of fashion would be inconceivably base and cruel, if it contained, as the author suggests, many such characters as Colonel Courtenay, and the story that comes to light about Hugh Lingard, is quite out of keeping with the character assigned to him, and conveys nothing but the sense of fiction which appears to us fatal to the author's purpose and intention.

Vermont Vale; or Home Pictures. By Maud Jeanne Franc. [Sampson Low & Co.]—Printed in pleasant readable type, gorgeously bound in scarlet and gold, and ornamented with an extremely pretty illustration, the publishers have done their utmost to make the book attractive.

We have also received *Debrett's Peerage and Baronetage* [Dean & Son] for 1866; for cheapness and convenience of size, these works are unrivalled. *A Century of Sonnets.* By Jacob Jones. [Bennett.] *In Honorem.* By Erastes. [Skrimton.] *Sunday Morning in Leather Lane.* [Rivington.] And the *Civil War in America.* By Goldwin Smith. [Simpkin & Co.]

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FREDERIKA BREMER IN THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

(Continued from page 11.)

UP to this period, Miss Bremer's point of view is open to the objection that it is too optimist, too rose-coloured; but this is an instance of a fault arising from the exaggeration of a virtue, and this virtue has a peculiar value for us Britons. For Britain and the United States, owing to the historical circumstances under which they have been developed, occupy towards each other the ungracious but useful office of censors and rigorous critics. Now in the relations between mutually censorious and highly critical peoples, there must almost necessarily be an absence of spontaneity and *abandon*. The British visitor to the United States, and the American visitor to Britain, are conscious that they are representatives of two rival nations, between whom there exist many chronic antagonisms in politics, social institutions, ethics, and tastes. The same feeling weighs upon the hosts on either side. Hence there is an air of constraint in the relations between host and guest. The Briton has been schooled from childhood in the characteristic defects of the American character, and the American has been as early and sedulously enlightened in respect to our faults and prejudices. It is precisely this sharpened faculty on either side which enables Britons and Americans to criticise each other with so much effect, and to say such tart, piquant, and epigrammatic things of each other; but, *en revanche*, the finer points of the social and inner life of each nation, conceal themselves from the eye of the foreign censor. He bites only the bitter husk which encrusts and protects the softer and sweeter parts of the national character, or at best, confounds the husk with the pulp. He is not admitted into the heart-secrets of the family; he is not allowed to witness the free play of its emotions. It is precisely these missing traits which Miss Bremer's work supplies, and in supplying which,

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I believe it stands unrivalled. Its highest charm consists in the mutual and frequent *épanchements du cœur* between host and guest, in the *naïve* candour with which on the one side the Americans reveal their inner life; and, on the other, in the geniality of judgment, the glow of poesy, the halo of idealism, with which the noble-hearted daughter of the Vikings invests her subject. It is the most lyrical and rhythmic of all books of travel in the United States, and, therefore, in some respects, the most truthful. The eye of the poet sees many things which shrink from the cold glance of the critic. An enthusiastic lover discerns in the object of his admiration many beauties which escape the observation of a rival.

In dissertation and critical power, in the points which respond to a statesman's or economist's requirements, Miss Bremer's travels are inferior to Miss Martineau's, and De Tocqueville's, and perhaps to Mr. Russell's. For life-like glimpses into the home life of the Americans, it is superior to all of them.

Very superior women, like Madame de Stäel, Harriet Martineau, and Frederika Bremer, make the best works of travel. The sympathetic heart of an intellectual woman aids her to rise above the national jealousies which are cultivated by the politicians of her nation, while her mere presence disarms the national prejudices of those whom she is visiting. This consideration serves to explain why Miss Martineau's travels in the United States shared with De Tocqueville's the honour of being the best of their kind, until the lapse of time rendered both more or less obsolete. But De Tocqueville was a citizen of a nation which was in close sympathy with the United States; when compared with all previous and most subsequent works of American travel, written by her own countrymen, Miss Martineau's work towered above them, like Saul the son of Kish above his fellows.

Miss Bremer went to the slave states animated with the best intentions towards those who would be her entertainers. She determined to see as much of the good side, and as little of the bad side, of everything as possible. As regards the physical atmosphere of the South, she says—

"I have wished that all feeble, ailing humanity could remove hither, breathe this air, see this exquisite pomp of heaven and earth, which must invigorate them like a balsam of life, and enjoy life anew. I can understand how the mariners who first approached these shores, and felt these gentle breezes, this atmosphere, believed that they were drinking an elixir of life, and hoped to find here the fountain of perpetual youth."

But her lyre is unstrung when she comes to deal with the moral atmosphere of South Carolinian society. In the first place, the friendly footing on which she had stood with the anti-slavery men and women of New York and New England was cast in her teeth in Charleston,

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and the customary "lionising" was dispensed with, much to Miss Bremer's satisfaction; for, on the one hand, she found some beautiful homes opened to her in the city and state, and, on the other, was not overwhelmed with attentions. In May, she is in Georgia, and finds—or imagines she finds—a more liberal state of public opinion in Georgia than in South Carolina. She pictures Georgia as the reforming state of the South, and builds a few castles in the Georgian air, which the stern progress of events was destined to dissipate.

She intones a hymn of thanksgiving in her letter to her mother, written from the neighbourhood of Macon, in Georgia:—

"How well and happy I am among the kind people in this hospitable country, which has become to me like a vast home, mamma has already seen in my letters. I go from home to home in America, and am everywhere received and treated like a child of the house. Besides the excellent effect of this, as regards the health both of soul and body, it affords me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the domestic life and the homes of the New World—with the innermost life of this hemisphere—in a manner which scarcely any other traveller ever enjoyed, and which is of the highest consequence to me, because it is precisely that which I wished to become familiar with here."

In Europe, where family law and custom favour the male sex, and frequently the elder son, it is the latter who generally enjoys the chief consideration; but Miss Bremer found that in the American home the daughters generally occupied the first place in their parents' affections.

She thinks that the Southern States would lose their charm in losing their black population. "Bananas, negroes, and negro-songs, are the greatest refreshments of the mind, according to my experience, which I found in the Southern States."

She returns to Charleston in June, and is tired of the sweltering heat of the sun, and of the padlock she wears upon her lips.

"I long to go northward for cooler air and a freer people. Here one is often obliged to swallow down one's innermost thoughts, and be silent, if one would avoid either wounding others or disputing with them."

From Charleston she went to Philadelphia, by steamer, provided, as usual, with a free passage by the company. In the Quaker city, she meets with Mrs. Sarah Hall, the authoress of "Miriam," and the "Cyclopædia of Distinguished Women." She finds the latter "a lady with a practical, intellectual brow, and frank and most agreeable manners." On the position of women in society, the traveller found herself to be more "advanced" than her American friend. She is much pleased with the Quakers of both sexes, and, indeed, is much thrown among them during the whole period of her American tour. Of the Quaker ladies in general, and Lucretia Mott in particular, she says—

"The women please me particularly from that quiet refinement of demeanour, both inward and outward, which I have already observed; their expression is *sensible;*

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nobody ever hears them ask senseless questions; one meets with many striking countenances among them, with remarkably lovely eyes, purely cut features, and clear complexions. The interest which the Quaker women take in the affairs of their native land, and especially in those which have a great human purpose, is also a feature which distinguishes them from the ordinary class of ladies.

"The Quakers have always been the best friends of the negro slave, and the fugitive slaves find, at the present time, their most powerful protectors and advocates among the Friends. Many of the Quaker women are distinguished by their gifts as public speakers, and have often come forward in public assemblies as forcible advocates of some question of humanity. At the present time they take the lead in the anti-slavery party, and a celebrated speaker on this subject, Lucretia Mott, was among my late visitors here. She is a handsome lady of about fifty, with fine features, splendid eyes, and a very clear, quiet, but decided manner—crystal-like, I might say."

At the weekly meeting of the Unitarian Quakers (for this sect in the United States is divided on the doctrine of the Trinity), she heard Mrs. Mott hold forth—

"With a low but very sweet voice, and an eloquence of expression which made me not lose a single word, she spoke for certainly an hour, without interruption, without repetition, and in a manner which made one wish her to continue; so lucid and powerful was her delineation of the principles of non-conformity (the Quaker principles), so logical and excellent was the application of these to the practical questions of life, now so much contested, and which the speaker represented as being peace, slavery, and the rights of women. I listened with the greatest pleasure to this excellent discourse, which was permeated by the inner life of the speaker, as by a strong, though somewhat imprisoned, fire. There was talent, power, clearness, light. Yet for all that the warmth of inspiration was wanting. I am, in the meantime, glad to have heard a female speaker perfect in her way."

After dining with her, Miss Bremer adds—"She interests rather than attaches me," and complains of her want of deference for other people's observations and thoughts, "especially on the slave question." I can well imagine that some of Miss Bremer's Georgian and other Utopias about the settlement of the slave question would be rather caustically dealt with by the abolitionist lady, whose whole life had been one long contest with the slave power, and who was little inclined to take a rose-coloured view of the subject.

The Swedes were the earliest settlers on the banks of the Delaware, and it was from them William Penn bought the ground on which Philadelphia now stands. Miss Bremer's patriotic soul prompted her to make inquiries into the remnants of this colony. The result of her investigations shows a remarkable instance of the assimilating power of American life and institutions—

"After the death of the last Swedish clergyman who emigrated hither—Collin—and who died at a great age, the Swedish congregation and church have been under the care of an American clergyman. Mr. Clay, the present minister, invited me to meet at his house all the descendants of the earliest Swedish settlers whom he knew. It was a company of from fifty to sixty, and I shook hands with many agreeable persons, *but who had nothing Swedish about them*, excepting their family names, of which

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I recognised many. But no traditions of their emigration hither remained; *language, appearance, all had entirely merged into that of the now prevailing Anglo-Saxon race.* The church-clock alone had something truly Swedish about it—something of the character of the peasants' clock in its physiognomy, and was called *Jockum.*"

An inscription in the interior of the church, "together with the old church at Wilmington in Delaware and a few family names, are all that remain of the colony of New Sweden on the eastern shores of the New World."

Two institutions for the better instruction of the young of her sex arrested her attention in Philadelphia; the first was a school of design for girls, established by the wife of the British Consul in Philadelphia, an institution which was shortly afterwards adopted by the Franklin Institute and endowed by the state,* and the second was the inauguration of the first Female Medical College of modern civilisation by our heroic young countrywoman, Elizabeth Blackwell. Of the latter Miss Bremer says:—

"A remarkable young woman in this city, Elizabeth Blackwell, has opened as a physician a career to her sex; she has done this so resolutely, amid opposition and infinite difficulty and prejudice (which exist even in this country), and so triumphantly by her talent, that a medical college is now about to be established here, solely for women, in which they may study and graduate as physicians. This has pleased me greatly."

It must be observed that Miss Bremer wrote in total ignorance of Elizabeth Blackwell's nationality. She is not an American by birth, but a native of Bristol, where her father was a sugar refiner.† A liberal mind can have no objection to *sharing* with America the honour of appropriating such a heroine, but international justice forbids the toleration of any exclusive claim on the part of the Americans.

From Philadelphia, Miss Bremer departed to Washington. Congress was sitting, and was debating Henry Clay's Compromise Bill. Miss Bremer became intimate with Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, and saw and heard the other political stars of the day, but Washington society edified her less than that of any city into which she had been. The members of both houses of Congress reminded her too frequently of "brawling children." It was here, however, that she made the acquaintance of Miss Dorothea Dix, the prison and asylum reformer of the United States, and that she witnessed the impression created by the sudden death of President Taylor.

* The benevolent founder of this school thought that in the present condition of the world, the best service any one could do to a new-born female child was to drown it! Miss Bremer laughed, and thought that in America, at least, they ought to be allowed to live.

† See an eloquent memoir, written by her sister Anna Blackwell, in the *Englishwoman's Journal* for April, 1858. This memoir ought to be reprinted from the Journal, which no longer exists, by those interested in the cause of female medical education.

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Needing a tonic, after the demoralising effect of a month's sojourn at the Federal capital, and a steady attendance on the debates in Congress, Miss Bremer gladly sought Cape May, a seaside watering place, near Philadelphia. While she was at Cape May, the shipwreck of Marquis and Margaret Fuller Ossoli took place, and Miss Bremer's idylls are again broken in upon by a tragedy which touched her nearly, as she had become well acquainted with Margaret Fuller's mother and sister in their Concord home. From Cape May, Miss Bremer indites a summary of her impressions to the great Danish natural philosopher, Oersted. Among many interesting passages I select the following, as giving an epitome of what most struck her in the South.

"If life in the Northern States is a grand epic—a poem full of great teaching—then is that of the Southern States a romance of infinitely picturesque beauty—yes, even though slavery and sandy deserts exist there. As belonging to the romantic life of those States must be mentioned the negroes, with their enigmatical character, their songs and religious festivals; the cities, full of orange-groves, and their many kinds of beautiful flowering trees; their piazzas, covered with honeysuckles and roses, which no winter destroys, amid which flutter sun-bright humming-birds, and which screen from the heat of the sun beautiful but pale women; their fireflies, shining forth like points of light in the night; their pine-woods, where blossoming azaleas stand like angels of light among the dark trees, in which sing thrushes, and the 'hundred-tongued birds'—and for the rest, those peculiar vegetable growths which are the natural products of these."

From Cape May our traveller repaired to her good friends in Brooklyn, where she attended the Rev. Ward Beecher's ministrations. From Brooklyn she went with the Lowells on a tour to Niagara Falls, taking Albany, the Shaker Community at New Lebanon, and various other points of interest in central and western New York, in their way. At Rochester she made the acquaintance of Frederick Douglass, the mulatto orator and politician.

Miss Bremer was aware that she would carry away but an incomplete idea of the United States if she did not pay a visit to the "Great West." Therefore she separated from her travelling companions at Niagara Falls, and sallied forth alone towards (Northern) Illinois and Wisconsin, with the special object of visiting the Swedish and Norwegian settlements in those two States, which are now the favourite resting places of the Scandinavian race in the New World. On the night of her arrival in Chicago, the Germans gave her a serenade. Shortly before this it became known that another Swedish woman of renown was on her way to the United States, viz., Jenny Lind. Miss Bremer's first mention of this circumstance is as follows:—

"A terrific welcome awaits her; she will be lucky if she escapes with life! The fame of her beneficence and her fine disposition, still more than that of her powers as a singer, have opened all hearts and all arms to her, and an angel from Heaven is not as perfect as people imagine Jenny Lind to be, and would not be half so welcome.

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The Americans are born enthusiasts, and I would be the last to reproach them with it. No human being, and no nation either, can ever become anything great, if they are not possessed of that overflowing power which finds its vent in enthusiasm. The disposition to criticise belongs either to old people or to little people."

Miss Bremer at any rate gives proof that she is growing "old" in her knowledge of the United States by the gradual manifestation of her critical faculties. Thus, in contemplating a magnificent sunset on a wide-stretching prairie, she breaks forth—

"And beholding this magnificent spectacle, melancholy thoughts arise. I see, in this sun-bright western land, thousands of shops, and thousands of traders, but no temple of the Sun, and only few worshippers of the Sun and of eternal beauty. Were the Peruvians of a nobler intellectual culture than this people? Were they the children of the light in a higher degree than the present race who colonise the western land of the new World?"

The prairies, and the ordinary phases of Western life, have become familiar to the English mind; what is new and distinctive in Miss Bremer's narrative, is her visits to the Swedish and Norwegian settlements, and her view of their adaptation to American life or the reverse. Her lucubrations, after a day spent at Pine Lake, Wisconsin, among a Swedish colony, surrounded by thoroughly Swedish scenery, and after unequalled means of arriving at the truth, are as follows—

"Heartfelt kindness and hospitality, seriousness and mirth in pure family life; these characteristics of good Swedish life should be transplanted into the western wilderness by the Swedish colonists, as they are in this instance. That day among the Swedes by Pine Lake, that splendid old lady, those handsome warm-hearted men, those lovely, modest, and kind young women, that affectionate domestic life, that rich hospitality in poor cottagers, all are to me a pledge of it. The Swedes must continue to be Swedes, even in the New World; and their national life and temperament, their dances and games, their star-songs and hymns, must give to the western land a new element of life and beauty. . . . . And they must learn from the American people that regularity and perseverance, that systematising in life, in which they are yet deficient."

In response to her queries, she received the following compendium of information as to their relative circumstances in the old and new worlds—

"If we were to work as hard in Sweden as we do here, we should be as well off there, and often better.

"None who are not accustomed to hard agricultural labour ought to become farmers in this country.

"No one who is in any other way well off in his native land, ought to come hither, unless, having a large family, he may do so on account of his children, because children have a better prospect here for their future than at home. They are admitted into schools for nothing, receive good education, and easily have an opportunity of maintaining themselves.

"But the old, who are not accustomed to hard labour, and the absence of all conveniences of life, cannot long resist the effects of the climate, sickness, and other hardships.

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"Young unmarried people may come hither advantageously, if they will begin by taking service with others. As servants in American families, they will be well fed and clothed, and have good wages, so that they may soon lay by a good deal. For young and healthy people it is not difficult to get on well here, but they must be prepared to work really hard, and in the beginning to suffer from the climate, and from the diseases prevalent in this country.

"The Norwegians get on better in a general way than the Swedes, because they apply themselves more to work and housewifery, and think less of amusement than we do. They also emigrate in larger companies, and thus can help one another in their work and settling down."

According to this, the Norwegian emigrant has the same superiority over the Swedish, that the Scottish emigrant is admitted to have over the English, as a general rule. Miss Bremer took kindly to the rough life of the west.

"The farther I advance into the west, the earlier become the hours of meals. What do you say to breakfasting at six in the morning, dining at twelve, and having tea at half past six in the evening? I do not dislike it. It is a thousand times better than the fashionable hours for meals in New York and Boston."

Miss Bremer now determined to see the scenery of the Upper Mississippi, and to come in contact with the Aborigines of the land. She took passage in a steamer at Galena, Illinois, which plied up to St. Paul's, the capital of the then (1850) territory, and now flourishing state of Minnesota. From her rhapsodical descriptions of the not yet trite tourist-field of the Upper Mississippi, I extract the following—

"*October 16th.*—A glorious morning, as warm as summer! It rained in the night, but cleared up in the morning; those dense, dark masses of clouds were penetrated, rent asunder, by the flashing sunbeams; and bold abrupt shadows, and heavenly lights, played among the yet bolder, more craggy, and more picturesque hills. What an animated scene it was! And I was once more alone with America, with my beloved, my great and beautiful sister—with the Sybil at whose knee I sat listening, and glancing up to her with looks full of love! Oh, what did she not communicate to me that day, that morning full of inspiration, as amid her tears she drank in the heavenly light, and flung those dark shadows, like a veil, back from her countenance, that it might be only the more fully illumined by the divine light! Never shall I forget that morning!

"They came again and again during the morning, those dark clouds, spreading right over those deep abysses; but again they yielded, again they gave place to the sun, which finally prevailed, alone, triumphant, and shone over the Mississippi and its world, in the most beautiful summer splendour, and the inner light in my soul conversed with the outer light. It was glorious!"

She is as well received at the young capital of Minnesota territory, as she had been in the great cities of the Atlantic sea-board. In her studies of Indian life, she dwells more upon the hard lot of her sex among the Red men—a lot which makes suicide so common among them—and her sympathy for them, and indignation at the oppressions of the stronger sex, make her view with unconcern, if not with pleasure, the

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rapid extinction of the whole race. Of the Indian woman as the white man's wife, she writes—

"Sometimes white men of peculiar character have taken to themselves Indian wives, and have endeavoured to make cultivated women of them; but in vain. The squaw continued to be the squaw; uncleanly, with unkempt hair, loving the dimness of the kitchen more than the light of the drawing-room; the ample envelopment of the woollen blanket, rather than tight-lacing and silken garments. The faithful wife and tender mother she may become, stedfast to home and the care of her family, as long as her husband lives and the children are small; but when the children are grown up, and if the husband be dead, then will she vanish from her home. When the birds warble of spring, and the forest and the streams murmur of renovated life, she will return to the wigwams of her people, in the forest or by the river, to seek by their fires for freedom and peace."

She returns down the Mississippi to St. Louis. Here she again comes in contact with an enslaved population, and Miss Bremer's humane brow contracts at what she hears and sees, for she has become more inquisitive than she was in South Carolina, and the more profound her investigations, the darker looms the abyss.

She follows the current of the Mississippi until she turns to the left up the Ohio, in order to pay a visit to Cincinnati, then the most populous city of the west.* Here she exclaims—

"My little heart, I live! I feel that much is developing itself within my own soul which formerly lay bound, or merely vegetated, with a half-existence, and I thank God!"

In Cincinnati, she again touches upon the *morale* and *physique* of the young ladies of the great cities.

"I saw three young brides at a bridal party the other day, all of them very handsome, one remarkably so, for a beautiful soul beamed in her countenance. I said to her with my whole heart, 'God bless you!' I saw on this occasion many beautiful toilettes, and many beautiful faces. The American ladies dress well, and with good taste. And here, indeed, one seems to meet nothing but handsome faces, scarcely a countenance which may be called ugly. Yet, nevertheless, I think it would be a refreshment to see such an one, if in it I found that beauty which seems to me generally, not always, to be deficient in these truly lovely human roses, and which I may compare to the dewy rosebud in its morning hour. There is a deficiency of shadow, of repose, of the mystery of being, of that nameless innermost depth, which attracts the mind with a silent power, in the consciousness of hidden and noble treasure. There is a deficiency of that quiet grace of being, which in itself alone is beauty. Am I unjust? Is it the glitter of the drawing-room and the chandelier which bewilders me?"

In her letter to the Rev. P. J. Böklin, she gives vent to opinions on the advantages to be derived by society from the participation of women in political power, which are more fully developed at a later epoch of her travels, when I shall refer to the subject. Her early enthusiasm for her American friends had abated not a jot, for she says to her reverend correspondent—

* At the present moment St. Louis has outstripped it in population.

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"I will now tell you something about those best men and women of America, with whom I have become acquainted during my pilgrimage through the land; about those men, so simple, so gentle, but yet so strong, without any pretension, so manly in their activity as citizens, husbands, fathers, friends; of those women, so kind, so motherly, so gentle in manner, so stedfast in principle, resting in the truth, like flowers in the sunshine of those homes, those happy beautiful homes, in which I have been a happy guest for days, and weeks, and months. For my life in America has been, and is, a journey of familiar visits to homes which have opened themselves to me in every state throughout America, and where I have lived not as a stranger, but as a sister with brothers and sisters, conversing openly with them on all subjects, as people may converse in heaven. I have met with more than I have words to tell of true Christian life, of the love of truth, of kindness, of minds earnest for, and receptive of, everything which is great and good in humanity. And my acquaintance with some beautiful, peculiar characters, will serve as a guide to my soul for ever. Nor have I anywhere met with more hospitality, or with a more abounding cordiality. And if I were to seek for one expression which would portray the peculiar character of the people of the New World, I could not find any other than that of beautiful human beings."

From Cincinnati she makes for New Orleans, *viâ* the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. On the boat she meets with a young New England girl, who was going south to undertake the management of a ladies' seminary, in Mississipi. She is taken as a type of those New England girls who, "though they might live in ease in their own home, prefer as teachers to earn their own bread, and thus obtain an independent livelihood for themselves. . . . Who, though delicate and slender in figure, and gifted with every feminine grace, stands more stedfastly upon her ground than the Alps, or the pyramids of the earth; who understands Euclid and Algebra as well as any Master of Arts, and who knows better than they how to manage a school of unmanageable boys."

While sitting on the upper deck of the steamer, a conscience-stricken ex-slave owner whispers into her ear some of the secret horrors of the peculiar institution. She confesses—

"I would that I could avoid seeing these gloomy pictures. But the effect of them will never leave me. There was an end of all my enjoyment of the air and beauty of the South. . . . . I was indignant with myself for having wished to spare myself, to blind myself, to what I must have known would be the inevitable consequences of the institution of slavery."

After an excursion to Mobile, our traveller returned to New Orleans, where she observed the powerful reaction of the climatic influences upon her own mind and temper, and generalises with much acuteness on its effect on the master class—

"But I ought to tell you the cause of the interruption of my letter yesterday. First it was the cold, and then it was the fire. I will explain. The day which succeeded that beautiful summer day of which I have spoken was wretched weather, so cold that it shook both soul and body, and made me so irritable and so out of humour, that I thanked my good fortune not to have slaves, and that I thus should not be

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excited to wreak my bad temper on them. Never, until I came to America, had I any experience of the power which the feelings of the body can have over the soul. God help the slave-owner and the slave in this variable climate, the penetrative atmosphere of which causes both body and soul to vibrate according to its temperature."

On announcing to her correspondent her intention of leaving New Orleans for Cuba, she laments that she had become physically ten years older "during this twelve months journey in North America." Poor earthen pot! The iron pot had magnetised it, and was threatening to destroy it.

Miss Bremer arrived at Havannah in February, 1851. As the British traveller who "does" America, does not generally visit the Queen of the Antilles, and as Cuba is the only considerable place in North America and its contiguous islands where slaves still breathe, I will not omit this episode of Miss Bremer's Odyssey in the New World. At Havannah she found that Jenny Lind was still lingering, loath to leave so delicious an atmosphere. Miss Bremer wrote a note to the songstress. They met as Swede meets Swede under a foreign sky.

"It was in the evening, and after that I took my light and went upstairs to my chamber to go to rest. But scarcely had I reached the top of the stairs when I heard a voice below mention my name. I looked round astonished, and there, at the foot of the stairs, stood a lady holding by the balustrade, and looking up to me with a kind and beaming countenance. It was Jenny Lind. Jenny Lind here, and with that beaming, fresh, joyous expression of countenance which, when once seen, can never be forgotten! There is the whole Swedish spring in it. All was forgotten in a moment which had formerly come between her and me. I could not but instantly go down, bend over the balustrade, and kiss her. . . . We had never met since that time in Stockholm, when I predicted for her a European reputation."

Miss Bremer had a two days' *tête-à-tête* with her. They talked of Sweden and old friends.

"Because everything else—honour, reputation, wealth, all which she had obtained out of Sweden, did not seem to have struck the least root in her soul. I should have liked to have heard something about them, but she had neither inclination nor pleasure in speaking of them. . . . . I fancied that Jenny Lind was tired of her wandering life and her *rôle* of singer. She evidently wished for a life of quieter and profounder character. We talked of marriage and domestic life. Of a certainty a change of this kind is approaching for Jenny Lind."

Jenny Lind embarks on board the steamer for New Orleans, whither Miss Bremer had taken a bouquet of the best roses to be found in Havannah. When the vessel was leaving port, Jenny Lind bent over the bulwarks, and waved her hand towards her countrywoman's gondola—

"And all the beautiful regular countenances of the West paled before the beaming, living beauty of expression in the countenance which I then saw, bathed in tears, kissing the roses, kissing her hand to me, glancing, beaming, a whole summer of affluent, changing, enchanting, warm, inward life."

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Having excellent introductions to families resident in Cuba, Miss Bremer had fine opportunities for becoming acquainted with its social life. What she found most to enchant her in Cuba was its wonderful paradisaical climate. She moved from Havannah to Matanzas, and from the latter place to several country houses and plantations. In Cuba nobody had read her works, and she was welcomed, not as an authoress, but as a lady and a traveller.

In Cuba every slave can purchase freedom for himself and his children at a fixed tariff. This comparatively humane provision of the law has resulted in the growth of a large free negro and mulatto population in that island. In fact they amounted, in 1851, to about 150,000, or nearly one half the number of the slaves. Miss Bremer adds—

"Cuba is at once the hell and the paradise of the negroes. The slave has severer labour on the plantation, but a better future, a better prospect of freedom and happiness than the slave of the United States. The slave, standing by the hot furnace of the sugar-mill, can look to those heights where the palm-trees are waving, and think to himself—'I, too, can rest beneath them one of these days!'

"And when he does so, when he lives like old Pedro, or the man with only one arm and his wife, who can be happier than he? The sun gives him clothing, the earth yields him, with the least possible labour, abundant fare, the trees drop for him their beautiful fruits, and give him their leaves to roof his dwelling and to feed his creatures—each day as it passes is beautiful and free from care—each day as it passes affords him its enjoyment—sun, rest, fruits, existence in an atmosphere which merely to breathe is happiness; the negro desires nothing more. And when, in the evening or the night, he sees the red fires shining fiom the sugar-mill, and hears the cracking of the whip, and the shouts which resound thence, he can raise his eyes to the mild stars which glance through the palm-trees above his head, and bless the Lord of Heaven who has prepared for the slave a way from captivity to paradise, even on earth. For he, too, was there by the blazing furnace, and beneath the lash of the driver, and now he is here in freedom and peace, beneath his own palm-tree, and his heavily-laden brother may, ere long, be the same!"

The aspects of the "peculiar institution" in Cuba differed from those in the United States, for at the time of our traveller's visit the importation of negroes from Africa was winked at by the authorities of the island, whereas the slave-trade had been put an end to in the United States since January 1, 1808. The result was that slavery in Cuba had a much purer African physiognomy than in the United States. The slaves in Cuba retain for a long period their distinctive languages and tribal habits. Even the free negroes have their separate guilds and places of assembly (*cabildos*), each African "nation" to itself. The life of the planters' wives in Cuba she describes as being monotonous in the extreme, so that they are glad to have it diversified by the presence of a stranger.

"The character of the sugar plantation, and the life upon it, seems to me very much the same everywhere. The most beautiful features of these plantations are the great avenues, especially of palms; I cannot walk through these *guadarajahs* without

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a sentiment of devotion, so beautiful and magnificent are they! The gardens are frequently quite small, and commonly but ill kept. The fields of sugar-cane encroach upon everything else. The life of the ladies is not cheerful, and scarcely active at all. They seem to me to suffer from the condition of the plantation, which is never free from danger, and which does not allow them to develop at all their more beautiful activity—nay, which even checks their movements. They dare not go out alone; they are afraid of runaway slaves; besides, with all the beauty of trees and vegetation peculiar to the Cuban plantation, it still lacks that which constitutes one of the greatest delights of country life—when one looks at it merely from the pleasurable point of view—it lacks greensward, that soft, submissive, verdant sward in which millions of small blades of grass and masses of little flowers are brought together to prepare for human beings a fresh and soft couch on which to repose in the open air. It lacks those groves of shadowy trees and underwood, beneath and amid which we repose so pleasantly; and I soon observed that this paradisaical atmosphere, and these *guadarajahs* could not compensate to the inhabitants of the island for the absence of those unpretending rural pleasures.

"Besides, *we* behold no injustice around us in the country, no want which we cannot in some degree lessen. They behold much daily which they cannot do anything to alleviate. Nay, the more noble a woman is in Cuba, the more unhappy must she become. And even if she be united to the best of husbands, who does all that lies in his power for her and for his slaves, she still cannot close her eyes to that which occurs around her. The plantation is never many acres in extent, and it adjoins other plantations which are managed according to the disposition of their masters, and of what kind this sometimes is, we know already. Add to this, the state of the government of the island, the violence of government officials, slave-trade, slave tumults, the examinations of the Spanish government, and the punishments which it inflicts—one perpetual state of fear—no delicious waftings of the heavenly atmosphere of Cuba, can give cheerfulness to life under such circumstances."

It is in Cuba that she generalises on the greater amount of raciness, Attic salt, and individuality of character, that is to be found in the European, as compared with the American or Creole.

"Yesterday we called on an elderly French lady, who interested me by her strongly-marked individuality; it was a pleasure to hear her relate anything, and to follow her expressions and gestures. In a general way, it seems to me that Europeans have far more accent and emphasis in their whole being than the Americans, or than those families of European origin which have been resident in America for any length of time. The former speak louder, emphasise the words more strongly, use more action, appear more forcible, make more demonstration; the latter move and speak with very little outward action; there is something silent and without sound in their being; energy has a more inward, a more concentrated power. The great expression of the American seems to be properly in his public institutions, in the development of the political life of the state, in the advancement of commerce, in the magnitude of his public undertakings."

In Madame C. Miss Bremer sees sugar-plantation life under its most humane aspects. Her pleasantest days in Cuba are spent in the house of "that beautiful maternal woman, who is able, at least for a moment, to remove even from slavery its most oppressive fetters, and allow the slaves to forget them."

Miss Bremer continues in Cuba her European or Swedish pedestrian

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habits, to the prodigious astonishment of the young negroes, who run after her in troops, as after a curiosity, so rare was it for a white woman to walk abroad freely. In her letter, written during her stay in Cuba, to Caroline Amelia, Queen Dowager of Denmark, there are some excellent and perfectly just eulogies on the northern states of the American Union, for what they have done and are doing in the way of the cultivation of the female intellect, but considerations of space prevent me from quoting the passage. Indeed, this letter is full of profound and genial reflections.

In May, Miss Bremer left the "island of the sun and of the palms beautiful, but serpent-stung," and returned to the continent, to Charleston. From Charleston she "flitted" to Savannah, where she met Miss Dorothea Dix, and other pleasant friends, and undertook a tour with them up the river St. John, Florida. She is again in Charleston in June, bound north, and travelled thence by rail, through North Carolina to Richmond. In the latter city, she is taken to the park of the Capitol. On its pillars she reads an announcement that any slave who ventured within those gates, should be liable to thirty-nine lashes. "One cannot enjoy or admire anything in the slave states, without having one's pleasure disturbed by these lashes."

She is present at the distribution of diplomas, and the delivery of speeches in the University of Charlottesville, Virginia. Analysing the physiognomy of those present, she observes—

"I have not said, what nevertheless should be said, that among the Americans is not found that decided type of one distinct race, as we find it among the English, Irish, French, Spaniards, Germans, &c. An American, male or female, might belong to any nation, in its beautiful human character, but divested of nationality; nay, even the Swedish, that is to say, when this is found in the most perfect faces, because a well-formed fine nose, and an oval countenance, is almost universal among the ladies. Our full-moon countenances, and noses which come directly out of them like a handle, or a projecting point of rock, are not seen here; neither are potato noses, like my own. Still I have seen many a blooming young girl in the northern states of America, many a handsome young man, more like Swedes, than the English or French. Nevertheless, light hair and light eyes are rare."

To this she adds—

"Want of contemplativeness, want of an ear for live is, after all, one of the greatest wants here; and the school which before any other is needed most in the New World is the old Pythagorean."

After listening to the much-applauded speeches of the students, lauding themselves, and Southern men and women, and anathematising the abolitionists, our traveller declared herself weary and disgusted, and sighed to think there was not one generous youth who would harp on the other string. She dragged herself most unwillingly to the evening sitting, and was rewarded by a welcome surprise. The scene is so dramatic that I must quote it—

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"June 29, 1851.—I have had a great and unexpected pleasure. I have heard a new song, and—but I will tell you all in due course.

"I again took my seat in the crowded, lamp-lighted hall, and the young man who was to speak sat alone on an elevated platform, facing the assembly whilst the hall was filling. This lasted for a good half-hour, and it seemed to me that the young orator's situation could not be very pleasant, sitting there all alone, as he did, an object for all eyes; and I asked myself whether it could be this feeling which cast a certain shade, or a certain dreamy look over his eyes. He was a tall young man, of handsome, strong proportions, who yet seemed to me not fully grown; the countenance was pure and good, not regularly handsome, but handsome nevertheless, with a youthfully fresh complexion, and clear, strongly-marked features. . - . . The forehead was broad, the hair dark brown and abundant.

"At length the moment came when he must rise and speak. He did this with great simplicity, without peculiar grace, but without any awkwardness or confusion and began his speech without the facility of the former speaker, but with calmness and precision. In the first part of his speech he took a hasty review of the nations of antiquity, with regard to that which caused their greatness or their fall. He showed that in all countries where slavery had existed it had degraded the people and finally caused their downfall.

"When I heard this, I confess that my heart beat high. Is it possible, thought I, that I shall really hear in this slave state, before this corporation of self-complacent advocates of slavery, a youth, publicly and manfully, raise his voice against slavery?

"Yes, I shall! The youth continued boldly, and in the most logical manner, to apply to America those principles, the consequences of which he exhibited in the history of Europe and Asia. Without reservation, and with great beauty and decision of expression, he addressed his fellow Virginians thus—

"'I accuse you not of any deficiency in courage, in nobility of mind, in feeling for the good and the beautiful, in enterprise, in piety. But of this I accuse you, that you do not labour for the elevation of the lower classes of your countrymen.'

"And there is good reason for this accusation for, in Virginia, in consequence of the restrictive fetters of slavery, which prevent the increase of schools, there are upwards of 80,000 white people who can neither read nor write. The population of Virginia, whites and blacks taken together, amounts to about a million and a half.

"The young orator declared the mission of America to be that of communicating the blessings of liberty and civilisation to all nations—

"'If America fulfil her duty in this respect, she will become great and happy, if not, then she will fall, and the greatness of her fall will be commensurate with the greatness of her mission, and the intended future in which she has failed.'

"I cannot tell you with what feelings of delight I listened to these large-minded and bold words from the pure soul of a youth. It was so unlike anything which I had hitherto heard in the slave states. It was what I had been longing to hear. My tears flowed, and I did not trouble myself about them being seen.

"But where was now the enthusiasm which in the former evening had animated the sons of the South? They listened in silence, in amazement, and the applause which was given at the close of the speech was cold and, as it were, forced.

"The glorious youth looked as if applause or blame concerned him not. He had spoken from his own conviction; his youthfully fresh cheek glowed as with the crimson tinge of morning, and his dark eye and clear brow shone serenely as a cloudless heaven.

"I could not have any conversation with him later in the evening, because he was summoned to his father, who was dangerously ill, and he was obliged to leave the

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place immediately. Nevertheless I pressed his hand, and spoke my cordial thanks to him in the presence of his teachers and companions.

"The good professors were somewhat confounded by the unexpected character of the young man's speech, but full of admiration. Good heavens! they had not expected such a speech! Really an uncommon speech! Above the common average, and so on.

"Alexander S. Brown (I write the name in full), was declared to be a smart young man. The President even expressed himself very warmly in his praise. But the learned in law and books were nevertheless somewhat afraid of giving Cæsar that which was due to Cæsar, and endeavoured to indemnify themselves by certain depreciatory and apologistic concessions."

Fifteen years have rolled away since that speech was delivered, and a terrific tempest of four years' duration has swept over Virginia. One cannot help wondering whether a kind fate has spared Alexander S. Brown. Was he a Western or an Eastern Virginian? If the latter, what part did he play in the late war? And if he took up arms with the men of Eastern Virginia, did he do so voluntarily or on compulsion?

Miss Bremer returned to the congenial atmosphere of the Free-labour States in July. In Philadelphia she pays another visit to the drawing academy for girls, then in full career, and in a most efficient condition, and reports on the Female Medical College in Philadelphia, then in its second year.

"This institution has not been established without great opposition, but it has nevertheless come into operation, to the honour of the spirit and justice of the New World! To this ought also to be added the steadfastness and talent of a young American (*sic*) woman, and the reputation which she obtained abroad. Elizabeth Blackwell, after having for several years, by hard work, helped to educate and maintain several young sisters, devoted herself to the profession of medicine. . . She was met by a thousand difficulties; prejudice and ill will threw impediments at every step. But she overcame all; and finally studied and graduated as physician at the town of Geneva, in Western New York. After this she went abroad, being desirous of entering and passing the Medical College of Paris. The head of the college was shocked; 'You must dress yourself as a man,' said he, 'otherwise it will be quite impossible.'

"'I shall not alter even a ribbon on my bonnet,' said she; 'do as you will, but your conduct shall be made known. You have seen my certificate; you have no right to refuse me admission.'

"M. L—— was obliged to comply; Elizabeth's womanly dignity and bearing, added to her remarkable knowledge, impressed the professors as well as students of the college. The young woman pursued her studies in peace—protected by her earnestness and scientific knowledge. Having greatly distinguished herself, and won the highest commendation, she left Paris for London, where she gathered fresh laurels, both in medical and chirurgical science.

"She is at this moment expected back in America, where she intends to be a practising physician. Dr. E—— wished me to become acquainted with this young woman—this vigorous soul in a slender and small frame—whom he cordially admires and rejoices over as with paternal pride."

Dr. Blackwell, though her frame is described as slender, has an

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altogether extraordinary amount of muscular power. Dr. E——, in relation to this idiosyncracy, told Miss Bremer—

"'She is not taller than you, but she would take you under one arm and my daughter under the other, and run upstairs with you both.'

"It was now vacation time at this institution, which contains already upwards of 70 female students. . . . Oh, to be young, to be able to devote a life to this glorious science!"

Hurrying on through New York to Boston, she pays in August a last visit to Emerson, and receives from his hand, while being driven by him, a glass of water from a romantic spring.

"Why it should become significant to me on this occasion, I cannot say, but so it was. I have silently within myself combated with Emerson from the first time that I became acquainted with him. I have questioned with myself in what consisted this power of the spirit over me, when I so much disapproved of his mode of thinking, when there was so much in him which was unsatisfactory to me; in what consisted his mysterious, magical power; that invigorating, refreshing influence, which I always experience in his writings, or in intercourse with him? After this cordial draught of clear water from the spring, given by his hand, I understood it. It is precisely this crystal, pure, fresh cold water, in his individual character, in his writings, which has refreshed, and will again and yet again refresh me. . . . For wine, warmth-infusing, life-renovating wine, I would go to another. Emerson baptises in water; another there is who baptises with the spirit and with fire."

In the neighbourhood of Boston she saw Lydia Maria Child in her rural retreat, and Horace Mann, the Superintendent of Education for Massachusetts, also Mr. Whitaker, from London—"A man with all the philanthropy of England in his eyes"—who was about to establish in Boston a drawing-school for girls, similar to that already in operation in Philadelphia.

It is now that she has an interview with the late blind historian, Prescott—"whose conversation and manners denote genius, so full are they of life."

From Boston our traveller takes a trip to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Alps of America. She detects the difference between the bracing stimulating effects of Northern scenery and atmosphere and the delightful languor superinduced by a Southern sky.

"How strange! Beneath the splendid heaven of South Carolina I could merely enjoy, and, enjoying, sing praises. Here I enjoy also, but in another manner. The soul is more powerful, more alive. It receives merely to give in return. It will produce; it will work. The dramatic life in the mountains, and in the mountain streams, forests, clouds, and sunbeams, awakens the dramatic life within myself, and calls into life pictures and scenes which have lain in swaddling bands within my soul for fifteen or twenty years."

From the White Mountains she hies to the Green Mountains of Vermont, to Lake Champlain, and to the fashionable watering-place of Saratoga. From Saratoga she visited Lennox in Western Massachusetts,

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where Miss Sedgwick and Nathaniel Hawthorne had their retreats, and from Lennox she rolled through the valley of the Housatonic to her port of embarkation for Europe, New York. While in New York, she paid another visit to the Phalanstery, in the neighbouring state of New Jersey. Her forebodings as to the consequences of its financial difficulties were accurate. It fell to pieces on that rock about three or four years after her last visit.

She was intreated, by her Brooklyn friends of Rose Cottage, to wait for the Woman's Rights Convention, which was to be held at Worcester, Massachusetts, in the beginning of the ensuing October; but Miss Bremer had arranged to take the Collins steamer for Liverpool, which was bound to sail on the 13th September, and therefore was obliged to deny herself the gratification of attending at the said convention. But she does not hesitate to show on which side of the questions involved her sympathies lay.

"I am very glad of these conventions, because they cause many facts and many good thoughts to become public. I rejoice at the nobility and prudence with which many female speakers stand forth—at the profound truths, worthy of all consideration, which many of them utter—at the depth of woman's experience of life, her sufferings and yearnings, which through them come to light. I rejoice and am amazed to see so many distinguished men sympathise in this movement, and support the women in their public appearance, often presenting the subject in language still stronger than they themselves use.

. . . . . .

"But I do not rejoice at some lesser well-intentioned measures and steps which have been proposed—do not rejoice at the tone of accusation and bravado which has now and then been assumed in the convention, and at several expressions less noble and beautiful.

"It must, however, be confessed that these clouds in the heaven of the new morning are few and fleeting in comparison with the vast and pure portions of light. Conventions are good, because they give emphasis to the great new moment of life in the community; they are good as a sifting wind, separating the chaff from the wheat. They will, if rightly conducted, hasten on the approaching day; if otherwise, they will retard it. There are signs enough both in Europe and in this country, which predict the approach of a time of which Moses already prophesied in the words—

"'The daughters enter into the council.'

"And if you should say, as you once said when we spoke together on this subject —'Then all the wrong-headed will rule, and the whole corps will be disgraced!' To which I will reply, 'I am not afraid of that, and less so now than ever. Look at the Society of Friends, at the small Socialist community at this place. All the women in these have the right to speak in the public assemblies, but none avail themselves of the right but they who have talent for it, or who have something very good to say. All participate in the government, but it is done quietly, and evidently for the best interests of the community. Neither does one ever hear of quarrels between the men and women, or of disunion and separation between married couples. With affectionately conceded privileges, the spirit of opposition and disquiet is generally appeased. The powers of reason and affection obtain greater power. Thoughtfulness and gentleness are the distinguishing features of these free women.

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"When the female consciousness of life becomes what it may be in our time, its influence must be most beneficial in the councils of the community. As it is, it is now deprived of that fructifying life which belongs to the sphere of the mother, and the home does not now educate citizens and citizenesses. . . . . I believe that this development of liberty is the profoundest and most vital principle upon which the regeneration of society depends, and upon which the greatness and the happiness of the New World turns. 'The darkness of the mother casts its shadow over the child; the enlightenment of the mother casts its light over the child from generation to generation.'"

And now, in these last days of her stay in America, she fulfils a vow—the vow, namely, that she would spend her last days as she had spent her first days, with Mr. and Mrs. Downing in their home on the Hudson River.

"*September* 5-10. Days on the Hudson! The last days in my first beautiful home on its banks; beautiful days, but still sad. It is continually borne in upon my mind, with a painful feeling which I cannot describe, as of rending asunder, that the time draws near for separation; that I actually and for ever am leaving this grand, glorious country, in which I have lived so richly, which received me with such unexampled hospitality; these noble, amiable people, who are my friends, to whom I am so deeply attached, with whom I would fain always live and associate. Nowhere have I found such friends. Do not imagine, my own Agatha, that I am less willing to return home; believe me, I could not live and work anywhere but in Sweden; but yet it is bitter for me to tear myself away, and I sometimes believe that I cannot, that it is not really possible!

. . . . . .

"I found Caroline Downing looking younger and more lovely. But I felt that I myself had become older, both body and soul. But then I had in these two years passed through more than in ten ordinary years."

Miss Bremer did not then dream that this happy couple—this beautiful home—was enjoying its last summer. On July 28, 1852, a full year before Miss Bremer's travels appeared, Mr. Downing—he whom Miss Bremer had honoured with the title "my young American brother"—was drowned off Yonkers on the Hudson, on the occasion of the burning of the steamer, "Henry Clay," when racing with the "America." Mrs. Downing was rescued from the water.*

Her American friends remained constant in their attentions to their Swedish lady-errant. This constancy did honour both to hosts and guest. Here is the last American scene, hardly different from the first of the series in the Astor House, two years previously—

"On board the 'Atlantic' I found myself all at once in a regular whirlpool of old and new acquaintances; gentlemen who shook hands and presented me with pamphlets which they had written; ladies who presented me with lovely gifts; acquaintance who introduced acquaintance; dear friends from the North, from the South, who astonished me here to say farewell; and whichever way I turned my head

* Miss Bremer wrote a letter to the friends of A. J. Downing, which is published along with a memoir by George William Curtis, as an introduction to Downing's "Rural Essays," New York, 1853. The letter is dated Stockholm, November, 1852.

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I was kissed by somebody. Ah! I was almost glad when the bell summoned my friends on shore, and I could hide myself in my berth."

And then, when the last sight of the coast line had faded away, she indites her final judgment.

"I am now passing through a pause between two periods of life—between two worlds; but my heart is full. And when people ask me what the children of the New World possess preferably to those of the Old, I reply, with the impression of that which I have seen and passed through in America fresh on my soul—'A warmer heart's pulse—a more energetic, a more vigorous youthful life.'"

The course of public events must have speedily undeceived Miss Bremer as to the self-reforming tendencies of white society in the South. The repeal of the Missouri compromise (1853), the bloody struggle in Kansas which ensued, the attack on Mr. Sumner, and the applause given to it by the Southerners, the Dred Scott decision, and many other facts, doubtless convinced Miss Bremer that the evil would not yield to mild remedies. Miss Bremer lived to see that the "strong-minded women" of the anti-slavery party had comprehended the "situation" better than she had. She lived long enough to see slavery wiped out in the blood of both sections of the American Union—a terrific atonement for crimes still more terrible!

The reviewer will also add that when, in 1855, Miss Bremer found that some of the most influential of the anti-slavery journals, actuated by feelings of national jealousy, had espoused the cause of the Czar against the Western Powers, she rated them soundly, and as a true Swede; in the correspondence with which she favoured the *National Era* of Washington, she spoke as a cosmopolitan Liberal, upbraiding the narrow-minded nationalism of the majority of the Americans, and warning them against an exaggerated spirit of antagonism to the nations of Western Europe, against a degrading and unnatural Russophilism.

In her American tour, Miss Bremer reached the apogee of her career. Her later travels were without *éclat*, and did not achieve a European reputation. The work I have drawn attention to is a classic in its peculiar line, and will live in the world's memory as long as the best of her novels. When it was first published (1853), our reading public were engrossed with the topics which had some relation to the impending war with Russia; and, moreover, it was not then fashionable to be well-informed on the subject of the United States, its representative men and women, and its moral and intellectual movements. Since then, a happy growth has taken place amongst us—we have thrown off our indifference and its handmaid ignorance. We are, therefore, better prepared in 1866 to appreciate these pictures of the homes of the "New World" than we were thirteen years ago.

P. F. ANDRE.

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THE CIVIL AND POLITICAL STATUS OF THE FEMALE SEX,

FROM THE TIME OF THE ROMANS UNTIL THE PRESENT DAY.

Translated from the French of Professor Edouard Laboulaye.

BOOK IV.

THE FEUDAL EPOCH.

PART II.

THE SERFS AND VILLEINS.

CHAPTER II.

THE FEMALE SERF AS WIFE AND WIDOW.

§ 1.—Of the Conjugal Association and of Dower.

In this organisation of servile holdings, what could be the situation of the family fortunes, but a complete community of the property brought to the common household by the husband and wife, and of the profits of the land in which the proprietorship was vested in the lord? This community of goods, moreover, was not the result of the marriage, so much as of the fundamental constitution of these rural associations. And in like manner as the separation of the members of the community was inferred from *a separate* place of living of a year and a day's duration, so was the entry into the association inferred from the fact of living together for a year and a day, and every one, relative or not, who came and formed part of the villein's household, became, in person and property, part of the association.

These associations only ceased in France *in the eye of the law* in 1566, when the Statute of Frauds ("l'ordonnance de Moulins") demanded that all contracts relating to matters exceeding one hundred pounds in value, should be recorded in writing; but *in point of fact* these associations remained in a great number of provinces; in our day, M. Dupin has discovered, in the Nivernois, peasants who have remained faithful to their ancestral usages; and who, in spite of the revolution, have preserved, by the force alone of common consent, that associated tenure which, when well understood, makes the fortune and greatness of a rural dwelling.

When living as a partner for a year and a day constituted and compelled the admission of every one into the association, one can easily understand that the wife was the first person whose property was merged into the household stock. At first, her right was not different from that of any other partner, to judge from the following article of the Custom

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of Nivernois, that one of all our old customs which has best handed down to us the original physiognomy of the institution. Treating of the rights of married people, that custom says :—

"The son-in-law or daughter-in-law, who come and live with their father and mother-in-law, or either of them, after a year and a day's residence, acquire the right of membership by head, with their father and mother-in-law, and the partners of the latter, in acquired property and in property to be acquired, by bringing their own property into the common stock, if there be no agreement or protest to the contrary."

The identity of the conjugal association and the association between people who are strangers to each other in blood, and who were simply united by a common life *at the same board and over the same pot*, powerfully struck that religious scrutiniser of our ancient customs, Coquille. Speaking of associations, he suddenly stops to make the following reflection :—

"A fuller explanation about this will be given hereafter, under the head *married people* and lineal reversion, because the decisions relating to the associations of husband and wife and to those of other people are almost identical."

In fact, the majority of our ancient customs (I speak of those which are provincial customs, as those of Brittany, Anjou, and Maine, and not mere municipal statutes, as those of Tours or Paris), only make the conjugal association commence at the same time as the other associations ; namely, after the lapse of a year and a day ; a provision which is to be met with in several customs of Germany.

In the greater part of the German and French customs alike, the husband's powers are not those of an ordinary member or manager, but of a head of a community, who, alone, and without special power of attorney, brings and defends all the personal actions of the community ; who alone is master of the movable property, and of the acquired real estate, so long as the association lasts ; who alone, also, receives the profits, to apply them to the expenses of the household, but without rendering an account to anybody, even after the dissolution of the partnership. Of the inherited real estate alone he cannot dispose, because it did not enter into the common stock.

Such was, at its commencement, the association ; the result of a fact rather than of a law, it was not peculiar to husband and wife ; and Nivernois, for instance, recognises an association, quite as thorough and extensive, between two brothers living together as between husband and wife.

It will be seen below how from the mixture of the servile community with the prerogatives of the surviving noble, there grew up in the towns a system of law which stood midway between feudalism and villenage, but which, like all systems founded on a compromise, had the simplicity of neither of those primitive systems.

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There could be no question in villenage of a renunciation of the association by the woman, for this association existed from the moment of marriage, and lasted during the whole of its duration.

"He who marries a woman, marries also her debts," says a French adage; "She who marries a man, marries also his debts," says a Swabian proverb; the wife who had entered the community from the first day of her marriage, could not repudiate, for her repudiation would have been that of a debtor. The idea of a repudiation could only have occurred to the mind when the right of the wife in the community was considered only as a right contingent upon widowhood; nothing was more natural, in such a system, than to permit the widow not to accept a right which might be burdensome to her, and then even to authorise her to take back her dowry. Accordingly, Loisel informs us that it was the privilege of gentlewomen—that is, the power of renouncing the right to the personal estate—which was conceded to the plebeian ranks of society. It was on the authority of Jean Jacques de Mesine, that this great change was introduced in the fifteenth century.

The lawyers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, notwithstanding their profound learning—or rather by reason of their learning—singularly confused this question of association. Indoctrinated with Roman notions, they could not form an exact idea of that singular institution, which kept escaping from those common rules of ordinary partnerships in which they wished to confine it. To decide wisely, they ought to have thrown aside their Roman law and penetrated into the mysteries of those customs which alone can teach us the sources of those different rivers which, blended together, form that great ocean of modern jurisprudence.

In those rural households the question of dower could hardly arise, for, inasmuch as the community continued between the mother and her children, the profits of the dower would have reverted to the common stock. On the other hand, if the widow withdrew from the community, it is difficult to see how the lord would have allowed his heritage to be encumbered for the benefit of a person who no longer formed part of the rural household. Accordingly, I observe that dower is prohibited in certain customs. Thus, in the Custom of Nivernois, it is laid down:—

"In a heritage of base tenure the widow, whether free or serf, cannot claim dower to the prejudice of the lord."

"The reason," says Coquille, "for this article is, that the man in possession cannot bind or affect his possessory title, subject, as it is, to reversion, except during his occupancy." I remarked above, that this was also the original rule for fiefs, and that when the vassal died without heirs, the widow had no dower from the fief; but for base tenures, as well as for fiefs, the rigour of the ancient law was modified when the

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deceased left heirs who excluded the lord; and regarding the tenure as a patrimony, when the interest of the lord was not at stake, the law decided that the deceased could encumber his perpetual usufruct of the noble or base tenure with a life-interest such as was the dower.

Moreover, the severity of this custom was not universal, far from it; but it is difficult to see what could be the importance of this dower, when the community continued between the mother and her children, for the mother was the chief of the community; but if the children, or the widow, or some one of the other partners separated, and so put an end to the association, the widow had a very substantial interest in demanding that dower which the custom allotted to her.

§ 2.—The Mother's Rights. The Continuation of the Community.

In this family, which had no political importance, and about which the law did not seem to trouble itself, the tie of blood alone prevailed, and the mother had a share equal to that of the father, in the estate left by the children. Nevertheless, she only inherited while the children remained at home; in the other case, their estates reverted to the lord.

But when the deceased left children at home, generally the association was continued as between the mother and children, according to ideal proportions, and thenceforth they succeeded to each other both as relatives and as partners. The Grand Customary says—

"Observe, that by usage and custom, if a husband and wife, or two relatives, live together for a year and a day, without making a division or a protest, they acquire a right of property one with the other, as to their personal and acquired estate. And in case a couple have a son, and after one of the twain has departed this life, the said son lives with the survivor, without there being made any inventory or division, albeit that the survivor has earned the property, it will fall into common stock in which the son will share. But let us suppose that the surviving parent remarries; the moment this event takes place, all three are partners in property, in such wise, that if the surviving parent dies, the surviving child will count for two, and the surviving husband or wife for one."

This form of association was only in vogue among plebians (*roturiers*); people of good birth knew nothing of it.

The institution of a perpetual community of goods was admitted in the majority of the customs of France and Germany; but in practice it gave occasion to the gravest difficulties. Reflect only on the difficult questions which must have been raised by the liquidation of three or four communities, entangled one with the other, and complicated with dowers and nuptial or testamentary advantages. Therefore, the civil code has done well to abolish this pernicious institution. In this respect the principle of wardship triumphed in our modern legislation.

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PART III.

OF THE MIDDLE CLASS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

INTRODUCTION.

§ 1.—On the Roturiers and Censives of France; the Soccagers in England; the Reichs-sassen and Landsassen in Germany.

I HAVE placed in juxtaposition feudal customs and servile customs, the extreme of liberty and the extreme of servitude; I wished by this brusque contrast to throw into relief the different spirit of the legal systems attaching to those two different races which long marched side by side before coalescing with each other; I come now to ranks which stand midway between serfdom and the nobility; I mean the yeomen and burghers, intermediate classes, which paved the way for the fusion of the different orders of the nation into one alone, that of citizens.

It is a generally received opinion that, in the anarchy of the ninth and tenth centuries, the class of freemen disappeared entirely, and that there was no rank intermediate between the serfs scattered throughout the country, and the lords enclosed in their keeps. I think this opinion is like a great many others which have been formed of the middle ages; formulated on slender grounds, they have been accepted on still slenderer ones, and although current for several centuries, they fall to the ground at the breath of the first serious discussion.

If it be meant that in feudal countries there was only a very small number of independent proprietors, the observation is just, with certain qualifications; but if it be meant that all the husbandmen who were dependent on a lord were serfs, this is a great mistake. There was, on the contrary, between the serfs and the lords, a number of small proprietors, subject, it is true, by some tie of vassalage, by some service, or some due, but for all that, as free and as independent as a vassal could then be; men, in a word, who no more deemed themselves enslaved by the payment of a rent, than we do because we pay a tax to the State which guarantees us in possession of our property.

Such were the *censives* in France, the soccagers in England, the *pfleghaften* in Germany; all of them species of feudatories subject to prædial burdens. Such were, again, several classes of villeins; for this elastic appellation served to designate, according to the difference of the countries, free positions, and positions almost servile. There was wanting a central authority and a general law to regulate this diversity of conditions, often comprised under the same name, notwithstanding essential differences; a phenomenon which throws an unavoidable confusion into the study of these remote times.

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The soccage, concerning which Littleton has given a complete account, was, originally, a sort of rent. Littleton calls the soccagers freemen by blood, holding lands in villenage. With the lapse of time the tenure became an independent estate; and observe how Littleton narrates the history of that revolution, which, though at different epochs, was effected in the same manner as in England throughout all feudal Europe. Littleton, in his 119th section, says—

"And it is said that the reason why such tenure is called tenure by soccage is this; because soccage means plough-service, from *soca* (plough), and of old, before the times of legal memory, a large portion of the tenants who held by soccage, were bound to come with their ploughs for certain days of the year, to plough up and sow the estates of their lords, and since such services were performed for the sustenance of their lords, they are discharged from all other services to their lords. And, inasmuch as these services were performed with their *socs* (ploughs), their tenure was denominated *soccage tenure.*

"At a later period, such services were changed into money, with the consent of the tenants, and by desire of the lords—that is to say, into an annual rent; but still the name of soccage remains, and in many places the tenants still perform such services for their lord with their ploughs. Yet all kinds of tenures, which are not tenures by chivalry, are called soccage tenures."

These last words of Littleton sufficiently indicate what a rapid development the class of yeomen proprietors had taken in England. This development made the soccage the general appellation of all those numerous forms of possession which were not held by service of chivalry.

Soccage was much less encumbered than the tenure by service of chivalry, for it was liable neither to military service, nor to wardship, nor to marriage, all of which were burdens which flowed from the obligation to carry arms.

The French wars, by forcing the kings of England to change into a tax, destined to pay his mercenary troops, the personal service of the feudatory (a service generally limited to forty days, and incompatible with expeditions of long duration), favoured the development of soccage by adding to its consideration. When, to compensate for the heavy burdens of noble tenure, there was no longer in England that lofty sentiment which, in France, our ancestors attached to the right to carry arms (a sentiment which at that time placed a gulf between the yeoman's holding and the noble manor, whose master owed no other impost than his blood)—when, I say, the tenure by chivalry became only a possession more heavily burdened than soccage tenure, without being more privileged, the two tenures merged, and the former tenure was nought but a name when Charles II. (12 Charles II., c. 24) made soccage tenure the general rule applicable to English estates.

While the soccage tenure was being promoted to the allodial rank, the tenure of the serfs and villeins was taking the primitive condition of

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the soccage. So early as the reign of Edward I. we see villeins, subjected only to certain precisely-defined services, as detailed in the court-roll of the lord, obtain a perpetual possession of their estates. Their successors finally succeeded in obtaining a copy of the court-roll. This copy was their title to possession. Nevertheless their title, often disputed and overridden by their lords, was not always completely safe; it became so subsequently, thanks to the liberal bias of the English judges, as Littleton informs us. In France, where the central authority was for a long time powerless, where the kings, who were always at variance with the great vassals, were exhausting all their activity in intestine wars, feudalism was more powerful than in England, and the development of the middle classes, being greatly impeded, was much slower in establishing itself.*

The condition of the *roturiers* was, therefore, in France for a much longer period akin to serfdom than was the case with the soccagers of England. The enfranchisements for which our kings have obtained so much credit, were, after all, only fiscal measures. The serfs were forced to purchase, at a high price, liberties which were of no use to them, for they sold them the *name* without the *thing*; and all the sonorous periods of the good King Louis le Gros had as their inevitable conclusion, the injunction "pay!"

Nevertheless, there was a progress, although a slower one than in England, and it went through analagous stages; the serf, somehow or other, took root in the soil, then transformed his service into fixed payments, which could not be arbitrarily altered. This change, which commenced in the tenth century, was finished in Flanders before the opening of the fifteenth century. But in the rest of feudal France, serfdom and even base tenures (*censive*), had harsher conditions, and so late as the eighteenth century, there were *main-mortables* in Burgundy, Dauphiny, and several other provinces.

In Germany, as in France and England, it is easy to distinguish between the villeins attached to the soil (*lassen*, *landsiedel*, *meyer*, *zinsleute*) and the free cultivators, known under the name of *landsassen*, free *bauern* (peasants), and *reichsassen*, when they are independent of the lord within whose jurisdiction they live, and under the name of *pfleghaften* (*homines advocaticii*), when they are under his protection, and pay some due as an acknowledgment of this seigneurial superiority.

The *lassen* are serfs, subject to *main-morte* and *formariage*; the *pfleghaften* are subject to the lord's jurisdiction rather than to his proprietorship; but the boundary which divides these two rights is often scarcely traceable. The lord who encroaches, and the husbandman who usurps or defends himself, quarrel about a payment much more frequently than they do about a liberty; for liberty at that epoch was

* I speak now only of *feudal* France; the *south* of France will be treated of elsewhere, along with the other countries of the south of Europe.

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a mysterious abstraction which no one endeavoured to realise; from the serf to the king everything was a network of services; and this protection, as well as these services, were daily haggled about without arriving at any clear classification of the different conditions of the occupiers of the soil. The state was like a scale with a hundred different degrees, on which what we call liberty kept rising and falling. Mediæval society was like the money of the epoch, whose value and denomination were subject to daily alterations.

Accordingly, to confine ourselves only to the position of the peasants, when the lawyers came to measure it according to the inflexible rules of the Roman law, they never succeeded in adjusting it to their stiff classifications; and Zasius, in his answers, finds no other way of defining the condition of the serfs than by the ingenuous confession that it resembles none of the conditions known to the Romans, and that, nevertheless, it depends on all.

Let the reader bear with me, if he does not find in these pages that severe precision which the admirers of the Roman law like. When every social condition was only an approximation which was subject to perpetual change, it is the investigator's duty to give only half-satisfactory notions, as he gropes about with infinite trouble. To give a precise result is an impossibility, for the conditions of persons having followed in the middle ages all the variations, all the modifications of property, and those modifications being variable as the wind, we are forced to put up with a necessarily inexact average.

§ 2.—Of the Bourgeoisies.

It is no part of my plan to enter into that great question of the *bourgeoisies* which has occupied so many learned men, and which, nevertheless, is not yet exhausted. I will merely say that in France, as in Germany, the towns were originally inhabited, in the main, by villeins and serfs, whose persons and properties were at the mercy of their lords, the bishop, or the king; the first effect of the establishment of a body of burghers was absolutely the same as that of an enfranchisement; a charter was the abolition of arbitrary taxes, of the right of recapture, of *main-morte*, and *formariage;* in other words, it was the concession of a right to the inhabitants only to pay fixed taxes, to go, without being disquieted, wherever their affairs might call them, and to dispose freely both of their persons and property.

Such were the first corporations of France and Germany. Such also was the original condition of the *bourgeoisies* of Flanders and England, but the rapid development of commerce and manufactures in those happily situated towns, did not allow legislation to stop at these negative concessions. At London and at Ghent, two manufacturing towns, there was felt a want, at an early period, both of a free municipal administration, and a share in the government; whilst *our* towns, poor

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and scantily peopled as they were, were quarrelling about ill-secured rights. Wealth, like marriage, is an emancipator.

Nevertheless, the towns of France and Germany had also their manufacturing development, although it was more slow than that of their powerful neighbours; and manufactures bringing in with them a new kind of wealth, the burghers lifted themselves above the yeomen (*roturiers*) of the country—they became a privileged order of the *plebs*. The nobility were obliged to share with these *parvenus* a portion of their prerogatives, and the *bourgeoisie* became an aristocracy on a small scale, which had also its right of primogeniture, its ancestral estate, and the privileges of the male sex. The exclusion of daughters was admitted into middle-class law, which kept approximating to the aristocratic law, and finally united with it. It was left for the revolution and the civil code to destroy those bastard privileges which, aimless and senseless as they were, served only to oppress one half of society to minister to the vanity of some rich *bourgeois*.

§ 3.—The Classification of Yeomen and Burghers.

If now we desire to classify the *roturier* conditions in order to determine their general character, and the corresponding law of succession, we distinguish three leading categories.

1. The *roturiers* (yeomen), which comprise free men subject to the lord's jurisdiction rather than to his proprietorship, and sometimes even quite independent. The law of succession applicable to these free men is as undefined as the terms of their tenure, and takes every form, from the aristocratic law of inheritance, to the perfect equality of the civil code. To this category belong the soccagers of the fourteenth century, the *pfleghaften*, the *censives*, the French and German burghers of the same date.

2. The villeins, half serfs and half *roturiers*, but whose condition every day drew nearer to that of the yeomen, until it merged with the latter. To this class belonged in England the early race of soccagers, and subsequently the copyholders in France and Germany, the burghers of the twelfth century, the villeins, the *lassen* of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

3. Finally, the third category comprises the Flemish and English burghers of the fifteenth, and the French and German of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; it was the epoch when the *bourgeoisie*, separated from the yeomanry, became a kind of inferior order of nobility, which belonged neither to the people nor the nobles, but was about equi-distant from both.

It is this metamorphosis of *roturier* legislation which we proceed to investigate.

(To be continued.)

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THE YOUNG STILT-DANCER:

AN EPISODE IN A TOUR IN THE UPPER PYRENEES.

Translated from the German of Elpis Melena.

CHAPTER VI.

ROSALIND.

SCARCELY a week after Dieudonné's departure, on returning one afternoon from my walk, I perceived my hostess in earnest conversation with a very neatly dressed woman, at the door of the Lion d'Or.

"Here is the lady herself," I heard Marie say, as on my entering the house, she greeted me with her usual, "Madame à fait une jolie promenade?" I went on towards my room, not wishing to appear to have heard what she had said to her companion, but presently the thin boards of the stairs creaked with the heavy tread of the not very light Marie, and before I reached my room, she was behind me with the information, that the person to whom she had been speaking, was the servant of the young Countess Belviani, who had come to Cauterets on purpose to communicate to me some very particular information, if I would allow her a few minutes for that purpose.

Surmising that it could only relate to the youth in whom I had become so much interested, I at once granted the woman's request, and told my hostess to bring her to my room.

Rosalind, notwithstanding the forty years which her countenance indicated, had still a very agreeable appearance. She wore, as most French ladies' maids do, a white cap, the fineness and tasteful form of which were quite in accordance with the rest of her very carefully-chosen toilette. Not only from her dress, but also from her manners, it was easy to see that she must have been long in the service of some family of distinction, and that she held a post of confidence therein. There was more also observable in her features than is usual in the physiognomy of a *femme de chambre*. Beneath the appearance of much good-nature, there lay the deeper feelings of a heart proved by suffering and full of resignation, giving to her expression a benevolent mildness which could not fail to inspire confidence and trust, as it had done with the young violinist.

That *he* was to be the subject of our interview, I need hardly say, soon became evident. Having told me all of his history which I already knew from his own lips, she proceeded as follows—

"The young artist has doubtless told you, Madame, that he has made me acquainted with his story. You now know by what misfortunes

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his young life has been crossed. You must allow me to tell you some passages in my own life, and I will then ask you if what I have heard of his, does not warrant me in making certain efforts in which, I think, you may be of much assistance to me."

Touched by this feeling introduction, I assured Rosalind that she might be certain of my sympathy, and she then proceeded, in a more firm tone, to relate to me these further particulars.

"As soon as I reached my fifteenth year, I entered the service of a noble family, in which my father had long been the chief domestic, and my duties were those of housemaid and housekeeper combined. I was fortunate enough to win the goodwill of the family to such a degree, as to believe myself sure of continuing in the service of the young countess for the future.

"The happy life which I then led, made me thoughtless of any other for some years, when an unexpected occurrence in the family determined me to change my condition. More in regard to these altered circumstances than from inclination, I married a man who had long before sought my hand, and who was a cabinet maker in a village not far from the castle.

"It was not the loss of the luxury of a nobleman's mansion that I was loath to incur, for I ere then had seen that this is often accompanied by cares, intrigues, and contention; but it was the parting with my dear young mistress, whose confidence I entirely possessed, that lay heavy at my heart.

"My husband did all he could to enable me to preserve her good opinion, indeed he placed it in my power to do her a very important service.

"The first years of our wedded life passed very pleasantly.

"My small-housekeeping, and the two children who were born to us, quite occupied my time. The week days were devoted to uninterrupted work, and on Sundays we generally took some country recreation.

"In the course of the winter my eldest boy, Marco, reached his third birthday; a company of circus riders had established themselves in the neighbouring town, and they came with so great a reputation for talent and skill, that my husband was induced to take me to witness one of these much-talked-of performances.

"Marco's birthday happened to fall on the day on which they were to give something extraordinary; this, therefore, afforded us the most appropriate opportunity of fulfilling our intention. In company, then, with a friend and neighbour, by name Pierre, his young son, six years old, our two boys, and their nurse, we started in good time in order to secure the best places—and yet, when we arrived, the circus was so full that we could not find places enough in one row. My husband and I, and my baby, whom I held in my arms, were obliged to take the end

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of another bench, while M. Pierre, with the nurse and the two boys, were thus enabled to occupy places more advantageously situated for seeing the riders. My baby soon fell asleep, and I was enabled to enjoy the sight undisturbed.

"The first female rider, who represented Diana, was a woman of great beauty, grace, and elegance. Loud applause followed all the skilful acts she accomplished; but it was soon and suddenly interrupted by a smell of burning wood, and it quickly ran through the place that the building was on fire. A cry of terror was uttered by the spectators.

"My first thought was of my little Marco, who was soon in the midst of a crowd, and might, perhaps, be separated from our young and inexperienced maid and be in great danger; but, equally anxious for the safety of the infant I held in my arms, and driven by the crowd, which was rushing out, I could do nothing but endeavour, with my husband's help, to get out of the building as soon as possible. It was fortunate that we were very near the door, and we soon found ourselves in the open air.

"No sooner had he placed me in safety, than my husband rushed back to look after the child and nurse; while I looked around to see if there was anyone to whom I could entrust my infant. This was not easy, for almost everyone had left his house locked up, either for the purpose of attending the performance, or to seek for children or friends who were there. But, after some time, I found a good old lady who felt for my distress, and took my child under her protection, leaving me at liberty to run back to the theatre.

"What a sight it was to see the lofty flames rising, as if from the crater of a volcano, lighting up every object around; and how distressing was the scene before me! My anxiety for my child enabled me to overcome every obstacle, until I encountered some soldiers who had been sent to keep the ground, and who forbade my farther progress. They pressed the crowd farther and farther back from the burning mass; and committing my treasures to the protection of Providence, and thinking that they might have escaped from the building and gone towards home, I also took the way thither.

"Oh, how my heart beat when, in the distance, I saw a light in our friend Pierre's window! My feet could not move fast enough towards the spot which was to ease my inexpressible pain.

"A man hastened from the house to meet me.

"'Marco—where is Marco!' cried I.

"'Is he not with you?' was the heartrending reply. 'God preserve us!' added my neighbour, as he at once ran off again towards the town.

"Robbed of my only hope, I stood there in a state of mind which I

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cannot describe. What I did—whither I went—how I passed that dreadful night, I know not. All I remember is, that the next day broke upon the return of my husband without Marco, without the nurse, and with looks full of despair. He pressed me convulsively to his breast, and his words were drowned in a flood of tears.

"This day was again one of lamentation for us. When I had recovered a little from the effects of the previous day, my husband acquainted me with the particulars of the anxious search he had made, during which he had found no trace whatsoever of the maid, nor of our darling boy—not the least certainty of their sad fate.

"We were not alone in our loss or our grief, for there were many others who were lamenting over similar losses, but all except ourselves had some intelligence of the objects of their search, or had made some discovery which left no doubt of their fate; while the unaccountable, untraceable disappearance of our child raised a horrible dread within me, which neither the lapse of time nor the advent of new circumstances has been of power to efface."

"And of the nurse," said I, "had you no tidings?"

"Yes," replied Rosalind; "some weeks after the fire, a pond on her uncle's farm, not far hence, was being cleaned out, when a corpse was found at the bottom, half buried in the mud, and much disfigured from having been so long immersed in water. From the clothes, however, I was able to recognise it as that of the poor girl."

"And of your husband and the younger boy I hope you have better tidings to give me," said I.

"That conflagration, I may say, was the destruction of all my happiness," continued the poor woman, with a deep-drawn sigh. "My dear husband took a cold, during his anxious search that night, which fell on his lungs, and ended his life before long. In my grief it did not occur to me that the sustenance which my baby was drawing from my breast was injurious to him. As soon as I thought of it, I procured a wet-nurse, but it was too late—the poor child had already imbibed the poison, and its little life was soon closed.

"I do not know what I should have done in my affliction, had not my former mistress taken compassion on me, and again received me into her service; and in the kindness with which she treated me, and in my devotion to my duty towards her, I found some consolation and alleviation for my distress. The very precarious state of the dear lady's health, however, has caused me great sorrow and anxiety for the last two years. The doctors do not conceal from her father that there is little hope of her recovery, inasmuch as the disease has reached too advanced a stage, and that, although she may linger for some time, it is also possible that her death may be sudden and early. The baths of Panticosa are said to have done wonders in similar cases. I myself

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have no faith in them, for I find the weakness and the cough are daily increasing.

"The visit of the young violinist, and all that he related to me of his life, has revived many painful recollections; and although he could give me no dates, nor even tell me where it was that the burning of his father's circus occurred, I cannot doubt that it must have been identical with that which caused all my misfortunes; for I remember that the catastrophe which cost the lives of so many induced the proprietor to leave the town with all he could save, just as it did in Dieudonné's case. Who can tell whether, among the ruins of his building, he may not have seen the half-burned corpse of my child? Who knows but what he might be able to give some clue to the cause of the mysterious disappearance of the girl and the child, and her tragical end?

"When I went, by desire of my mistress, to Betharram, on the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, I hoped to take a circuitous route by Barèges, in order to speak with Dieudonné's father on this subject, but the people whom I asked, deceived me as to the distance, and I abandoned my plan. Now, but two days remain of the time which I dare spend away from my mistress. Dieudonné's information that you had visited his father, and the supposition that you might see him again, emboldened me to seek you out, and relate my case to you. And now, Madame, that you know all that has befallen me, you can imagine how desirous I must be to have an interview with him.

"Tied to my home by the illness of my mistress, it will be more than difficult for me to attain this object; but if you should, by chance, see the old man again, might I ask you to be so good as to make such inquiries as I have alluded to?"

It was impossible to do otherwise than to assure Rosalind of my sympathy with her misfortunes, to promise I would, if I ever had the opportunity, comply with her request, and to say that I would endeavour to go to Barèges on purpose.

For this promise I received her warmest thanks, and she left me to rejoin the companions with whom she was travelling.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BEARNESE PILGRIM'S RESORT, BETHARRAM.

"Nauste Dame deü cap deü poun
Adynolat mé a d aquest hore."*

DAY after day passed without any further tidings of my young *protégé*. He neither appeared in person, nor answered the letter I had written

* "Notre dame du bout du Pont
Venez à mon aide à cette heure."

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to him. My stay at Cauterets was approaching its termination, and I wrote again, but this time to the widow Pelou, asking her for information. After some days I received a message from her, by one of the drivers, to tell me that Dieudonné and his father and brother had left her house some time before, their object then being to follow up the inquiry after the violin, as well as to make some professional visits to some other of the watering-places, and to finish with Cauterets.

Having thus, for the time, lost sight of the youth, I wrote a few lines explaining the case to Rosalind, in order to relieve her mind from any fear of my neglecting her request, sent them by a Spaniard going to Pantecosa, and then immediately turned my attention to my other plans.

Although the name of Betharram may, I daresay, be unknown to many, and even to such of the clergy of Rome as have travelled, yet in the Upper and Lower Pyrenees this resort of pilgrims plays no insignificant part.

Young and old, poor and rich, men and women, make their pilgrimages from far and near to this place, and have done so for hundreds of years; though the sickly, the lame, the crippled, and the childless are most allured thither by their faith in the curative powers of its statue of the Virgin. The first question asked me in Cauterets was whether I had been at Betharram. The thing that was placed most prominently in view in the shop-windows was a view of Betharram. The articles I was first solicited to purchase, were wreaths of roses, medals, and crosses from Betharram. At every step I either heard or saw something relating to the Holy Virgin of Betharram. Luckily it was not a melody, or it might have happened with me as it did with Heine, who was for banishing Weber's inevitable "Bridesmaid's Chorus" out of Paris.

Determined not to leave the Pyrenees a second time without seeing Pau, and anxious to get rid of the idea of Betharram, which had been driven into my mind for six weeks, I did not shrink from making the little circuit to the village of Lestelle, near which is this celebrated resort of pilgrims, especially as my doctor had advised me to take a short period of rest after finishing my course of baths, at some quiet place in the country, before again encountering the fatigue of travelling.

During my stay at Cauterets the year before, I had made the acquaintance of an amiable couple of the name of Barou; they were from Lestelle, and were in the habit of visiting some one or other of the baths during each season, in order to open a shop for the sale of woollen stuffs and hardware, on the profit of which they lived.

Monsieur and Madame Barou had an only son, who was then engaged in the Italian war of freedom, and it so happened that I had been able to be of use to this youth and his anxious parents.

As soon as these good people heard of my intended visit to Lestelle,

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they sent me an invitation to make their house my abode while I was there.

With a lively feeling of physical and moral pleasure, I took my seat, on September the 8th, in the coupé of the diligence which was to transfer me from my rough mountain banishment into a milder and as yet unknown part of the country; and while the carriage rolls in the fresh morning air of autumn over the well-remembered road to Pierrefitte, I may as well acquaint my readers with what the faithful relate of the legend of the Pyrenean "Lady of Lorette."

To begin with the name of the place. Of course there have been several derivations suggested by the learned; Beit-haram—holy house, Betharram—high house, &c.; while some derive the name from a valley near the River Jordan, adding a legendary tale to account for this etymology.

The origin of its promotion into a place of pilgrimage is equally uncertain, and the following story is all that the chronicles afford on the subject.

At some very remote time, it happened that some boys from the village of Lestelle, who were watching their flocks on the banks of the Gave, and amusing themselves with boyish sports, were suddenly almost blinded by a bright flash of light. Their first sensation was that of fright; but gaining courage after awhile, they approached the spot whence the light had come, and found there, to their intense surprise, a marble statue of the Virgin Mary. They ran home with one accord, eager to tell such good tidings to their friends, who all naturally hastened to the spot, followed by the priest in his canonicals; and all recognised in the miracle a manifestation of God's will that the place should become a shrine, to be visited by future pilgrims.

But on a spot so rocky and rugged, it seemed wholly impossible to build either chapel or shrine, so they set about the erection of a kind of niche for the reception of the statue in the neighbouring church. There then came a second miracle. No sooner had they removed the statue to its new dwelling-place, than, without human agency, it was transported to the spot on which it was originally discovered; and this was repeated as often as they replaced it in the niche, till at last a peasant girl, named Raymondex, lifted up her voice and threatened the people with God's displeasure, if they persisted in resisting such a manifestation of His intentions.

While she was yet speaking, a heavy hailstorm fell. Every one bent to the ground, and no further thought of removal was entertained. Without delay the foundations of a chapel were begun, and, as we are informed by the legend, the enthusiasm of Ragunde soon brought the work of erection to a happy completion. We are also told that pilgrims from every land increased in numbers from year to year, and that the thank-

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offerings placed on the altar by the cured and converted were larger in proportion.

But in the year 1569, when religious disputes troubled the country, and the Count Montgommery, at the suggestion of Queen Johanna, drove the Catholic troops from Bearn, the votive chapel also fell a sacrifice to her bigotry. A priest, however, succeeded in rescuing the statue and carrying it to Jaca in Amagan, where it long remained. When it was brought thence, Leonard de Trappes, Bishop of Anch, built a stately church upon the ruins of the chapel, and it was once more raised on its original site.

Of the further history of the church I learned much that would be interesting to the antiquarian; but to the general reader I have thought it best to present only the foregoing brief account.

. . . . . .

On my return to the town, I found so much to see in the crowded streets that I whiled away a considerable time in them. What struck me as much as anything, were the unwieldy "pataches," which reminded me of the cars in which the meat is transported from the slaughter-houses into Rome, or of those close vans in which prisoners are conveyed to the courts of justice.

One of these conveyances was stopping at the inn called "Cheval-blanc," as I was passing the house. Among the people who were disappearing into its interior, I perceived to my great surprise the youth Dieudonné, with his violin and stilts on his back. He recognised me at the same moment, and was about to come to me, when the owner of the patache cried angrily, "Allons, montez, jeune homme, ou bien je pars sans vous;" so that my young friend had hardly time to tell me that family matters had required his going to Bayonne, and prevented his return to Cauterets, and that on his way he had found means of earning a little at Lestelle, but must at once hasten to Lourdes, where his father was awaiting him, in order to depart the following morning on a last tour among the watering-places. "In eight days, however," said the youth, "we shall be at Bayonne, when I shall certainly visit the castle of the count, and in accordance with your permission will seek you in the Hotel St. Etienne."

As he spoke, the patache went on its way, and I walked to my suburban lodging. As I passed the church door, I saw a Capuchin friar fixing his eyes on me. Seeing that I had observed his earnest gaze, he merely bowed to me, and entered the building.

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CHAPTER VIII.

PERE FRANCOIS—THE CONFESSION.

THE concourse of pilgrims, male and female, the curious, the credulous, town and country folks from different parts, continued to assemble for a few days after the festival, but I avoided them by making excursions in the neighbourhood. I visited the adjacent village of Igon, the historically famous town of Coarraze, the ruins of the Ritterburg, where the "Bon Henri" was brought up under the care of the Baronne de Missans, Susanne de Bourbon, and where, clad in the costume of the peasantry of Bearn, he was inured to fatigue, and taught to endure hardships.

These ruins consist of but one tower and a gateway, over which the Spanish inscription, "Logue hade ser no puede faltar"—what is to be, shall be—is still legible.

I also saw the modern castle, built by M. Dufau, which is situated not far from the ruins, and whiled away some hours in the pretty place called Nay. The ground on which it stands was purchased, about the beginning of the twelfth century, from the monks of Santa Cristina for 360 sous and a horse. Around the church which was erected there houses soon arose, and afterwards factories were built. The religious wars obstructed the progress of this rising town, but it afterwards recovered, and is at the present day famous for its cloth and its basque caps. It now exports a large quantity of its products to Constantinople, particularly the "fez" worn by the Turks, and made in this town.

I would willingly have longer enjoyed the idyllic quiet to be found in Betharram, had not the too eager attentions of my friends' housekeeper made it almost impossible. What instructions the old bonne may have received I know not, but neither a plague-stricken passenger in the quarantine house at Malta, nor a state prisoner in Varignan, could have been watched more strictly than I was by the good Marie.

In vain I assured her that I wished to take my walks by myself. I could not go a step out of the village, without being followed by this ancient Argus. Her naïve communications, however, afforded me some amusement. With the most unbounded confidence she instructed me in all her private affairs and grievances, and betrayed at the same time almost inconceivable ignorance.

After a stay of four days in the beautiful valley of Betharram, I sent Marie to secure me a coupé place in the diligence, which was to pass through Lestelle next day, in order to pursue my journey to Pau. I took advantage of her absence to set forth on a long ramble alone.

I had scarcely reached a shady path which I saw in the distance, when I heard the sound of steps behind me. Fearing it might be the old

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bonne, I stopped to ascertain who my follower really was, and at once recognised the Capuchin monk, whom I had observed entering the church as I was speaking to Dieudonné the previous day.

"How happens it, reverend father," said I, "that you have wandered so far from your cloister?"

"I come hither to enjoy solitude and silent prayer," replied the monk. "Earnest thoughts and resolves have occupied my mind, since I saw you at the hotel at Lestelle. God has heard my prayers, and revealed to me His will. I must speak to you, lady, and if I had not met you here, I should have sought you in the village."

"Can you accompany me to my present residence?" said I, with no little surprise at his request.

"No, my daughter, that I cannot do, but the sun is not yet so low as not to leave us an hour of daylight. If you do not object, I will conduct you to some holy ground, where undisturbed solitude reigns. It is of the youth with whom I saw you in conversation that I have to speak to you."

We walked for some moments in silence.

"Has the youth been long known to you?" began the monk, Père François by name, as he informed me.

"Only for a few weeks," replied I, "but I have taken a very warm interest in his welfare."

"You have, perhaps, made particular inquiries about him, and know much of his family, his childhood, and his life up to the present time? If this is the case, you need not hesitate to confide to me all that has come to your knowledge, as it is not impossible that I may be able to make some important use of your communication, for the advantage of your *protégé*."

Surprised at these words, and excessively anxious to discover how the monk could have any influence on Dieudonné's future fate, I told him all I knew of the youth's exemplary life.

Père François listened to my words with deep attention. Every particular seemed to interest him, and the catastrophe of the fire lighted up his countenance with compassion and sympathy.

"And can men, in their unbelief, impute all that happens to fate and chance! Was it not the providence of God that induced you to write to Barèges? Was it not the same providence that took the youth to Panticosa, and through the loss of his violin, brought him again to the count—that gave you the wish to see Betharram, and caused me to arrive at Lestelle at the very moment you were in conversation with him?" exclaimed the excited monk, with energy and enthusiasm, the instant I had finished my narration.

We had by this time reached the spot to which he apparently wished to conduct me. He stopped suddenly, and seemed sunk in meditation;

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then he strode rapidly from one side of the plateau to the other, and after a short interval of silent devotion, he approached me with a serene and unruffled countenance, and said :

"I thank you, daughter, for your open-hearted communication, and will show you that you have no cause to repent the confidence you have placed in me."

We sat down on a bench, at the foot of a marble cross, and glancing his eye over the landscape, which glowed under the setting sun, the worthy Capuchin began :—

"In the month of April last, as I was returning home one evening, after a round of official visits, I encountered a messenger at the door of our convent.

"'I have already rung,' said the man, as I just put my hand upon the bell-handle.

"'And what is your business here, friend?' said I.

"'I come to fetch Père François to a woman who is very ill, and will have no one but him.'

"As I have had many years' experience in visiting the sick and dying, such a request did not surprise me.

"'I am Père François,' I said. 'I have only this moment returned from Urdains, and I must, therefore, first speak with the superior. If he will allow me, I will go with you immediately, if none of the other brothers will do.'

"The superior gave his sanction in a moment, and I was presently on my way to the hospital where the woman was lying.

"In an isolated room, appropriated to infectious diseases, I found a woman lying on one of the beds. She might have been between thirty and forty years of age, and though her countenance was marked by illness and suffering, there still remained the traces of great beauty. The nurse was away, at the moment I entered, and with the exception of the body of a child in one of the beds, the ward had no occupant beside the woman who had sent for me.

"'Are we alone?' asked the poor woman, at the same time making an effort to raise herself, and casting an anxious glance round the ward. 'Dare I tell you all that lies so heavy upon my mind?'

"'Do it without reserve. Your words will only be heard by a humble servant of God, who comes to bring you the means of heavenly consolation and strength.'

"'Oh, if that were only possible!' sighed forth the sick woman, with a look of unbelief that went to my heart.

"'Père François,' she said, 'I am struck with an incurable disease. Nothing can restore me. The nearer my last hour approaches, the more dreadful appears to me the life I have led; and although I do not believe either in another world or in the forgiveness of sin, yet I have

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determined to endeavour, by confession, to lighten my heart of the load which oppresses it.

"'The seductive path which I have trodden is so far removed from the life of virtuous self-sacrifice which you have chosen, that the name of the once celebrated and applauded Estrella can scarcely ever have met your ear. Yes, holy father, the miserable object in whom you now can recognise only the victim of disease and recklessness, was not long since the far-famed star-rider, whose feats of horsemanship the chief people of every city flocked to witness, whose favours were sought by the highest, and who, blinded and infatuated by worldly homage and enjoyments, did not scruple to destroy the hopes of many a parent, and the peace of many a married pair. And yet Providence provided me with a worthy and honourable husband, who might have constituted the happiness of any woman who was not ever the slave of such mad passions as were mine.'

"'The homage which my youth and beauty awakened, the brilliant triumphs which awaited me wherever I went, were not sufficient, however, to compensate me for my childless marriage. It was in vain that my husband represented it to me rather as fortunate than otherwise, seeing that family cares and duties would have so greatly interfered with my career of success. My dearest wish was to have a child of my own, whom I could educate in my profession; and the opposition my husband offered to my frequent propositions that we should adopt one, had an effect on my mind which was followed by the worst consequences.

"'About four years after our marriage, we found ourselves here in Bayonne, with a well-appointed circus.

"'During one of the most beautiful scenes I had ever devised, my eyes fell upon a bright fair-haired boy, who attracted my admiration and longing to the highest degree. But it seemed as if God would punish me for the sinful thoughts which were rising in my heart. I was, at the time, performing the part of the Goddess Diana, and while the applause was at the loudest, shrieks burst from all parts of the building, and there was a cry that the place was on fire! Oh my father, what a scene it was!'

"And here the poor woman fell back on her couch exhausted, and covered her face with her hands, as if the picture of the catastrophe were before her eyes.

"'Don't dwell on this sad recollection, my daughter,' said I, 'it will only exhaust you, and is needless and causeless.'

"'No, Père François, do not think that. You must hear all, know everything, before you can free me from the distress which presses me to the earth, and will not let me either die or recover.'

"'Comfort and peace may yet revisit your heart, my daughter,' I said. 'But try to pursue your narrative of an occurrence, which is

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indeed not quite unknown to me, as I was in Bayonne myself when it happened.'

"'What, my father, were you a witness of our misfortunes? Then you well know what a panic struck the city on that dreadful night. We could save nothing but our lives, and a few horses which would allow themselves to be led out of the building. Among these was the white mare, to which so much of my renown was due. Wrapped up in a shawl which I hastily threw over my Diana dress, I was trying to escape through the flames, when, from beneath a fallen beam, a child's cry struck my ear. I turned to the spot, and saw the very boy who had before attracted my longing eyes. I snatched him up, and concealing him under my shawl, rushed to a part of the town where I knew my husband had left a small carriage and the old horse which usually drew it. It was all the work of a few minutes; I had hardly quieted the poor frightened stolen child, when the noise of a horse's hoofs made me fear that I was pursued. How great was my joy, when the light of the fire showed me that it was my own beautiful mare! The intelligent creature, as if participating in our misfortune, had followed me like a dog. I left her to watch over the carriage and the old horse and the sleeping child, and again hastened back to the circus, but had not got half-way, when I ran against my husband, who was seeking me. He told me, in a tone of despair, that everything was lost, and that he had determined that we should at once leave the unfortunate city, where we had not only lost everything we possessed, but where we should probably have difficulties with the police, on account of the fire. That, therefore, Jean and I should go on at once with the little he had saved from the flames, and that he would follow us as soon as possible. Nothing could have suited my purpose so well. Accordingly we started, and having driven about thirteen kilometers, we rested in a wood till daybreak. As soon as I perceived that Jean was asleep, I availed myself of the concealment of the wood, to burn the clothes of my little stolen child. I preserved nothing, save an ornament which hung round his neck, a locket containing two locks of hair twined together.

"'My satisfaction at having accomplished what had so long been the object of my desires was so great that it not only turned my thoughts entirely from our losses, but did not allow any feeling for the sufferings which the boy's parents must be enduring to enter my head. But when my husband joined us in a few days, and saw the addition to our party, he overwhelmed me with reproaches, and told me I had been guilty of a crime which the instant restoration of the child to its parents could hardly expiate.

"'To such a course, however, I could not bring myself to listen, and I opposed it with such pertinacity that it never was put into execution. Dieudonné, for so I named the boy, continued to share our fate, and

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although the amiability of his character, and the docility which he displayed, overcame my husband's opposition, and indeed won his affection, the consciousness of unlawful possession caused much dissension, and destroyed for ever the good understanding that had always existed between us.

"'Our circumstances once more flourished, thanks to my husband's excellent management and my increasing popularity. Dieudonné grew up into a fine, talented youth. During a stay we made in the Basque country, he became very expert in the use of stilts, and could run about and dance on them with great agility. My instructions made him an excellent rider, and from my husband, who was a performer on the violin, he learnt that art also. He had great affection for us both, and later, when I myself became a mother, and when the cares of an increasing family occupied me much at home, he exercised his little talents to our advantage.

"Dieudonné was about thirteen years old when my husband succeeded in procuring me a capital engagement in a new company of equestrians. M. Gilbert, the chief rider in the troop, was a very handsome and agreeable man. The daily and familiar intercourse which our professional employments necessitated between him and me, as we always performed together, inclined me but too much to favour the love which he professed for me. Possessing neither virtue nor strength of mind enough to resist the temptation, I listened to his proposal that we should fly together, and neither the honour of my husband, nor the future prosperity of my children, were motives sufficiently strong to balance or outweigh the force of my passion.

"'Ah, my father, I allowed myself to go deeper into sin; for when the little we possessed had been spent, and I remarked that Gilbert, whose jealousy would not allow me to appear anywhere in the exercise of my profession, was much depressed by our increasing poverty, the fear that he would abandon me suggested to my mind a shocking act of selfish wickedness.

"'Although we were living under a feigned name, and going about from place to place, and my family never knew where we were, we always took care to inform ourselves where the circus was for the time established. I therefore knew that my husband had fallen ill in consequence of fatigue and great distress of mind; that he, owing to an accident that befell him at Lille, had left it, and that the whole family was dependent on poor Dieudonné's exertions alone.

"'But all this made no impression on my blunted feelings for them; on the contrary, it put into my mind a plan of preserving my influence with Gilbert, by actually robbing my suffering husband of his only valuable possession.

"'I knew that his violin was a very valuable one, and I knew from a

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certain Monsieur Jean, an employé of the circus, that he still retained it, that its sale was to be a last resource, and that meantime it was entrusted to Dieudonné, and used by him in his performances. To this same Monsieur Jean I looked for the execution of my project, and found no scruples on his side. To be brief, he succeeded in buying it of the youth for 200 francs, and sold it the same day to a musical instrument maker for five times that sum.

"'But the day of retribution was not far distant!

"'Our ill-gotten gold soon melted away, and with it the intoxication of the false happiness which had beguiled me. Gilbert left me. My youth and beauty were things of the past—what could I do? I dared not appear again before the eyes of husband or children, and the life of the last year had unfitted me for my profession. Degraded and pressed down by misery, I sank into the lowest gulf of lust, and slid rapidly into the last stage of wretchedness and sin.

"'Oh, my father! as I lie alone in this bare chamber, during the watches of the night, when not even the groans of a fellow-sufferer interrupt my sad thoughts, when bodily pain and the pangs of conscience drive sleep away from my aching eyes, then terrible visions come across me—I hear the grieving cries of the despoiled parent, the imprecations of my enraged husband, the plaints of my mother-deserted babes—I see Dieudonné, that excellent youth, to whom my wishes gave a splendid future, degraded into a mountebank, wandering wearily from town to town and village to village, to earn a precarious poor livelihood for himself and his supposititious parent. I see my poor little Alexander, crippled by the carelessness of others, and from the loss of a mother's care, crawling about without hope of cure; and who but I, the undutiful wife, the unfeeling mother, should bear the blame of all this misery? Oh, my father, my father! Pity me, pity me, and do not let me die without one word of comfort and forgiveness!'

"Scarcely had she uttered this heartrending exclamation, when the sound of voices and feet was heard. The nurse entered the ward with the information that the undertakers were coming to remove the body of the dead child. I comforted the poor sufferer with the consolations of religion, and left her with the assurance of my return the following morning.

"The poor woman lingered nearly two months. I saw her almost daily. I administered to her the holy sacrament, and had the satisfaction of seeing peace and repentance established in her awakened soul.

"Some business for our superior sent me to St. Jean de Luz for about a week. On the day of my return I visited the hospital. A considerable change had occurred in the state of my penitent, though she

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still retained the full use of her mental faculties. She accurately described to me Dieudonné's features, and the fashion of his habiliments, and gave me the locket which the child wore when she stole him away from the circus; earnestly imploring me to do all in my power to discover the parents and restore him to them.

"The following morning I stood by the deathbed of Estrella. She received at my hands the last rites of our holy religion, and slept in peace."

At the moment at which Père François' narrative came to a close, the sun sank below the horizon. Quiet and repose reigned over the whole scene. No bird sang, no dog barked, no insect hummed, no leaf rustled to break the stillness of that evening. It seemed as though Nature breathed her lightest breath, as the full moon rose in silent majesty, to consecrate the narration of the worthy monk, and to waft the soul of his penitent to the realms of peace.

. . . . . .

"Notwithstanding all my inquiries, I had not succeeded in discovering the abode of Dieudonné and his family," continued the good father, after a long pause, "when, as I came from Bayonne hither, in a little place called Artizo, I saw an assemblage of people standing round a young stilt-dancer. His violin accompaniments, his face and figure, and his dress especially, all accorded with the description of Estrella, and I would willingly have remained there, while I endeavoured to become acquainted with the youth, had not my duties required my presence at Betharram at a certain time, and I dared not delay.

"When Providence, however, wills to assist our good purposes, the means are never wanting, and are sometimes supplied in an inscrutable manner. In my meeting with you, and in the interest you have taken in this youth, I see the hand of God, and a purpose which I must not neglect.

"I hold it to be my bounden duty to seek an interview with this Rosalind, whose communications to you awaken much hope in my mind. But it is high time that I should return to my convent. Farewell, my daughter, and may God's benison ever rest upon you!"

With these words the monk departed; and as he disappeared in the leafy shade of the opposite path, and left me to reflect on all that I had heard from his mouth, I seemed to be awaking from some wonderful dream!

(To be continued.)

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SEA-WEEDS.

THEY are not weeds—those graceful floating forms
That grow within the ocean's darkest caves—
They flourish 'midst the wildest tropic storms,
And float unharmed while the dark ocean raves.

They are the flowers of Neptune and his train—
Flowers that the mermaids tend with jealous care;
Our roses here have not more glorious reign
Than have these flowers in sandy gardens there.

They are more healthy than our garden flowers;
They fear not rain, nor dread the stormy blast—
They need no sun, require no gentle showers,
Nor lose their bloom e'en when their life is past.

They grow upon the keel of anchored ships;
They cling upon the tender, graceful shell;
From them the mermaiden her nectar sips,
And rides upon their stalks in ocean's swell.

As we do plant those flowers full of grace
That softly o'er a loved one's tomb do wave,
These monuments, O Nature, thou dost place
O'er many a loved one's lonely ocean grave.

A. M.

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COLONEL RANNOCH.

CHAPTER V.

ONE OF THE GRACES.

"THE fates are against us," said Jim Glanley to himself, as he rode home at the finish of the first meet of the season; "the fates are against us. I wish I'd staid at home, and yet—"

Then there came a great gush of revived love and happiness into Jim's heart, such as it had been a stranger to for many a day. Why should he turn faint-hearted, and grumble at the chance or Providence that had brought them together again? He did not ask them to come to the Larches, or know anything of the prospect of such neighbours; but Alice knew how near she would then be to him, and his heart began to thump hard against his ribs as he remembered this, and how the announcement had been almost the first words spoken to him by Alice. What did she mean? Was she glad to be near him? Loving him as she once had done, was it possible for them to meet daily as friends meet? Coming to the Larches must be a voluntary act on her part, and feeling as Jim knew now he did, he could not understand it.

Jim did not understand women; indeed, few men of his kind do. Any strong interest or attachment that binds a man and woman, not naturally related, together, is stigmatised as an unholy passion, or at least the gate to such. Friendship—pure, honest, and self-abnegating, such as is recognised between man and man—is ignored where the sexes differ, and is looked upon as an abnormal existence, sneered at as a platonic attachment, and vilified as a cloak for licentiousness of mind, if not of deed.

There is no recognition among these of the law of nature, that, teaching the weak to lean on the strong, shows how the very weakness of woman's character, by its necessity of greater sensibility, may prove a help and comfort to the greater and stronger nature of man.

A woman's vocation is to "minister;" and if, from worldly circumstances, she is baulked of this duty, the natural energy and tenderness placed in her heart by her Maker preys upon itself, and, warping the instincts of her nature, sends forth into society a deformed, discontented, and unsatisfied spirit.

"A friend sticketh closer than a brother," said the wisest of men; and so, in all times, could the experience of many testify. A friend, in the truest sense of the word, is a priceless treasure—a love far above all sensual or selfish instincts—honest, open, and secure—faithful under any circumstances, because, unlike passion, it looks for nothing again,

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and can exist alone, ready to make any sacrifice, bridging over any distance or division. And that such can and does exist between man and woman is not only true, but a truth to be marked as one of the happiest provisions of humanity, for, darkened as the lot of man may be, whether by his own or another's fault, crushed by care, broken by misfortune, condemned by self-appointed judges, there is still a bright spot left, still a light to remind that the sun is not set, still a hope of better things, when the voice, the love, and constancy of a friend can reach him.

This may, as Cowper says,

"Savour much of commonplace,"

yet as long as secretly, and whether it likes it or no, "all the world" does "admit them," so long will the few rejoice, and the lonely in the world's eyes know that all is not lost when a friend has been won.

Jim was wont to have his joke about such friendship; he did not believe in it, and none tried to convince him of the fallacy of his unbelief; but when he thought over the events of the day, and puzzled his brain as to what the coming months might or might not bring forth, he began to wonder involuntarily whether friendship might not be a real thing after all—a doubt Jim had to leave then and there unsolved, his meditations being cut short by the appearance of Colonel Rannoch, who, after the manner of men who have just accomplished a day's hunting, immediately began to discuss the events of the run; and so talking they rode on, until, at the entrance of the town, their ways divided.

"You seem to like the colonel, Jim," said Nora, as they stood in the dining-room after their return.

"Yes, I always did. Why didn't you wait for us, Ellice? He asked to be introduced."

Ellice turned round sharply.

"Did he? You'd better tell mamma. You've not heard on the subject of the colonel yet, I suppose, or you'd hardly ask me why I did not stop."

Jim laughed.

"I have been so used to hear the mother settling for you, Elly, that it don't make a very deep impression. I suppose she thinks you are taking too long, and require spurring on, and—"

Jim hesitated.

"Well?"

"Oh, nothing. I always get into a mess if I venture upon delicate ground; but I don't see why you are not to be civil to a fellow simply because he could marry if he'd a mind. But there, don't be angry. I'll say no more. I am going to get out of these things, and go and see Bella Wray."

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Now Bella was an old maid—one of three—who really ought to have had a chapter to themselves.

In years gone by, when Challoner was in its glory, that is to say, when the barracks were always filled; when the great folks who had houses there did not think it *infra dig.* to enjoy country town gaiety; when the earl kept state in the neighbouring castle, and entertained royalty itself—and royalty, in the shape of a right jovial duke, danced, gambled, and made love under the very shadow of the cathedral; in those days it was that Hannah, Bella, and Grizel Wray won their name of the "Irish Graces;" of which three, it was only a matter of private taste who was the loveliest. Hannah, generally speaking, gathered her admirers from among the church dignitaries, Grizel affected the law and learning, and Bella—bright, jovial, little blue-eyed Bella, all fun, frolic, and devilry—went in for the military element.

That none of the sisters had married was accounted for by their friends in divers ways. Some said they had aimed too high, and there were all those romantic hints of duels, dead lovers, and broken vows, that generally attach themselves to the early history of a spinster beauty.

The sisters were not given to make confidants; and although living amicably together, they each, according to the Scotch saying, went their "ain gait," and asked none advice.

Great were the changes the sisters had seen in Challoner, where the churchyard had grown to be the index of the happy days gone by. Bishops had been ordained and died; whole generations of babies had grown up, married, and passed away; regiment after regiment had flirted their spell of duty out; the old country squirearchy had given place to a faster race, who thought life not worth living for unless half of it was spent in London or on the continent; who filled their houses with grand folks, their stables with horses, and demoralised the country villages with a whole army of idle flunkies; who thought it a bore to dine at the palace, and never visited in the town, and yet whose better halves drove in and blocked up the narrow streets every day of their lives.

Amongst all this, the one unchanging element seemed to be the sisterhood at Muckross House, for so had the Wrays christened their pretty dwelling. They knew everybody, were visited by everybody, and the *fêtes* they gave were those *par excellence* of the season. Nobody thought of letting any other engagement come between them and one of the parties at Muckross. So Jim Glanley was by no means irregular in his admiration for Bella Wray; he was only doing as his father had done before him, and very likely his grandfather, too; for no one seemed to have any authentic record as to the length of time the Graces had borne sway.

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Jim did not take long to divest himself of his hunting garments. A warm bath is about the speediest way of clearing off stains physical, and revivifying the mental complexion, being, at the same time, about the quickest toilet a man can make. So he soon made his appearance in the hall again, and reached the close, wherein stood Muckross House, in good time.

A pretty housemaid opened the door for Jim, and smiled very sweetly upon him, Jim being a popular man with the domestics wherever he went; nor did she cease smiling, as, after some little delay in the hall, she walked upstairs with a much brighter colour in her face, and half-a-crown quietly grasped in her hand.

Bella was alone in the half dark drawing-room, and had been awakened from a nap by the ringing of the front door bell.

"Slap bang, here we are again," said Jim.

And Bella, jumping up, received him with open arms, suffering herself to be kissed after the fashion Jim had kept up since he was a very little child.

"What would your wife say, you big boy?" laughed Bella, still keeping hold of his hand, and looking affectionately up in his face.

"That I was a lucky fellow. By Jove, Bella, you grow younger every time I see you. Stir the fire, and let us have a look at you."

"And what wind blew you here, Jim?—a good one, I hope."

"Well enough; home sickness a little; hankering after Tym Clifton's view-hallo a little, and—but it's not fair to press me, Bella. Faith, you'll make me blush if I tell you what was the third hankering."

"Was there ever such a boy for the blarney? Sure, it's Nature made a mistake when you were born in England."

And Bella laughed as she turned out the brogue as richly as if she'd never spoken anything else.

"How are your horses getting on; do you still mean to carry off the blue ribbon some of these fine days?"

"Of course I do, and hope you'll be there to see it; the horses are the only things worth living for at Sledmere, and they are right good just now; I wish you could see them all."

"I wish I could, but there's no chance of that; I am glad I can see you now and then. What kind of run had you to-day?"

And Jim gave as clear a report as he could, and Bella, pouring out a tiny cup of tea, handed it, saying, "You've not forsworn tea, I suppose?"

"Not yours; and the dear little cups, how well I remember them; and when I broke one, don't you remember how we hunted every old china shop we could find, till you got one to match, and saved me a whipping from Hannah? I often wish those jolly old days were back again."

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"I suppose many of us would like to be children again, and have a new life before us," said Bella; "but I don't like hearing you say so, it's early days to begin to call life a bore. You've been a naughty boy, Jim, I am afraid, losing money, living too hard, or something; I'll have to begin and exercise an old woman's privilege, and read you a lecture."

"I wish to God you would; there's no one I'd rather hear one from, and I want it badly enough; I was always a reckless devil, but I am going to the dogs faster every day. Life is a bore, you said the right thing there, but I've not been gambling, more than common, or drinking more; I've only been playing second fiddle in my own house, and to my own wife, and got a sickener."

Jim stood up, and leaning his back against the chimney-piece, looked down at Bella with a bitter face, as she said—

"You must not talk that way, Jim; there are dark days in every man's lot, I have never known a life without them, but you know what we say in Ireland, 'It's always the darkest the hour before day.' I don't say you're wrong, and I won't say you're right; no one can judge truly for another, but I know this much, that if you've patience to do your duty, if you don't eventually win all you expect of happiness, you'll carry off a substitute that will serve pretty well."

"It's never too late to mend, Bella; that's your tune always. Well, but if there's nothing to mend, if the rent is too big to patch, and the ruin too complete to build up—what then?"

"It can never be that, Jim."

"You've not lived in the world I have, Bella, or you'd judge differently; the Quaker didn't kill the dog, you know, but he gave him a bad name; that's what happens often enough now, in my world; if you swear you are a sinner, they'll call you a saint."

"I don't like your world, then, Jim, and the sooner you try to reform it, or come out of it, the better. Our little world here will be a more lively one, now we've got the soldiers back; I declare it made me feel twenty years younger, when I heard the bugle in the morning, and the tattoo drubbing the men to barracks; all the girls will be getting married, there were some of them beginning to despair, I fancy, for the clergy look to money, now-a-days, and if there's an heiress to be found, you may be sure a parson will be hanging about near."

"It's never too late to mend, Bella; you'd better practise what you preach—example is better than precept."

"I'll wait till you're a widower, Jim, and then your experience will carry weight for age."

Jim laughed.

"Faith, then, I am afraid there's small hope for you, Bella, without her ladyship divorces me; and then I suppose you'd say I was neither

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married nor single, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. But I'll come and get a lecture to-morrow, it's dressing time now; you must sit by me at dinner, Bella; I'll have to take Mrs. Clive down, you know, and as I don't suppose she'll want to talk of the old days before she jilted me, and I'll be sure to let them drop in, we'll want you to keep the peace."

And having said this, half in and half out of the room, Jim went off with an easier mind.

CHAPTER VI.

DINNER AT THE FRIARS.

MRS. GLANLEY had made a study of the art of dinner-giving, and gained great popularity in the same; and this dinner party, which was now in progress, being the first of the winter season, and given especially for the new elements at the barracks, was to be a *chef d'œuvre*, and had cost the hostess much thought; first in the selection of the day, then of the company.

In choosing the evening of Tym Clifton's first meet, Mrs. Glanley had shown an admirable knowledge of human nature. Every man was in good humour, and there was an unfailing source of conversation in the events of the day. As to the guests she had done her best, but some of the members being necessarily strangers to each other, the result was in the hands of chance.

Ellice, remembering Jim's small lecture, submitted quietly to the necessary introduction to Colonel Rannoch, and, in spite of her tirade, was woman enough to wish to look her best; in which wish she had achieved success.

Jim took Mrs. Clive down to dinner, and, as he had arranged, got Bella Wray on his left hand. Bella knew well enough the old story of Jim's first love, and had suspected something of the truth as to Mrs. Clive's marriage. She had been very angry with Mrs. Glanley, still more angry with Alice, who, though in Bella's opinion not half good enough to be a desirable wife for Jim, had no manner of right to take her own way or use her own judgment in the matter. Woman are very inconsistent, where the happiness of one they are interested in is at stake.

Bella had been wroth against Alice, when she first discovered Jim's heart had been taken captive. She had called her a designing girl, snubbing her most unmercifully, wishing heartily that Jim would change his mind before it was too late; but when Alice herself suddenly put up the barrier between them, Bella turned on her, and spoke pretty strongly to Alice, who showed much more spirit than she had gained credit for, and indignantly pleading in her own defence, unintentionally let the sharp old lady see the true state of the case, where the pressure had been, and how deep and painful the secret wound remained.

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Bella remembered every word of that interview, as she sat opposite Mrs. Clive, and looked at her with an uncomfortable consciousness that she too must be thinking of the angry words and the cause. But, as far as appearances went, Bella might have spared herself any fear on that head. The change Jim had seen, and instinctively recognised, was visible enough to Bella. A few months, scarcely three years, had changed her so completely, that, saving for the features and the knowledge of her identity, Bella saw no traces of the girl who had thrown her old love from her, and passionately justified herself for the act.

At first sight the change was startling enough; but as she looked on, the complete alteration became almost marvellous. Alice was handsomer now than she had before given promise for; it was a beauty such as comes to some faces after suffering. Even as the refiner's furnace, purging away the grosser metal, leaves only the pure gold, so sometimes a strong spirit comes forth from the furnace of earthly suffering; all the lesser feelings cleared away, and only the great passionate spirit left, intensified, strengthened, and lifted far above the rest of mankind, whether for good or whether for evil remaining for time to show.

Alice's trial had been none the less real because the act was voluntary. No sooner had the sacrifice been made, and the power of escape gone, than she became conscious of the incompleteness thereof. She could break her faith to Jim Glanley, but she could not forget him. She could set up a barrier between them, and make the very thought of him a sin; but she could no more drive those thoughts from her heart than sin from the fallen world. She could swear to love her husband—to love, honour, and respect him; but, when a few short weeks' companionship taught her that neither honour nor respect were possible, what less perjury was there in giving up the faint attempts she had made to keep the marriage vow of love?

The passion that had driven Clive headlong until his marriage was consummated, soon died out; but he had grown used to Alice; the very indifference with which she met his wild flights was a relief; a woman who loved him would have bored him; he soon found out that Alice did not, that she gave herself up to him, and did her wifely duty, feeling a sort of pride in his talents, and the position which as his wife he had given her; he was quite content, congratulating himself upon the wisdom of his choice, and as she grew more used to society, and took her place among the women he admired most, both as a beauty and leader of the fashionable world, and when he knew that other men envied him, and crowded his wife's drawing-room, courting him, even as he had courted the husband of pretty women; and moreover, when he knew that Alice was invincible, and that no one could throw a stone at her discretion,

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his triumph was great; he had done a wise thing in lifting up the simple country girl to his throne; some people had laughed at his "poetic" marriage, and ladies had called Alice the "rustic beauty," and christened him King Cophetua—but let him laugh who wins. Clive hugged himself in his own wisdom, and dedicated his new poem to "the most perfect wife that lived," his "beloved Alice."

This book was just running the gauntlet of the critical world when the dinner-party at the Friars came off; and, as generally happens, when any one subject ought especially to be avoided, there entered into the conversation, at the foot of the table, a spirit of criticism upon various books which had lately come out; Jim, whose reading consisted of *Bell's Life*, the *Racing Times*, the *Field*, and, occasionally, the *Sporting Magazine*, knew very little about the books mentioned, barring their names, but he knew the writers of some, and—on the principle that it was impossible that figs could grow on thistles—was pretty strong in his language concerning them; and then somebody, forgetting all about Mrs. Clive, asked if he had seen the poems?

Jim's face grew dark; "No, I never read poetry—" he was going to say trash, but stopped the word in time; and Alice, addressing the questioner, asked if he liked her husband's book; so nothing more was said, they all felt they had been on dangerous ground, and were proportionately grateful to Mrs. Clive for her ready help.

Jim had looked up the table when Alice spoke of her husband, and Clive, sitting almost silent, in one of his grand and gloomy moods, did not please Jim any more than Clive flirting with Lady Morland had done.

No one could be happy with such a man—so Jim thought to himself—he was selfish, egotistical, cruel—he was a coward, and vicious, too—Jim would never have bought a horse with such an eye; and then, when the ladies had retired, and, thawed by the influence of copious potations of champagne, Clive began to propound some of those doctrines and ethereal ideas which puzzled people, and made his books sell, Jim, being no poet, and accustomed to call things by their usual names, did not take to Clive, and hated him with a bitterer hatred than he had done yet.

No one did much talking after dinner except Mr. Clive; Kealder, who seemed at first to side with him, suddenly shut up, when Clive, taking a recent scandal in the fashionable world as his key-note, began to assert virtue to be as unreal as unnecessary, giving a prose edition of one of his own poems.

Jim's face, during all this, was a sight to behold; the very anger and indignation boiling at his heart proved his greatest safety, and frightened him into silence. Tym Clifton, who always took ten minutes' nap after his port wine, woke up at last, and hearing just enough of Clive's talk to account for the restraint that showed itself in the other

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men, made a speedy movement for the drawing-room, saying to Jim, as they went—

"Don't mind him, he's drunk, and a brute, too;" Jim answered nothing, he was thinking of Alice only now, of what her life must have been, and his heart was in such a whirl of love and pity, that there is no saying what absurdity he would have done, if circumstances had not kindly stepped in to prevent his going straight up to his old love; nor did he find an opportunity of speaking until he was taking her to the carriage.

"Tym Clifton has asked me to Roodee, to-morrow—may I come?"

"Yes, do, I shall be glad—I wished to ask you to come, to-night, but you never spoke to me."

Jim crushed her arm against his side—some wild words were on his lips, but Tym joining them brought him to his senses, and reaching the door, a blast of snow came drifting in; Jim drew Alice's hood closer round her face, holding it until he put her into the carriage, and stood by the step, utterly oblivious as to the falling flakes.

Clifton was shuffling in the hall, and Kealder had gone back to look for Mr. Clive, who did not seem inclined to move.

"Do not stand in the snow," said Alice, "it is a dreadful night;" and she leant back in the corner, but Jim did not stir—he had her all to himself, and there seemed a perfect devil tearing at his heart; he must speak, even though he risked everything—and, leaning upon the seat, he was going to say some mad words of pity and love, when Clive's voice was heard, and he drew back with a curse, and not a blessing on his lips; Clifton came out, too, and there was no further excuse for Jim standing bare-headed in the storm. Mr. Kealder was on the doorstep looking up at the tower of the cathedral with an ugly scowl.

"Bad look out for the 'Golden Gorse-meet' to-morrow," he said, bringing his eyes down as Jim brushed past; "you are coming over, I believe; I heard Clive saying he meant to do something at billiards. I'll be off to town to-morrow if this lasts."

And then the carriage moved away, and another drew up, in that silent, muffled way wheels go in snow; and Jim turned into the dining-room, where, by the half-extinguished fire, he stood till the slamming of the great door told him the house was cleared of its guests; then he went upstairs again, and found his mother and sisters sitting by the fire discussing the dinner.

"It went off well, didn't it, James?" asked Mrs. Glanley.

"Capitally; you've a first-rate cook, mother, and I never tasted better wine anywhere—Smith ought to give you a percentage for selling his wine. I saw the colonel taking down his address from Tym. What do you think of Rannoch? He's a fine fellow to look at, isn't he, mother?"

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"A very handsome man, and so polished; I knew he was one of the great clan of Rannoch, and it seems his uncle is the head of it. I remember his mother so well. Everybody raved about her; but handsome as he is, he has not a look of her; all his good looks come from the Rannoch side; he will have the old place, I suppose, when his uncle dies; the brother who was older than his father left no children; there was something sad or disgraceful, I don't remember which, occurred, he left the country and was outlawed; I think it was a duel, and something about cheating at cards, but they kept it very quiet. I wish you would try to like men of that kind, Ellice, it seems to me as if you never cared to talk to men unless they were half grooms—now there is that Mr. Kealder, a man without a shadow of real good breeding, you sat and talked to him all night, and you seem really to dislike Colonel Rannoch."

"On the contrary, I like him, mamma," said Ellice, yawning. "I quite agree with you; he is a very Bayard, a sort of animated ghost of the spirit of chivalry. Are you ready for your pipe, Jim? I want to hear all about the odds for the spring handicap; don't be shocked, mamma, we'll do our stable talk in Mrs. Jones's room, if you'll call me as you go down, Jim. I'll go and take this dress off. Goodnight, mamma, I hope the Bayard will preside over your dreams. I am sure you will over his, for he flirted abominably with you."

"Did you ever see such a girl in your life?" said poor Mrs. Glanley, as the door closed behind Ellice.

"I wish I oftener did, mother, and six men out of seven will say the same, so don't bother yourself. It's late now, and I daresay you are tired; it must be a great nuisance to entertain so many people, and keep them all going as you always do," and with this pleasant little compliment Jim followed his sister's example, nor were Nora and Mrs. Glanley long behind.

Presently Jim put his head into Ellice's bedroom; "Are you ready for the pipe, Elly? I'm going down."

"All right, I'll come in a minute, Mrs. Jones will have seen to the fire."

Ellice found her brother duly installed in an old-fashioned corner chair, placed close beside a well-covered little table, where brandy, sherry, soda, and seltzer, showed the housekeeper's appreciation of the smoker's wants; things were very cosy, and Jim, arrayed in a gay Algerian dressing-gown, some of his spoils in the wandering days, with necktie off, and slippered feet, looked a very different piece of humanity to the black-coated, white-chokered gentleman, who had helped the fish for his mother's guests; nor was it until Ellice had pulled her chair close up to his, that she saw the dark rims round his eyes, or the big vein standing out across his forehead—an ominous sign, as all Jim's close acquaint-

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ances knew; the cigar was rolling uneasily to and fro in his hot lips, too, and a tumbler at his elbow showed that Mrs. Jones had not provided brandy in vain.

Jim stooped forward, and knocked the ash off his cigar.

"Do you believe in dreams, Elly?"

"No—that is, I don't know; you don't, do you?"

"Well, I'll tell you a rum one I had the night before coming here, and then you'll see. First, though, you must remember I didn't know a bit about the Clives being at Roodee, and couldn't have told Clive from Adam, never having seen him. Well, I dreamt that I was at Roodee, and that Alice was there; there was snow upon the ground, and she would go out, calling me to come after her, and I went; following on, on, on, I didn't know where, till I was footsore and weary, till my brain seemed on fire, and my heart a lump of ice; till I cried out for her to stop, or to let me go back to bring help, or to wait till I came up to her; but she would do none of them, she only went forward until she got to the side of a great black gulf, and while she was running up and down, looking for a bridge, I got up to her, and made a snatch at her; I felt her hand, and shouted that I had got her at last, and she must come back, when Clive—I knew him again directly, the beast—sprang up from the pit and dragged her down. I would have gone, too, but I couldn't, not even though she held my hand until her fingers seemed to drag the skin and flesh away with them, and I awoke shaking and sweating, with my face all wet with tears. Now, what did it all mean? She is at Roodee, and there's snow, and I am going—she told me to come."

Ellice's face flushed.

"What made her tell you to go, Jim?"

But Jim did not answer, he had suddenly bethought him that a flirtation with another man's wife, and what the wife might say, was hardly a subject for discussion with a sister, so he turned his cigar round and round, and said nothing.

"She's altered a good deal, Jim," went on Ellice, knowing very well that her brother would just then talk of nothing except Alice, and willing to humour him, if so she might gradually lead him on to speak rationally of her, and make up his mind to meet her; for Ellice had learnt the story by heart, and felt very much as Bella Wray did concerning Alice.

"What a blackguard he is!" responded Jim, clenching his hand, and bringing out an ugly word.

Ellice looked in his face, but seeing something there she did not care to see again, something that made her blood run cold, she looked back into the fire, and laid her cool firm grasp upon his wrist, and so sat for some three or four minutes, her quiet steady grasp quieting Jim's

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passion; presently he spat out the end of his cigar, which he had mangled unmercifully, and before he lifted up his hand to get out another, looked down with a rueful glance at the long white fingers braceletting his wrist, saying—

"What a queer doctor you are, Elly; my pulse was going like one o'clock when you took hold of me, and now it's as quiet as a baby's. I won't talk that way any more, dear. I want another weed, so you may unhand me, Mrs. Doctor. This snow will put a stop to the hunting for a bit; you might just as well go over to Roodee with me to-morrow. Hang the cigar, it won't light. Alice is doing the honours, she'd like to have you better than that harridan, Lady Morland, with her great rolling eyes;" and Jim spat out an ugly word again, remembering the scene at the breakfast.

"But I suppose the mother would object; she don't like that fellow Tym is so thick with," then there was a pause, and Jim smoked awhile in silence.

"I say, Elly, I hope you'll be careful when you choose. It's a dreadfully chancy thing, getting married; upon my soul, too, I think it's worse for a woman than a man; we can knock about, and find ways to kill time, and have some fun, even if the wife does give us sour looks at home; I've made a mistake, Elly, as you know pretty well, and you shall not get into the same box if I can help it."

"You don't look as if you were joking, Jim, but are you serious?" And Ellice's face lost all its mocking defiance as she spoke.

"I am."

"Then please explain. I've no chance of making a mistake in marriage as long as I don't marry."

"How long will that be?"

"Jim, for goodness sake explain yourself! What are you driving at? You've taken too much of that new port!"

"Nonsense, girl, sit quiet and listen; here goes—who's Mr. Kealder?"

A deep flush, a contraction of the forehead, and an angry exclamation, were Ellice's answer.

"There," said Jim, piteously, and dropping his cigar. "I knew I'd put my foot in it; there's no good getting out of temper with a poor devil for wanting to do you a good turn. I'm only doing my duty, Elly. If it wasn't that I lead such a dog's life myself, I'd may be not have thought so much of the risks—though there's more than that, too—but it's sickening work, and enough to frighten a man, when he sees one he cares for in danger of getting into a similar mess."

"Poor Jim!" Ellice laid her hand in Jim's and he held it tight; for a while both were silent.

"I say, Elly, who *is* he?"

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"Who is who, Jim?"

"Kealder, to be sure."

"Oh, don't begin that nonsense again! I forgot, when you were speaking of yourself. I know nothing about the man, and don't care a bit to know, only that I think there's something queer—something double—in him, and my curiosity is excited. I'm only a woman, you see."

"Then you don't care a rap for him?"

"Of course not; how can you be so silly? I only want to find him out; Tym Clifton is so easily taken in, and is such a dear kind old man, I feel sorry for him."

"Take care, Elly, you'll get yourself into a fix. You're very clever, I know, and all that, but you see you cannot expect to be a match for a blackguard who is living on his wits, and always throwing dust in the eyes of other men. Let Tim fight his own battles, he's big enough and old enough; and if he wasn't so pig-headed about his own opinions, one might do him a good turn, but if I did say a word against that fellow, he'd be up in arms directly."

"Do you know anything of him?"

"No, but I know enough of men's faces and manners to see that he has a double—"

"Ah! I am sure of it," and Ellice gave a deep sigh of conviction. "I wish you could stay, Jim."

"And unearth him, poor beggar! It's not enough to have a little vixen like you worrying at him, but I must come too! No, no, I am very glad I'm out of the way, Miss Elly; only take you care, you've plenty of sense, and if you're not in love with him will do very well. I daresay it's nothing after all; we don't many of us carry our hearts on our sleeves, or blubber out our heartaches to every friend one meets. But I say, Elly dear, you are getting oldish, you know; and would it not be prudent—eh! sensible, I mean—just to try and make up your mind who to take? There's half-a-dozen fellows I know would offer if you gave them a chance; good fellows, too, and likely to make you happy. Now suppose I ask one or two of them, those you don't absolutely dislike, and then you can come, and—"

Ellice began to laugh, though somehow the tears were in her eyes too, and her voice was not so clear as usual.

"You'll trot them out, in fact? Well, name the most likely."

Rather perplexed, and conscious that he was getting out of his depth, Jim did as he was bid, and ran over the names of four or five of his friends; Ellice putting in her comments in such a comical way that Jim came to a sudden stop, and taking a long look at his sister, said,

"But, by Jove, Elly, you cannot marry them all, you know!"

"You are in earnest, then, you dear Miss Matchmaker?"

"I was, indeed, but you are too many for me; I'll wash my hand

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of you. Don't tell the mother what I am going to say, but take my advice, choose for yourself; or if you're in doubt, write me a line—telegraph if you're in an awful hurry—and I'll run over and see what the lucky man is made of. Men, you know, can tell better what a man is fit for than you girls can; you needn't laugh, I daresay we are blind enough sometimes, and often make confounded fools of ourselves, but it's only when a pair of white hands gets up to tie the bandage."

"Well, the short and the long of it is, that I am not to judge for myself—only not to take mamma's judgment! And when I think I'm over head and ears in love, I am to send for you, and sit patiently by until you give my chosen one a character. I don't mind saying yes to the bargain, Jim, and I believe I shall have a good chance of being happy if we abide by it; but I'll ask your advice before I run the risk of losing faith in my own judgment of your kind."

"Will you really, on your honour?"

"On my honour," laughed Ellice, holding out her hand. "There, on my honour, you unbelieving man!"

"Then I'll stick by you, Elly. And though I'm not the most discriminating in women, and know a precious sight more of the equine than the human race, I'll do my dead best to keep you clear of the rock I split on."

"Poor fellow, I wish you had it all to do over again!" and Ellice put her arm round her brother's neck, for he had thrown away his second cigar, and she knew that was the limit, and that he meant to say good night.

"Bah! I'd be as big a fool as before. See, my baccy's done; a good sleep will be a treat. God bless you, Elly, you are a dear little sister, don't forget a poor reckless comfortless mortal in your prayers!"

Ellice made no answer in words, but the good night kiss left a tear on his cheek, and something very like a sob caught his ear as she shut the door of her room; nor was it only fancy. Ellice, who was by no means given to tears, was really weeping; and, sitting down, she laid her face upon her hands and cried right bitterly, not for her own lot, lonely and unfortunate as her mother tried to make her believe it to be. Ellice had never been right down in love; the passing attractions that had for a short time awakened something like the feeling, had never stood the test of better acquaintance, or been sufficient to make weight against the real rest, ease, and comfort of her own home.

Her tears were now wrung forth by the misery which she saw, too plainly, had fallen to her brother's share; she loved Jim dearly, better than anyone else in the world just then, and she felt very bitterly against the wife who had brought all that reckless, hopeless, and restless nature to light, and to whose charge Ellice was very fain to lay all her brother's shortcomings.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE RANNOCH EYE AT FAULT.

COLONEL RANNOCH'S sister was quite right when she said, "he was not one to shirk a trial." He had never, for an instant, thought of refusing the proferred command, because it necessarily took him to a place every reminiscence of which was full of pain.

The laird had bidden him set the witch's curse at defiance, and prove the days were too enlightened for such old world fancies, by forgetting the false love of his first manhood, and now in his prime bringing a wife for the old man's blessing; but scarcely had the words been spoken when out from the veiled past there came a voice of reproof; and the letter from the Horse Guards held an irrevocable answer to the old laird's prayer.

Had anyone told Angus Rannoch that he was a fatalist, he would have denied the charge indignantly; and yet that he was so was evidenced by the most important actions of his life; among men fatalism is oftener felt and acted upon than acknowledged; the belief comes so gradually that its advent is unnoticed, and the mischief unseen until the disease is rooted—nor does there seem much to marvel at that it is so, especially with those accustomed to face death daily, and in every shape. A man sees his comrades struck down beside him, hears the death messenger whistle past, nay, often feels the very icy breath upon his face, and yet, day after day, he comes out scathless.

He knows he is not so much better than other men that Providence should so specially protect him; he knows, too, that neither is he so much worse than other men as to merit an application of the old saying that "the devil is kind to his own." If he reasons on the matter at all, the mystery becomes deeper and the difficulty greater. If he takes it, as is much more frequently the case, as a thing of chance—chance meaning fate—he grows callous to what the world calls danger.

Death may be at openly at close quarters every day, but so long as his time has not come he is safe.

Colonel Rannoch had gone through an amount of active service, such as seldom falls to the lot of man. He had faced death in every shape. Battle, murder, and sudden death, plague, pestilence, and famine were to him stern realities, and yet at forty he was without a scratch or aching limb, and with a brain as clear as it was strong. Nothing seemed to hurt him, and though the curse had fallen upon the heart of love and withered it to the very core, there remained outwardly no sign of the fiery trial; it was as if the very violence of the

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fire had destroyed even the power of suffering; so at least thought Angus himself, until the new appointment came, and as the wounds of the murdered man will break forth and bleed if the death-dealer comes nigh, so the first approach to a revival of old memories opened up the heart wounds, and he began to see how near his uncle's hopes had been of fulfilment, how deeply the sores were cauterised over, and his wrongs forgotten, when in the misty light of a summer day dawn the grey spire of Challoner Cathedral loomed up, pointing, like a warning finger, to the story of his life.

How many years had passed since in the twilight of a summer night he had first looked up at the same grey spire! It was unchanged—but what else about him was not changed—mind, body, hopes and desires, all that had seemed worth living for, had passed away, and faded out of his life—and yet he was alive still, and the world was much the same sort of world as it had been before.

He had never thought to look at that spire again, and had it depended solely upon himself, he never would have seen it; but, as Effie said, he was not one "to shirk a trial," and when he knew that Challoner was the place whereat he was to hold his appointment, he accepted it as his fate. Still, the first look at the spire made him shudder; then a gleam of sunshine, breaking through a bank of dark cloud, glinted against the stone, and clothed it in a flood of light, and a cloud of white pigeons sailing round, made Angus think of angels' wings, and hail it as a better omen.

The road to the barracks from the railway station lay past the entrance to the bishop's palace, and Angus, leaning back in the cab which was carrying him to the "George," recognised the grim old oaken gates, studded all over with great nails, weatherbeaten and battered in the warlike days; there was a new lodge, however, and a dainty-capped damsel was peeping out of an upper lattice-window; a saucy smile unclosed her red lips as her eyes met the colonel's, and a wondering look was directed to the luggage piled on the roof of the cab—then the corner was turned, and the driver clattered noisily across the square, and into the stable-yard of the hotel.

An old post-boy hobbled up to the cab-door, and stared hard at the colonel as he walked up the steps.

"Dashed if I han't seen him afoor!" he muttered. "Wot's 'is name, Dick?"

"He be the colonel at the barracks—Rannoch his name be."

The other scratched his head—"Rannoch be it—Rannoch? No, that ain't a name as I knaw; I doan't often forget a face, and there's something in his," pointing over his shoulder, "that strikes a man. You're sure it's Rannoch?"

"Yes, you positive old fool; and what's the odds to you—he didn't

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steal anything from you when you see'd un afoor, did he?" and Dick laughed at his own joke, winking at the cabby, who was walking into a pint of beer in honour of an extra tip from the colonel.

"Noa, 'e didn't; but 'e stool someut fro' someun else, Master Dick, that 'e did."

"Raly now, Peter, take care wots thou saying, he'd make very little o' that wizened carcase o' thine, would the colonel. Lord, what a shoulder he had—fit to fell an ox, let alone a post-boy! But wot did he steal, Peter?"

"You'd like to noo, wouldn't ye, now?" and Peter chuckled, and thrust his hands into a pair of baggy and antiquated cord breeches. "'E doan't look as if 'e wanted money, do 'e?"

"No, not exactly; a genelman as keeps such hosses as the colonel's man brought down this week, doan't look like wantin' money—it seems you've mistaken your callin', yo' weren't born to be a detective hofficer—we be all born for summut; your mother had a post-boy in her eye when yo' comed into the world, Peter."

"Yours had a deal worser thing than that," growled Peter, slouching away. "I'm not agoin' to tell 'ee wot the gent as the colonel favours stole. Gents do change their names by times, easier than they shift a pair o' peepers like his. Lord, I 'most ken feel that thrashin' 'e give I, yet," and Peter shrugged his round shoulders. "I'd know that 'ere cane among a thousand, that I 'ood."

"Holloa, Peter, what the devil are you muttering about—you look as if you'd taken something that disagreed with you?"

"Maybe I hev," and Peter held his head down lower, and walked on.

"Come none o' your cheek, old fellow, keep that for your equals—has the colonel come?"

"E'es, colonel's come—wot's is name, now?"

"What's that to you? Rannoch it is, Rannoch of Rannoch—the 'devil's own,' the niggers; poor devils, called him."

"He never had no other name, did he, Mister Brown?"

"No. Why d'ye ask? If you begin sayin' anythink against my master, I'll break every bone in your miserable body, you snivellin', sneaking, little jackanapes!"

"Let I be, sir—let I be!" shrieked Peter, for Mr. Brown had taken the little man by the collar, and was giving him an admonitory shake, just to show him what he might expect if he didn't take care what he was about. "Bah!" cried the groom at last, spitting as he spoke, "you ain't worth shakin'—get out of my way, will you? and just let me hear you so much as whisper my master's name—even in your sleep—and"—

"You're wanted, Brown!" cried a chambermaid; "the colonel's come."

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"All right, my darling, I am coming! And, you cursed little sneak, let me catch you at any of your games, and I'll kick you from here to the Land's-End, and you'll get little rest there, for the Cornish men like none o' your sort," and, turning on his heel, the groom walked down the yard, saying, under his breath—

"And should Trelawney die,
And should Trelawney die,
There's twenty thousand Cornish men
Shall know the reason why!"

CHAPTER VIII.

ALICE MAKES HER FIRST ATTEMPT.

HAD one the power to unroof a house in the dead of night, how many sleepless eyes and lighted rooms would we see! How strangely different would the real life picture appear when compared to the farce acted a few hours before in the drawing-room. Take away the laces, the silks, flowers, and jewels, send the maid to bed, and then look at the poor, worn, heart-sick actor.

Alice had performed her part downstairs, she had acted the rôle she had laid down for herself, and this had been all the easier because Lady Morland monopolised Jim, turning over Clive, much to that gentleman's indignation.

Jim was not always so patient under the infliction of her ladyship's ardent friendship as he was that night; but it served his purpose to keep away from Alice, and accordingly he flirted his best with Lady Morland, and drove Clive nearly mad with jealous rage.

Alice was, for once in her life, grateful to Lady Morland, and not sorry to see Jim flirting; she had dreaded, just a little, his coming; thinking how she could talk to him without showing her interest over quickly or over much.

Perfectly confident in the purity of her own friendship, Alice fancied she was quite safe; quite able, so she told herself, to counsel, warn, and help the man she had once loved with a different sort of love, and whose reckless, wretched life, she secretly, and in her own heart and prayers, took to her charge.

He had never uttered a reproach to her, but her eyes had seen, and her ears heard, the moral to the sad story; and self-reproach is harder than any open condemnation.

Nor was it altogether new—this great overflowing feeling of pity and tenderness. Rumours of his way of life had reached her from time to time, and you may be sure she was always on the look-out for any

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stray tidings of him, and brought all the cunning of her nature, poor soul, to work to fall in with people she thought likely to know him, or give her ever so slight tidings of him. She had written regularly to Ellice, hoping she might thus hear or even see his name written, anything that would serve to show he and she were still in the same world, that they might meet some day, and that they could now and then hear each other's names, as acting out the parts taken by themselves. But Ellice had avoided Jim's name as a painful subject.

When Mr. Clive was looking out for a house in England, and in the lists sent by agents, Alice came across "the Larches," she set her wits to work to make her husband take the place. It was within a mile of Sledmere, and to be near Jim, near enough to see him often, to have the chance of meeting him accidentally at any hour or time, to feel when she woke in the morning that the day might not be all a blank, but above all to see his wife, to judge for herself of his home life, was, to poor Alice's judgment, the greatest good the world could give her now.

There is an old saying which tells us of the danger of playing with two-edged tools. Alice had heard it, doubtless, as most of us have done; but, as many of us too may also have done, she did not acknowledge the application. She believed in her friendship, in unselfish love, and, above all, she believed in herself.

This was one of Mrs. Clive's strong points, belief in her own strength; the first sample of which, and that to which in all her secret self-examinations she looked back to verify her trust in herself, was the act that had brought her to what she was, the determination which had led her to sacrifice herself, rather than stand in Jim's light; she had taken great credit to herself at first, and tried hard and persistently to keep up the feeling. She believed in herself, and talked much of the strength of women's characters, and the power of will when rightly directed. Then, too, she had a mighty contempt and abhorrence for women who broke the seventh commandment; men, in the abstract, she was inclined to commiserate; she did not stop to analyse her reasons or reason, but it was not her husband's shortcomings that awoke this charity, when she grew eloquent in defence of some excommunicate of the more privileged sex—it was not of Mr. Clive she was thinking; Mr. Clive was at least decent in his sinning, and very careful to observe the usages and requirements of society. If he gambled he did so in the company of men the world was too wise to condemn; if he made love to his neighbour's wife, the flirtation was carried on, as hundreds of the like are, with at least an outward show of propriety. He never lost his head either with play or women, and thought a great deal too much of the world and its advantages to risk its applause for any such ephemeral gratification. So Mrs. Clive was not thinking of her

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husband when she condemned the state of society so strongly, and said that it was hard that what was called unpardonable or disgraceful in one man, should be slurred over as a scrape when a favourite of fortune was the principal.

This great energy to befriend Jim, or, as she thought, to save him, had been the mainspring upon which her being had hinged for months past; and so impressed had she become with this self-chosen vocation, and the honesty of her motives, that the chances of any misinterpretation on Jim's part had never crossed her mind. Her meaning was so clear to her own mind, that she could not but believe it must be equally clear to him.

When he came upon her so unexpectedly that morning at Roodee, this philosophy of hers had received a shock, and she had been so occupied in getting her own feelings in hand, and bringing all the wild thoughts to order, that she had not noticed Jim's manner of acting or speaking; and when she thought over the meeting, and how he had never come near her the whole evening at the Friars—only when he handed her to the carriage—and seemed so strange and unlike himself that she fancied he was not quite sober—when she thought of all this, in the quiet wakeful night, she told herself that she had been laying that to her charge for which there was no foundation; that Jim had never loved her well enough to grow reckless because she did not marry him, and then—after crying, inconsistently enough, over the fact—she quieted herself with this true woman's comfort, that she might think of him as much as she liked now; that because he did not care for her there was no danger; and that she only knew what a fool she had been, or how false her dreams had turned out to be.

She had the martyrdom all to herself, so there need be no shrinking on her part.

Love, we all know, is blind—blind as often to his interests as to his wrongs.

Jim little knew the truth, or suspected what Alice was thinking of. But he knew how near the edge of the precipice he had been as he stood beside the carriage-door, with the snow floating down upon him. And when one has fully realised an escape from a sudden and imminent peril, it is hard to divest oneself of the feeling that the story is not visible in every action or expression.

Jim knew his own weakness, and would have kept out of temptation had the chance been given him; almost the first words spoken to him by Alice had been a sort of challenge. She had told him they were to be his near neighbours. As Jim thought over this he began to wonder exceedingly, getting deeper and deeper into the sea of perplexity. But then, as I said before, Mr. Glanley's knowledge of woman's character was very slight indeed.

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When Alice went up to her bedroom on the night Jim dined at Roodee, she was in no humour for sleep; but, dragging an old-fashioned easy-chair up to the hearth, sat down to think—not of the present nor the future, but of the past—the past that had started up from its grave again, and stood in the presence of, and side by side with, the present.

She had her elbows on her knees, and her hands clasping her forehead, hiding away the firelight from her vision.

She heard the men go past to their rooms, and she knew by the uncertain step and mutterings, as her husband went into his dressing-room, that she would see no more of him that night. Poor Alice shuddered, and nestled deeper in the chair.

The night went on, and the deep stillness that falls upon a household by night settled down upon Roodee—lying like a weight upon Mrs. Clive's heavy heart. She stirred up the fire, threw on more coals, and pulled the chair closer; then, fancying she heard something breathe or sigh, she got up, and, candle in hand, went round the room, looking into the corners.

Suddenly, clear, low, and as if close to her, she heard her name cried—the voice being Jim Glanley's, and the accents those of appeal and agony.

Breathless and frightened, Alice listened, but there was no further sound.

She then opened the door, and stood looking along the dark corridor, every nerve on the strain, and ready to imagine any horror. But a death-like silence lay on the house; and after standing there until the cold made her teeth chatter, she went back to the fireside, persuading herself that it must have been her imagination.

The wind was howling and tearing round the house, making strange eerie music amongst the great trees, shaking the window-frames, and thundering down the chimney; every now and then a handful of snow would come thud against the window, blown from the fir-trees. Alice lighted another candle, and sat down upon a low stool, close to the fire, shivering and nervous. It was an awful night, just the night to make one's blood run cold, and hide away deeds of crime and cruelty; and getting more and more frightened, Alice was on her feet to go to her husband, when in the room next hers a fire was stirred, and the poker or tongs fell against the fender with a noisy bang. Alice breathed again, and sat down. She was not the only one awake and listening, someone close to her heard the storm and the clattering shutters, and intensely relieved, Mrs. Clive undressed herself and went to bed.

Which is more than can be said for the watcher next door.

Jim, for Mr. Glanley it was, whose sleeplessness had been such a comfort, had found a photograph of Alice in the drawing-room, and put

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it in his pocket, justifying the theft by the intention of replacing it next day, and on reaching his bedroom had sat down to look at the picture; and the cold dawn of the winter morning found him still sitting beside the table, where his head had fallen forward upon his arm, and a heavy dreamless sleep stolen his thoughts away from his sorrow. When he did awake it was with a shudder, his lips had been almost touching the pretty *carte*, and his hot breath had blistered and blurred the face he loved so dearly.

Jim looked at it ruefully, then laid it tenderly in among the red embers, pressing it down until it flared up for an instant, and then smouldered away.

"Just as well," he muttered; "I'd never have got up my pluck to put it back, and I'd no business to risk her by keeping it. I was a fool ever to come here; I'll go away to-day. By Jove, I will; even if I lose myself in a snow-drift."

Jim got up, stretching his limbs, which felt cramped and sore; he went to the window and pulled up the blind.

Snow was everywhere, but the wind had gone down, and the soft cold dawn of a cloudless winter morning was breaking over the shrouded earth.

There was no good going to bed then; so, thinking he would have a quiet peep at the stables, Jim set about his morning toilet.

He had scarcely taken his first souse in the icy water of the bath, when a cautious tap at the room door caused him to stop short in a tremendous puff, and halloo out—

"Who's there?"

"It's me, sir; Jackson, sir;" and the door opened just enough to show the keeper's face. "One of the men's come to say as how he have marked five swans at the decoy; I thought you'd like to have a shot at them, sir."

"To be sure I would; give me ten minutes, and then we'll see what's to be done with them. Who saw the birds?"

"Jack Stretton, sir; he owes you a kindness, you see, and were off over night to see if he couldn't find summut for you to do."

"Poor fellow," puffed Jim, scrubbing away; "what kind of couple do they make?"

"Better than he deserves, sir; he's got on drinking of late; only for Mrs. Clive, they'd ha' starved."

Jim said no more. The man closed the door, and went down to get a cup of coffee ready.

As they were plodding through the deep snow, Jim suddenly remembered having seen footmarks in the snow when he looked out of his window.

"Somebody must have been astir early this morning; I saw foot-

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marks when I looked out of my window, at dawn; did you notice anything, Jackson?"

The keeper started a little. "That I did, sir; my missus has been in a taking all the morning, she saw tracks through the south gate. But we'll have to look sharp, sir, the flakes is beginning to fall; there'll be a heavy downcome before half an hour's over; there's a many loose charackters about, sir, Dick Stretton says; and you know the old saying, 'set a thief to catch a thief.'"

"Ay, ay, Jackson; but it's rather hard law. Dick's not so bad as that, is he?"

"Why, no, sir, maybe not; but he's in a bad lot, he is, and I—"

"Then I suppose I'd better have let him take his Government trip, and kept him out of poor Molly's way, eh?"

"Oh dear no, sir, she'd ha' gone with him. Anyhow, poor dear, she war demented like after him. Lord love you, sir, it's always the greatest rascals that gets the girls to stick by them."

Jim laughed, thinking Jackson's theory was not such an original one as the old man seemed to imagine, and for a time they trudged on in silence. The snow was fluttering down in great fluffy flakes, which, although there was no perceptible wind, went wafting irresolutely about, as if averse to finish their airy flight and lose their individuality among the great white multitude below. The white flakes lay upon Jim's whiskers and moustache, now and then upon his eyelashes. And long ere the two reached the lake, or decoy, as it was generally called, neither of them could see a yard before them, and, unless a lull came, there was little hope of distinguishing the spotless garments of the swans from the fast falling snow.

No lull seemed likely, however, and after stalking the lake "from shore to shore" and letting half a dozen flights of wild ducks get away scatheless, in case the shot alarmed the more important game, Jim was fain to propose going home, and nothing loath when they reached the park again, and presently saw the hall looming out of the snow curtain like a gigantic ghost. Jim was knocking off a perfect hurricane of snow, when the squire came into the outer hall.

"Oh Jim! Thought I'd find you larking. What have you got?"

"Nothing, more's the pity. Jackson roused me up at daylight with the report of any number of swans, and after being nearly snowed up twenty times over, here I am as well off as I went; I wanted a tippit for Alice—I mean Mrs. Clive;" and Jim got as red as a turkey-cock, then nearly as white as the snow he had been shaking away. Tym Clifton was sharper-sighted in the matter of love that morning than usual, and he looked for a few seconds just as troubled and conscious as poor Jim himself, and there is no saying what might or might not have been said or done, had not the butler appeared, leading on Mr.

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Stephenson, the head gardener, who bore unmistakable symptoms of important or even startling information in his sour visage.

"If you please, sir, there's been somebodie making observations ootside the hoos the last night."

"Eh, what, making observations? What the devil does the man mean?"

"Jeest thaut, sir, ain 'o the men saw the footmaerks, and thocht at was ainother, till they cam to pit ain an twa thegither; sae, being naen o' them, it maun ha' been somebodie else."

"I saw the footmarks, Clifton," put in Jim Glanley, seeing no end to the Scotchman's prolixity; "Jackson says his wife heard some one come past the lodge."

"It's a pity nobody thought of looking before," said Mr. Kealder, who had joined the party; "this fall must have effectually obliterated the track."

"Yes, yes. But who the deuce would be prowling about my house?" said Tym. "Last night, too—a night I'd not turn off my enemy's dog in. Depend on it, it is nothing."

"I saw the marks, Clifton," suggested Glanley.

"So did I," said Kealder; "they were visible enough when I looked out first. I'd advise you to send for the constable, and tell him all about it. Yours is just the sort of house to be an attraction to burglars."

"By Jove, do you say so? I never heard of such a thing. But if you're all agreed, we'll send in for Clark as soon as the snow stops."

"I'll send him out," said Jim. "I must get in pretty early."

"You, Jim? I thought we had you for the day at least." And the squire looked, as he felt, disappointed. "I cannot let you off, Jim. No, no; we'll send in, I say, Jim."

But Glanley was out of hearing on his way to his dressing-room. At the breakfast-table the discussion as to the propriety of sending for Mr. Clark was reopened, but Jim said nothing further of taking the message. One glance at Alice Clive's face—one touch of the little hand—had banished all poor Jim's prudent resolutions; and before breakfast was over, he had made Alice promise to let him take her a drive in the sledge, and challenged her husband to a match at billiards—Kealder playing the winner for double the first stakes.

Tym Clifton had forgotten the episode of colour in the hall, and was so completely taken up by the surprise of burglars thinking of coming near him, that he could talk of nothing else.

Fortunately for Jim, the sledge drive proved an impossibility, by reason of the falling snow; so, after a smoke, the gentlemen adjourned to the billiard-room, and then and there Jim had a savage sort of satisfaction in beating Mr. Clive.

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What did he care, though Kealder in turn did the same by him, pocketing the stakes, and with them an I O U for a pretty round sum? Jim would rather have lost treble the amount than miss the pleasure of making Mr. Clive look small, which it must be confessed that gentleman did, being one of those unhappy temperaments that cannot bear defeat.

Leaving Kealder and Mr. Clive disputing some new stroke said to have been made by a redoubtable colonel in Her Majesty's service, Jim went to look for Alice.

Mrs. Clive was in the small drawing-room. There was some work upon a table at her side, an open book upon her lap; but she was neither working nor reading—indeed, it seemed from the flush upon her face as if she had been crying; at least Jim Glanley thought so, and was half inclined to seek safety in flight, when Alice said:—

"Come in. I was so lonely. I hope you've beaten Mr. Clive—I hate billiards, and—but are you ill? You are shaking."

"Am I?" laughed Jim, nervously. "I didn't know it. I got chilled when I was after those infernal swans, I suppose—it's no matter."

Alice's eyes had been busy watching his face as he spoke, and a shadow came across hers. She shook a little; here was a chance of beginning her reformatory work, and with her heart at her lips she began.

"You are ill. You are very much altered. I'm too old a friend, Jim, not to see the changes in your face. You should be more careful of yourself."

Jim, who had been standing with his back against the chimney-piece looking down at her, threw himself into a low chair, nearly opposite her, and said, bitterly:—

"It's not much odds if I am ill, Alice; the world's none the better for a reckless fellow like me. I am not well, and about the best thing I could do, would be to make room for a better man."

"I wish I could do anything to make you happier," said Mrs. Clive; her voice trembling, in spite of every effort.

Jim had leant forward slightly as she spoke, and his face grew pale as death; there was something expressed there that made Alice shrink back scarcely less pale than he was; for a few seconds her hands were twined nervously together, then the warm blood rushed up to her face, rising, she laid her hand for one second upon Jim's shoulder, saying—"Poor Jim, God comfort you!" and then, before he could speak, she was gone.

The next thing Jim did may perhaps be considered a very foolish one; but nevertheless it is quite true that he laid his face upon the pillow against which Alice Clive had been leaning, and actually cried—thinking the while to himself, that he hadn't been such a fool since the

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day he heard of her wedding. After that he sought out Clifton, and told him he was going to ride into Challoner.

"What have you been about, Jim? You chop and change like a weathercock," and Tym looked sharply in his friend's face.

"Nothing, Clifton, but I am going there; if you will have the truth, I cannot stay here with Alice in the house, it's too much like old times; I cannot stand it, Clifton, so let me go."

"Poor fellow, I'd no notion of this; you're not well, Jim, that's it," and Tym began mentally running over a list of doctors and illnesses. "Well," he added, after a pause, "if you will, you will. But you're not going alone; I'll ride in with you."

(To be continued.)

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The general impression made by the present exhibition is decidedly unfavourable; it is certainly an exceptional exhibition; the mere fact of there not being a picture by Mr. Millais would of itself make it so; added to this, we think the pictures exhibited of a lower average than usual. With the exception of Mr. Leighton, none of the artists who generally interest us most appear to the best advantage, and Mr. Whistler, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Webster, Mr. Elmore, and Charles Landseer are not represented at all.

Mr. Leighton's "Syracusan Bride, leading wild beasts in procession to the Temple of Diana" (292), deserves our first notice, being the largest and most important picture in the Academy. The ease and power with which it is painted—the beautiful arrangement of the drapery, and the striking grouping of the figures stamp it as a first-class picture of its kind; as a piece of decorative painting we think it absolutely perfect. There is so much in it which is admirable, that we need not fear to remark on a few minor failings, namely, a certain waxiness in the painting of the faces, and the monotonous sameness of many of the heads; the bride is, however, an exception—her attitude, and the dignity of expression in her face are admirable. We do not think Mr. Leighton has made the most of his sky, or of the cypresses which form part of the background—there is a poorness of colour which will readily be seen by those who are familiar with those beautiful and peculiarly effective trees. The wreath of laurel breaks the monotony of the white marble along the edge of the foreground in the best possible manner. The animals are intentionally small and tame: wisely so, as otherwise they might appear uncomfortable playfellows for the beautiful girls who lead them.

Very different in manner and subject is Mr. Leighton's "Painter's Honeymoon" (4), which is a lovely little picture, though somewhat spoilt by the unreal and flimsy painting of the lady's head, and the monotony of the light on her dress. The gradation of light and shade in the rest of the picture is delicious, and the painting of the hands is altogether beyond criticism. The man's head we recognise as an old favourite of the artist, and resembles the head in his picture of "Music," exhibited a few years ago. Mr. Leighton's portrait of "Mrs. Guthrie" (7) is very much the best of the larger portraits in the Academy; the harmony of colour is very remarkable, and the tone is throughout peculiar, the chief masses being a contrast of black with a light creamy yellow, most appropriate to the lady's complexion and hair, and equally

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carried out in the black silk dress and the beautifully painted bunch of tea roses she is arranging and the inlaid chair in the background. There are few modern portrait painters who seem to possess the sense which leads to the choice of the requisite accessories for enhancing the colouring of the original by harmonious repetitions of the sitter's tone of colour. We should think even the Academy will acknowledge Mr. Leighton's claim to the earliest possible election as an academician.

Sir Edwin Landseer contributes five pictures; the largest, entitled a "Mare and foal under an Indian tent" (92), has the centre place of the end wall of the first room. The animals are painted as Sir Edwin always paints his animals, with masterly power and knowledge; but the slaty dullness of the colour prevents our dwelling on the picture with much pleasure. The "Lady Godiva" (109) is an altogether unsatisfactory work; the figure is unfinished—and worse than that, it is coarse in feeling and execution. The "Chase" (694), a chalk drawing, is superior to both.

In great contrast to the dull colouring of which we have spoken above, are the pictures by Mr. Arthur Hughes—the only ones this year belonging to the pure pre-Raphaelite school. Mr. Hughes has passed beyond many of the weaknesses and faults of the early manner of this school, but has fully retained the deep reverence for nature and feeling for colour essentially belonging to it. We cannot express too much admiration for his portrait of "Mrs. Woolner" (397). The background is a lovely piece of wood painting, which admirably suits the lady's fawn-like beauty. The pure startled expression in the eyes, and the simple slim grace of the figure are painted with delicious feeling. But though this contains much exquisite colouring, we must look to Mr. Hughes' "Good Night" (359) to see his full power in this respect. The subject of this little poem (for such we may fairly call it), is a figure, half-child, half-woman, passing by a window (through which the last rays of the sun lighting the rosy sky and landscape may be seen), into her little chamber, lighted by a small suspended lamp. Her doves have gone to roost, her little books are closed, and her gay mantle, decorated with a childish wreath of daisies and poppies, is falling from her shoulders, leaving scattered flowers behind, all suggestive of the line annexed—

"Day's turn is over, now arrives the night."

But the child's figure suggests more than this. She is moving towards the chamber where the light is dim and mysterious; her eyes, turning back with regretful longing to the dying brightness of the day, might be typical, we fancy, of the young girl's hesitation on reaching the boundary which divides the unknown mysterious future from the joyous security of childhood. The fantastic dress and entirely ideal treatment may astonish more than please the vulgar, or even the commonplace

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mind, but no one who takes the slightest delight in colour can fail to admire the soft azure blue of the robe, embroidered with the most dazzling border of flowers, and the whole tone of the picture. In Mr. Hughes' "The Guarded Bower" (457), there are some beautiful bits of painting and colour, but on the whole we think it inferior to his other pictures.

Mr. Hayward's "Solitude" (65) may be mentioned in this place, as an impressive and strongly coloured piece of marshy landscape.

Among the popular pictures of the year, there can be very little doubt which is the best. Mr. Yeames' "Queen Elizabeth receiving the French Ambassadors after the massacre of St. Bartholomew" (314) is a picture which completely makes one forget the painting in the realisation of the scene, showing in the artist a dramatic power of a really high order. Mr. Calderon's "Her most high, noble, and puissant Grace" (24), is amusing and clever, as is also "A chat round the Brasero" (132), by Mr. Phillips. Mr. F. Goodall's "Hagar and Ishmael" (6) is a large, rather powerful picture; the child's figure is characteristic, and the arid wild track of sand, and the mountain ridges beyond, are well rendered. Mr. Hook's pictures do not differ materially from those of preceding years, and therefore need no elaborate description here; they are, as always, beyond criticism in their own special virtues. Peculiar in execution, but remarkably interesting, are the small landscapes by Mr. Mason. We noticed in the last Academy some windy sketches of down scenery quite unequalled in their way: this year he gives us a poetical little picture, to which Wordsworth's lines—

> "The swan on still St. Mary's lake
> Floats double, swan and shadow—"

are annexed. But Mr. Mason indulges in a vagueness of touch which, however much it may aid him in expressing the loose, broken, wild little bits in which he takes such special delight, will certainly mar the effect of his pictures, if he allows it to grow into a mannerism. Mr. J. J. Lee's "Elfin-ground" (49) is full of weird poetical feeling, and though very simple, it is uncommon and fanciful. "Singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord" (91), is a small picture by Mr. Dever; the three children singing at the piano, and the landscape seen through the open window, are so carefully painted, that we hope in future to see more than one picture by this artist on the Academy walls.

After the portraits already mentioned, those by Mr. Wells and Mr. Sant are undoubtedly the best. The picture of "Volunteers at a Firing Point" (374) introduces a group of the best rifle shots of the day—Colonel Colville, Lord Elcho, Colonel Halford, Captain Drake, Captain H. Ross, Captain Heaton, Sergeant Pixley, Captain

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Martin Smith, and Edward Ross. This picture is sure to be a very popular one, and we congratulate Mr. Wells on having executed in such a manly satisfactory manner a subject which does not afford much room for picturesque arrangement. Mr. Sant's portrait of "Claude, younger son of Nathaniel Montefiore, Esq.," is a thoroughly pretty picture, and the artist has been happy in the choice of a dress admirably suited to the child's beautiful colouring.

Mr. Buckner's portraits are not more attractive than usual, and, on the whole, we must finish as we began, by saying that remarkable pictures are few and far between this year; but while we have such artists as Leighton, Landseer, Hughes, Stansfield, Hook, and Brett, exhibiting, the Academy cannot fail to be both enjoyable and interesting.

We have only noticed the pictures which strike us most in this year's exhibition; among these we do not see a work by any woman. However, there are very good pictures by several lady artists, and as these have a special interest for us we intend giving a short review of them in our next number,—in the meantime we are glad to notice the following remark in the *Times'* criticism on the Royal Academy.

"With Mrs. Ward, Miss Edwards, Miss Osborne, Miss Swift, the Misses Mutrie, Madame Jerichau, Miss Wells, Miss Martineau, Miss Blunden, Mrs. Robinson, and Miss Dundas, among the painters here—to say nothing of such exhibitors at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, as Rosa Bonheur and Henriette Brown—and Miss Durrant, Mrs. Thorneycroft, Mrs. D. O. Hill, Mdlle. Ney, and the Duchess of Castiglione Colonna among the sculptors; it is time that the Royal Academy should be reminded that its original list included Mary Moser and Angelica Kauffman. It is much to be hoped, that in the proposed extension of the Associate class, the ladies will not be forgotten."

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THE MESSENGER BIRD.

"O Primavera, gioventu dell' anno!
Bella madre de fiore,
D'erbe novelli, e de novelli amore!"—GUARINI.

OVER the tossing billow,
Fly, little bird, for me—
Carry my message on faithful wing,
With the first green leaf of the dawning spring,
To my love beyond the sea!

The days of parting are over—
The cruel winter is gone;
I see the violets' first blue smile,
And the pearly shower o'er the old stone stile,
Under our trysting thorn.

The cowslips are gilding the meadows,
And, roused from its icy sleep,
The free brook winds in a silver line
Where mosses nestle and ivies twine—
On its way to the distant deep.

O, sweet old English homestead!
I see your casements shine
Rosy red in the sunset bright,
Or quiet and still in the pure moonlight,
Beneath the budding vine.

Poise on one sacred lattice,
Bird of adventurous wing,
Lightly her peaceful slumbers break—
Twitter softly till she awake,
And wide the window fling.

Then tell her—"Across the ocean
He is coming—coming to you.
With a home well won for a peerless bride—
To rest and peace by a dear fireside,
With the old love, tried and true!"

C. E. LYON.

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DR. EDMUNDS AND THE "LANCET."

Edmunds v. *Wakley.*

At the opening of the last session of the Ladies' Medical College, an address was given by Dr. Edmunds, which subsequently appeared at length in the Victoria Magazine for November, 1865. Dr. Edmunds therein set forth a long series of statistics proving that the mortality from puerperal fever among lying-in patients, when attended by gentlemen in general medical practice, is more than twice as great as that which occurs when patients are attended even by our present comparatively uneducated midwives. Dr. Edmunds went on to explain this mortality by suggesting that general practitioners, however careful they may be, in passing from attendances upon infectious patients—and post mortem examinations—directly to the lying-in room must often be the means of conveying an infection which produces a puerperal fever, to which women at this juncture are marvellously prone. It was also argued that a properly educated class of lady midwives, altogether dissociated from such sources of contagion, are the proper persons to take possession of the lucrative field of employment which the ordinary practice of midwifery undoubtedly affords.

On October 14, a leading article appeared in the *Lancet*, denouncing in no measured terms the contents of Dr. Edmunds' address, designating it as a "scandalous perversion of facts and figures," and as "a most impudent and disgraceful attempt to hoodwink the public."

The following very handsome statement on the part of the *Lancet* has just appeared, and we are informed that the libellous article never represented the deliberate judgment of the *Lancet*, but merely the hasty expressions of a single writer who forgot the responsibilities of his position, and at the last moment, before going to press, inserted the calumnious portions. The responsible editor of the *Lancet* has, we are also informed, behaved in the handsomest manner in the whole transaction; and, also, that the thanks of both parties are due to Dr. William Farr, for his kind mediation. We have much pleasure in reproducing the statement which will be found as a leading article in the *Lancet* of May 26. It is quite clear that such a statement, although it may never become so widely known as the original comments, is yet a more satisfactory event to Dr. Edmunds, and to the society whose honorary secretary he is, than any money award from a non-professional jury.

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"DR. EDMUNDS AND THE STATISTICS OF DEATH AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

"The case of *Edmunds* v. *Wakley*, in which Dr. Edmunds charges a libel against the *Lancet* in respect to comments made upon his address at the opening of the last session of the Female Medical College, and his subsequent letter to the *Times*, having gone over as a *remanet* from the last Nisi Prius sittings, and being likely to be postponed to the next term in July, we have thought it right to state at once the result of further investigations which we have made into the questions at issue. We have already expressed our regret that the writer of the comments referred to should have cast imputations upon Dr. Edmunds' good faith and fair intentions in using the arguments and drawing the conclusions which he did. We may now say that we have ascertained that, not only do these arguments and conclusions appear to have been put forward in good faith, but that the facts and figures quoted were correctly stated, fairly compared, and drawn from the most authentic sources. We still differ from Dr. Edmunds as to the inference that the danger of producing puerperal fever, on which he justly insists, would be diminished by the systematic employment of midwives in place of medical practitioners. But this is a matter on which Dr. Edmunds may fairly differ from us, and we have no doubt that he acted throughout with good intentions. Dr. Edmunds is impressed with the belief that there was some actual malice towards himself in the *origin* of these imputations, and that an ill-feeling exists towards him personally on the part of the *Lancet*. This we expressly disclaim. Dr. Edmunds was one of the most distinguished prizemen at his College. He was for two years a painstaking dresser at the largest of our surgical hospitals. He has since in private practice laboured hard and successfully, and has especially had the rare satisfaction of saving the lives of both mother and child by the Cæsarean operation. We are glad of the opportunity of again referring to this case, a full account of which was published in the *Lancet* of January 5, 1861. And anything which may have from time to time appeared in our columns should be understood as applying to the merits of the public question then and there discussed, and not as intended to impugn the personal honour or professional character of Dr. Edmunds. In certain previous controversies, we are inclined also to think that Dr. Edmunds' opponents have not always been sufficiently careful and accurate in their statement of alleged matters of fact; while Dr. Edmunds seems not to have laid himself open to the same remark. We have a few words to add as to the Female Medical College recently commenced in Fitzroy Square. We learn with satisfaction that the scope of this institution is not so wide as we had been led by its title to believe, as we have no sympathy for the notion of making lady

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physicians. Its present lectures are designed to supplement the practical tuition given to midwives at our lying-in hospitals, and to furnish ladies generally with an opportunity of acquiring the principles of hygiene and preventive medicine, dietetics, and the management of the sick room and of the ailments peculiar to women and children. Dr. Edmunds would not, we are informed, take part with his committee in forwarding any arrangements by which lady midwives would be induced to associate themselves with the duties of general practice. The supply of well-educated midwives is undoubtedly less than the demand, and the more actively and successfully that object is pursued, the greater will be the benefit to society. Could the title be altered so as more strictly to indicate the objects of the College, we should entirely applaud the enterprise."

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MISCELLANEA.

Mr. Ford Madox Brown's Last Picture.—We have had the pleasure of seeing another picture by Mr. Madox Brown, "The Coat of Many Colours." Jacob's four sons, Simeon, Judah, Levi, and Issachar, bring him Joseph's coat besprinkled with blood, saying, "This we have found, know whether it be your son's coat or not." Jacob is seated under a fig-tree, with Benjamin and a little grandson on either side of him. There is immense power and character in the painting of the sons. They have made Levi the spokesman, supposing him to be the ablest liar among them; his face is deceitful, and the lie he is telling can be traced in his downcast, averted look, though, by the action of his figure and hands, we see what he is inducing Jacob to believe. Judah, who had induced his brothers to sell Joseph instead of killing him, is represented of a nobler type; his eyes, fixed on Jacob, are anxiously watching the old man, to see if he suspects the treachery; Simeon, a stalwart figure with a brutal countenance, takes no active part, and Issachar, with his stick in his mouth, looks on with dull stupidity. But the most beautiful part of the picture is the group formed by Jacob, Benjamin, and the grandchild. Benjamin's figure is in shade; his earnest face is stretched forward towards his brother's coat, in painful anxiety. The child is naked, except a delicious piece of white and gold transparent drapery round his waist; the painting of the rich skin in the bright sunlight is perfect. Jacob's figure is a little disappointing, though the painting of his drapery, especially where the reflection of the fig-tree above casts a greenish tone into his yellow robe, is almost the finest piece of colour in the picture. The sunlight and heat of the climate is fully felt. The sunniness seen through the fig leaves, the plate of richly coloured juicy figs, the flowers casting their perfect blue shadows on the roots of the tree, and the landscape beyond—rock, mountain, and olive woods seen clear through the hot, mistless air of the eastern climate—all conduce to the perfect realisation of the story. Mr. Madox Brown can be truly called an historical painter; he realises dramatically the scenes in history which he represents with a power of mind possessed by no other living artist. We only regret that so few have had an opportunity of enjoying this picture, which has only been exhibited in Mr. Brown's own studio. The Royal Academy would be a very different exhibition, could we see works by Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Holman Hunt, and Mr. Madox Brown there.

The Money Panic.—Friday, the 11th., will long be remembered in the city as "*Black Friday*." The failure of Overend, Gurney, & Co.

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Limited), on the previous day, was followed by the suspension of Sir Morton Peto's firm, and the English Joint Stock Bank.

The scene the city presented will not easily be forgotten by those who saw the faces of the people who thronged every thoroughfare leading to Lombard Street. The panic which ensued is described as beyond anything witnessed in even 1847 or 1857; and, as the *Economist* remarks, was "more suitable to the historical than to the recent reputation of the fallen house of Overend & Gurney, and signally shows how an old name, which all really instructed people knew to have lost its virtue, still retains its magical potency over the multitude."

The timely suspension of the Bank Charter Act helped to save those establishments whose safety was endangered by the panic which at one moment threatened to overthrow the entire commercial credit of the metropolis—a panic which Mr. Gladstone assured the House he believed to be at once of "wilder excitement and less real foundation than any within the memory of business men."

The leading papers have so fully and ably discussed the several causes which have led to the present crisis, that we shall not enter upon the subject further than to recommend to our readers some remarks which appeared in the *Times* on the 14th inst. After noticing the fact that about once in every ten years the British public finds itself worth several hundred millions less than it had supposed, and that people do not learn wisdom by the disappointments they undergo, because each new delusion has such distinct characteristics that it cannot be identified with its predecessors, and though, like every delusion, it is monstrous when found out, it remains till then a marvellous discovery—but, asks the *Times*:—

"Who are really at the bottom of this huge mischief? The true authors are they who are bringing down their own houses over their heads—the public themselves. Such is the universal rivalry, and such the habit of expenditure all about us, that people will not be contented with the tedious 3 per cent.—a little more just now—and their souls crave for the more solid and savoury profits of the trader. But to trade is to lose caste, and for the means of living to lose life itself. So the universal wish is, with a little cleverness and a happy audacity, to reap the rich harvest of trade without undergoing the primæval sweat of the brow. People want their 6, or 8, or 10 per cent., and more, if the wish be lawful. So they want something which, under some convenient neutral name, shall yield them the interest, not of trade, but of speculation. The machinery which has now broken down, not without abundant warning, has only been devised to supply this want, though it has, no doubt, fed the flame. Everybody who has shared the general fascination thinks he can stop in time. That is impossible. The public are gregarious in their tastes and in their misfortunes. All the instincts of speculation, as well as its processes, keep the victims in the train and forbid escape. They can never persuade themselves to compound with a loss, and save what is left. They go on holding shares till the depreciated shares will no longer cover the loans, and the wreck must be abandoned to its fate. . . .

"Happy are they who know how they stand, and what they are. Whoever inherit the earth in these days, the moderate and content are the only people that keep their inheritance."

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THE FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA.—Though the classes are small, and the Female Medical College has the bitterest prejudices against which to battle, it perseveres in its vocation, and sends its graduates over the country. It is now stronger than ever, and each year sees its facilities for instruction upon the increase.

It held its Fourteenth Annual Commencement on Saturday, March 7, at the college building, corner of Twenty-second Street and North College Avenue. The attendance consisted almost entirely of ladies. The faculty and friends of the institution occupied the place of honour, and the exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Edward Hawes.

T. Morris Perot, Esq., President of the Board of Corporators, conferred the degree of doctor of medicine upon the following graduates:—Eliza J. Chapin, New York; Elizabeth G. Warrington, New Jersey; Harriet A. Wylie, Wisconsin; Charlotte T. Woodruff, New York.

The valedictory address was delivered by Mark G. Kerr, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.

This college, the first in the world regularly organised for the instruction of women in the various departments of learning taught in the best medical schools, opened its first session on October 12, 1850, with a faculty of six professors, regular practitioners, and graduates of regular schools. During the early years of its existence, the college struggled with many difficulties. The session which has just closed has been attended by a larger class of regular students than any former one, and the seventeenth annual announcement is issued under circumstances more hopeful and encouraging than have before existed.

Seventy-one students have received the diploma of the institution since its inception, and about four times that number have matriculated and attended its lectures. Three of the chairs of the college are filled by its graduates, and many more now occupy honoured and profitable positions in their respective localities as successful practitioners of medicine.

A large percentage have been the daughters, sisters, or wives of physicians, who thus have not only obtained facilities for study, but have been able to commence practice at home, receiving aid from those interested in their welfare, and giving it in return. A few have made their business largely a consulting or office practice. Still others, in their professional capacity, have entered seminaries of learning, hospitals, or other establishments, where they receive good remuneration; and the demand existing for their services is already appreciated in the community as an instrument of power, and a means of extended usefulness.

LORD DUFFERIN'S speech on Ireland, delivered in the House on

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March 23, has elicited several letters in the *Times*, among them one from "An Irishwoman," which we reproduce, having more confidence in the remedy she suggests than she appears to have herself.

"Sir,—If the subject of Ireland were exhaustive, Lord Dufferin's speech on Friday would have done it. He is so intimately acquainted with the state of the country, so discriminate in his statements, and so unprejudiced in his judgment, that great weight must attach to his words.

"His reference to the moral influence of a class of our community connected with Ireland by ties of property is very important and interesting. He is himself a pattern member of the upper section of this class, and, as there is some reason just now for desiring that the position and difficulties of all its members should be better understood than they appear to be, perhaps you will not object to give place to a few remarks on them.

"From much that is said on absenteeism the popular mind may be led to conclude that there is an objection prevalent to residing in Ireland, and that it is not much attempted. Neither of these is the case. A great liking for the island *per se* exists, and great efforts have been made to form homes and live in it by the great bulk of the owners of its estates.

"Domestic association between the Irish social divisions, such as Lord Dufferin demands, has been heartily tried.

"'The actual presence of the proprietors and their wives and daughters, moving among the people in their villages, active in promoting works of charity,' has not been neglected as an agency in the social cultivation of Ireland, and it has not produced the effect of causing 'the labourers to be regarded as fellow countrymen and women, nor as legitimately claiming Ireland for their country.'

"His lordship is trying this experiment. Many have done so before him. The results are before the world.

"The fact is that the steady resistance with which the undertaking is met proves too strong for any force that has yet been brought into action against it. The utter failure of the numerous efforts that have been made to produce the desirable state of things anticipated by Lord Dufferin, has almost put an end to further tentative energy.

"It must not, however, be abandoned. The difficulty of governing Ireland would vanish if we could reach the point of domestic association. It is the core of the subject, its pith and marrow. Amalgamation in the rank and file of common life, the forming of household connections and relationships, would do it all.

"Now, movements towards this end must, to some extent, be made by women. It may, therefore, be fairly expected that they have some suggestions to offer in this matter. They can probably tell why families do not naturalise themselves to Ireland and naturalise Ireland to themselves. How does it come to pass, for instance, that I, who have a good freehold house in Ireland, well built and suited to my social position and tastes, prefer to live in a contracted London dwelling, ill built, and unsuited to my social place and tastes, paying a high rent for one, and receiving a very low rent for the other? That which compensates me for the cash balance lost is doubtless the reason for all absenteeism. My private reason is the private reason of a great number of persons, and, in the aggregate, may form a pretty strong public reason.

"There are no politics in my reason, and I give it because it is illustrative of the whole of the causes that operate against the absorption of the Fenian races into the regulated classes of the kingdom.

"In order to procure in Ireland ordinary domestic comforts, an expenditure of

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physical effort is required on the part of every individual woman who has the wants and desires common to the people of this country, and who does not choose to forego their gratification. I am of the latter feeling, and entirely object to an existence consumed in manual labour.

"There is no household work force in Ireland; and, what is worse, there is no power of creating it. The sympathy with our needs which could alone provide it, does not exist. This forms a barrier between us and the other inhabitants that impedes neighbourly intercourse, and renders residence nugatory in regard to establishing social intercommunication.

"One gains no point by living next door to people with whom one has no domestic sense in common; and we have literally no such community of feeling with a large section of Irish people. It is evident that we cannot interfere with this peculiarity of things, but we can require a supply for our peculiarities which the owners of other peculiarities should not resist our obtaining. They do, however, resist it, and that most effectually. Our plan of action can only be to train the girls of the poorer classes to fulfil our directions. But we cannot get at these girls. They are hedged in by the most formidable barriers of prejudice against 'our ways,' and stronger still by decided opposition on religious grounds to our instruction. So certainly do thrift and Protestantism go together in the Irish mind that no 'mixed education' is permitted in the feminine arts of cleaning, cooking, and sewing. Virtually we cannot touch the industrial training of Irish women, and until we are able to do so there must remain this sense of isolation and practical separation, which powerfully prostrates our attempts to live in our Irish houses.

"The system of Irish 'national education,' which proposes to intellectualise the population of the island, does not affect the question of union so much as female domestic training does. Women have everywhere much within their province which, if rightly done, tends to bring about the great ends of the community. Their work contributes its strength to the common weal. This work they must do for Ireland. Owing to exceptional circumstances, they cannot do it in the ordinary course of social life; they must, therefore, undertake it in an extraordinary manner. A special organisation is needful for this purpose, and its vitality depends on the cordial co-operation of good women. All the qualifications for such a service have been well developed in the exertions of individuals in their several spheres. An assembly of these trained workers might be got together, and they could easily constitute themselves a pioneer body, and, with powers adapted to its working, penetrate the country and subdue its strongholds of unhousewifely misery.

"It would be a real good to Ireland if ladies were admitted to regulate the girls' industrial schools which the Board supports. The grant of money administered by it is not applied to the real want of the women of the country. This is a charge which can be substantiated on evidence. It is a fact which any observer can prove that there is no adaptability whatever between the provision of the Commissioners and the circumstances of the female poor in Ireland. They are capable of being brought into a state happy for themselves—useful to us. Their idiosyncrasies, like those of the corresponding races on the Continent, are susceptible of great culture. These require to be recognised and dealt with. No attempt is made now to do this, under the rules of the scheme which, with such vast expense, is being pressed on the acceptance of the Irish public. National education cannot, of course, be accommodated to every small ramification of popular ideas, but it should, at least, interfere with a great ascertained current of mischief and endeavour to avert it.

"That there is a lamentable lack of the domestic virtues in Ireland is well known; that there is not the slightest effort made to grow them by the public institutions of instruction is demonstrated by the actual state of the schools for girls, and the condition of the localities in which they have been at work.

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"In France, and other parts of the Continent, express training is given to the faculties of women whose exact counterparts inhabit Ireland. Foreign women are therefore in a position to excel the Irish in many things which girls in Ireland are equally qualified to do. The female Celtic population of Ireland have much to get still from us. Sound practical teaching, such as shall fit them for the kind of life that they are suited for, is above all needful to them. The dirtiest and most untidy of them could be made useful in her social place, and easy in her circumstances, if her specialty were attended to in her instruction; but no amount of abstract knowledge, conveyed ever so unsectarianly, will effect the grand point of our co-occupation of the Emerald Isle.

"There would be nothing very foreign to our notions, nor contrary to the fitness of things, if inspectresses were granted to these Irish schools. Ladies who have long been labouring about the poor, and who thoroughly understand their incapacities and their abilities, could easily be found, and they might be empowered to distribute the resources of the Board to greater advantage, as relates to the girls, than the learned and anxious gentlemen who now constitute the sole examiners of boys and girls. The suitability of mistresses for female schools would be better tested by ladies than by these good men, who, no doubt, keep up the pitch of mental culture, but who cannot be expected to gauge the tone of domestic feeling; and on this tone depends the influence of these women on the rising generation.

"This influence cannot be overrated. If it uphold the 'no matter' theory, and 'it will do' principle, on which Irish dwellings are kept, there can be no hope of success for any attempt to induce cleanliness and thrift. As a statement which it is easy to verify, it may be advanced that there is an immense difference in the condition of the Irish national schools when under the control of good female patronage. Some nuns' schools do them infinite credit, and many others under the charge of ladies, both with and without the support of the Board, are samples of what the whole might be under right discipline. In the localities where these institutions work, they do all that is wanted for all classes—make the girls handy, and benefit the district in every way. This is what is demanded all over Ireland. The names of model schools might be given, but that it might be invidious to do so, while it would be equally so to stigmatise establishments where the peculiar evil of the country is perpetuated and propagated by omissions which in these days are scarcely excusable.

"If the importance of this subject procure the admission of my letter to your columns, I trust it will also be sufficient apology for its length.

"I am, Sir, yours truly,

"AN IRISHWOMAN."

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LITERATURE.

Prison Characters Drawn from Life. By a Prison Matron. [Hurst & Blackett.]—This book is replete with good sense and valuable information, and the reformers of prison discipline can hardly fail to profit by the evidence produced from personal experience and other available sources. To find fault with human institutions is no very difficult task; the question is, "can we do better?" The "Prison Matron, thinks we can, and therefore states her own views upon prison discipline, modestly hoping that such theories as are worth "ulterior consideration" will receive the attention of those "great minds" which are directed to the welfare of the criminal classes. It is amazing how little intelligent interest is shown by even educated men in what concerns them so nearly as prison government and its results. That £220,000 is annually expended on our prison system appears, for the most part, to satisfy those who think about the matter at all; and though people cannot shut their eyes to the fact that the machinery is as inefficient as it is costly, they think it is for Government to set it right, they have no further concern with the matter. We sincerely hope that this book will prove the necessity of bringing public opinion to bear upon a system which has been pronounced by a competent authority as "worse than useless—injurious to society." * In her first book ("Female Life in Prison") the author so completely exposed the unsoundness of the system prevailing in English prisons, that not only was a good deal of attention drawn to the subject, but some glaring faults were actually remedied. Encouraged by past success, the "Prison Matron" now offers us her own suggestions upon the fit and proper management of convicts. One of the most important points in prison reform is to maintain permanently a strict obedience to orders, and the author thinks a code of rules, from which there is deviation, will not be productive of such good results as the study of individuality of character, and freedom on the part of the matron to use her own discretion accordingly. It is also a matter of immense importance that the matron should not be "a mere machine in brown merino, blind to the little joys and sorrows that have their existence in a prison—a cold, expressionless being, who wears the same set looks whether a prisoner be going on well or badly;" the worst of women are open to the softening effects of having an interest shown in their desire to mend, and if the matron is unsympathetic the prisoner will not change for the better. The best matrons have the best wards. To secure, therefore, the right women for this

* "Our Convicts." By Mary Carpenter. [Longman.]

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very unattractive and responsible calling becomes a very important consideration, and the "Prison Matron" says a serious study of this matter has convinced her that a prison matron should be something more than a hired servant, that the standard of qualification should be raised, and inducements should be held out to educated, earnest, religious women to enter the service. She thinks that a country which gave so many volunteers as sick nurses at the call of Florence Nightingale, will not fail to produce women who will step forward in the aid of sick souls. It is indeed scarcely possible to overrate the importance of voluntary effort; no mere officials will ever toil night and day, in season and out of season, like those who, animated by a love for God and man, voluntarily devote themselves to a special work. It was this element which Sir Walter Crofton introduced with such success into Ireland, and which helped to produce one of the most perfect systems we have yet known; and the Rauhe Haus of Hamburg, and the reformatory at Mettray, both afford satisfactory proof of the value of voluntary individual action.

Passing by the views upon resident Catholic priests in Protestant gaols, which is considered "an alarming innovation," we come to the question of prison labour. It is curious to learn that the women employed in sedentary work are generally ill-behaved, and apt to take offence, while labour that necessitates movement of the body, and change from place to place, will generally keep women from "their brooding fits."

"It is a great boon at all times, and in all prisons, to become a labour woman, a mess-room woman, a woman to carry coals, water, pails of cocoa, or dinner-cans—any occupation in prison life, and however humiliating and unwomanly, that will award to a prisoner the free use of the limbs and the run of the ward. But shut a woman in her cell, and give her coir to pick, or a mat to make, and, if she is not a delicate woman—even if she is, at times—the glass will shiver, in due course, and the woman be heard raving against the officers and herself."

The length of the solitary term at Millbank is justly deprecated as the first mistake in the prison system in force there; it is right that the convicts should commence with it, but the length of it ought to be curtailed; the monotony of the life deprives them at last of the little self-command they have, and "breakings out" are the consequence. If they have their real work to do they are different creatures. It is, therefore, suggested that—

"All women verging on 'the unruly' should have harder work. More work in the laundry and bakehouse, for instance. I cannot see why the bread for all the convict establishments under Government should not be made by prison hands; why the biscuits for the army and navy might not be prepared at female prisons; why the washing for Government institutions should not be done on a larger scale by our female convicts."

With regard to the diet of prisoners, the author considers the reduc-

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tion has been unwise, that the enervating and destructive influence of prison air is such that the convicts are liable to "give way;" and the assertion that convicts are better treated than paupers, appears to her simply to draw down shame on our boards of guardians.

"That our English poor are treated badly and infamously is surely not to prove that our convicts are pampered and unduly fed. Was it in the hope that a low scale of diet would act as an infallible deterrent to the evil minded, that the workhouse was quoted so frequently—that workhouse from which the scanty food, and still scantier sympathy with misfortune, keep away the poor as long as health and strength hold out. Poverty thinks of the diet, but crime never, and the lower scale—the union scale—would suffice, perhaps, if there were liberty to boot, whenever the prisoner was inclined to take his leave."

The position of the prison must be taken into account, and in the country a lower regimen can be enforced; the Matron thinks the Brixton women could do with less food than the Millbank female convicts, and present a better appearance; a "long-timed" prisoner cannot keep well on the same amount of food as one who has only a short sentence to work out. The convicts entertain the greatest possible contempt for the workhouse. The Matron relates an instance of some shawls being distributed for winter wear, which were critically examined, held up to the light, and at last a woman exclaimed—

"Hanged, if they ain't workus shawls—just the things the poor workus critters walk about in!"

The workhouse is the lowest depth to the criminal mind.

"'This is a queer sort of gruel, Miss,' a woman once said, as she turned her 'pint round and round in her hands—'regular workus stuff to-night. Anyone would think that I was a pauper.'

"There was an occasion when the food at Millbank was altogether far from first-rate, and the prisoners were not slow to detect a difference in the quality of their provisions, and protest against it.

"'It isn't good!' one shrieked.

"The principal matron, who had condescended to listen to their complaints, hazarded the trite remark, that they were better fed than the honest poor, and should be less quick to show their discontent.

"'Hark at her,' cried a voice, 'she compares us to the charity people—what next will she call us, I wonder?'"

We regret that our space is quite insufficient to give a full description of the Matron's "Prison in the Air," in which she attempts to set in motion the machinery she considers best adapted for the working of a model prison. It should be in the country, and for all ages; there should be less of the silent system than at Millbank, and a shorter term of service than at Brixton; the matrons should bear a proportion to the prisons, and have passed a competitive examination; the "breakings out" should be forestalled by a new task, or some change serving to divert attention, without engendering in the prisoner the suspicion of

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being humoured or feared; there should be a large majority of labour women; shirt making is tabooed, the prisoners should work for Government alone, and wholesale City firms get their shirts, and bags, and duck slops made somewhere else; there should be no favourites, but no undue severity, and hard work should be rewarded by pure air and good food, and the convicts should be able to send part of their earnings to their relations; the system of prison management which the author wishes to impress upon Government authorities is thus summed up:—

"The necessity of a less term of probation at Millbank; the advantages of hard labour over sedentary pursuits; the expediency of breaking in upon prison monotony by little variations in the shape of readings, lecturing, or class singing; the necessity of a better form of school, whereby the women may find an interest in those books that are instruments of torture now; the institution of a better, wiser, and more Christian method of association; a little more exercise; less of the old barbarous style of punishment; good conduct rewarded by special service dresses; insubordination met by a dismissal from a superior prison to Millbank or Brixton, according to the heinousness of the offence; to every gaol a lunatic ward, whereto doubtful cases may be drafted until suspicion is disproved or verified. Above all, an increased staff—a prison matron to every dozen women—is necessary, if the theory of individualisation is to be fairly carried out.

"Add to this, that all officers should be selected for their peculiar fitness for the post, from the lady superintendent to the humble assistant matron. I think with this, or something like this, prison discipline would be improved, and prison management show better and more satisfactory results."

It will be owing to no fault on the part of the author if this book falls short of the purpose for which it is written. The suggestions are the result of years of practical experience, and every point connected with prison discipline has been carefully studied. Some few remarks are to be found here and there indicative of a feeling respecting the Irish convict system, which the "Prison Matron" might have done better to have suppressed, but otherwise the subject is discussed in a fair and earnest spirit, and the numerous sketches of prison characters throw light which mere statistics never give, and illustrate the author's views in the best and most forcible manner.

Hawaii: The Past, Present, and Future of its Island Kingdom. By Manley Hopkins. [Longman].—The recent visit of Queen Emma has rekindled our interest in the Sandwich Islands, and afforded a suitable opportunity for the issue of a second edition of this work. It is interesting to read of the important part taken by two women in the religious history of Hawaii, as well as the fact that since Kaméhaméha's death in 1819, until the present reign, a woman (whose authority has been necessary in all public acts) has always occupied the second place in the government. It would be difficult to find, in the records of female heroism, a more devoted act than the descent of Kapiolani, the wife of

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the public orator, into the crater, in order to show her countrymen the folly of their superstition in Pelé. Women, as special sufferers from the tyranny of idolatry, were doubtless specially concerned in its overthrow. Scarcely raised in their social position above domestic animals, they were forbidden, under the penalty of death, to eat with men, and were debarred from many kinds of food. At the instigation of his mother, the young King Liholiho was the first to break the taboo. After consulting with the female premier, a feast was prepared with separate tables for the sexes, and, when all were assembled, the King walked to the table reserved for the women and seated himself among them. This was sufficient, and the shout arose, "The taboo is broken;" images were demolished, and the extreme vigour with which the whole nation liberated itself from the thraldom of idolatry, testifies to the great energy of this remarkable race, and their capability of being turned to good or evil account.

Those who wish to trace the missionary efforts of the last forty years, will find, in this book, an intelligent and impartial account. Mr. Manley Hopkins writes of facts with which he is personally familiar, and which his official position has enabled him to authenticate, and gives us a curious insight into the customs and characteristics of the Sandwich Islanders. Five new chapters are added to the previous edition, and an excellent portrait of Queen Emma.

Miss Majoribanks. 3 vols. [W. Blackwood & Sons.]—This new instalment of the "Chronicles of Carlingford," just reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, deserves our cordial welcome. It is quite an unusual luxury in these days to meet with a story which does not contain a single murder, or one case of bigamy, by an author who is able to make the career of a girl ambitious of becoming the leader of society in a small country town, interesting, from the first page to the last of a three volume novel. Not being overcrowded with incident, the characters have room to work, and to display a strongly marked individuality, in which the true merit of the story lies. The men and women in it are real people, living and acting in the society of a provincial town, which is pictured vividly, but without exaggeration. How while performing her self-appointed duty of "comforting dear papa" Miss Majoribanks takes possession of her father's house, refurnishes the drawing-room with the exact colour suitable to her complexion, establishes the most successful "Thursday evenings," and reorganises the whole of Carlingford, we must leave our readers to ascertain for themselves.

Lending a Hand, or Help for the Working Classes. By the author of "Doing and Suffering." [Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.]—Disclaiming, at the onset, any interference with the political aspects of the subjects

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she handles, the author states her intention of dwelling upon the matters relating to the homes of the working class. Accordingly, the first chapter treats of family life in the workman's home—how to restore and promote it. The withdrawal of the wife and mother for the purpose of adding to the income naturally comes into question, and the right views upon this point are very ably brought forward. A course which involves the neglect of a woman's first duties, is, and must ever be, disastrous to herself and the entire household; and the money earned abroad will never atone for the waste occasioned at home by the absence of the wife, to say nothing of the sacrifice of the husband's comfort, and the health and moral welfare of the children. We cannot, however, follow the author when she tells us that the Needlewoman's Institution in Hinde Street is the agency which will prove an unfailing refuge to the wife who abstains from work until by her husband's illness or death she is forced to turn bread-winner for herself and children. That Institution has doubtless given many women a "lending hand," and we are not surprised to find in this work an account of its operations and management; but the manner in which it is brought forward as a sovereign remedy savours too much of airing a pet project from personal motives. The most interesting part of the book relates the establishment of the workmen's home at Mulhouse, a large industrial city not far from Basle. A company (which at first consisted of twelve shareholders, who took among them sixty shares of £200 each) was formed in June, 1853. They agreed to restrict themselves to an interest of 4 per cent., and they purchased the plain which lies between Mulhouse and Dornach, in order to build dwellings which the workmen would not only be invited to live in at a moderate rental, but to purchase by instalments at cost price, on condition that none should be let at a higher rate of profit than 8 per cent. The Emperor agreed that the state should contribute £12,000 towards the scheme, and the capital was raised by other shares to £14,200. The workmen's city has been built on either side of the canal which waters the plain.

"The first impression of the traveller on arriving, might be that he was entering some public gardens, so pleasantly is each little house bowered in trees. About 120 *mètre carré** of garden is allotted to each house, and in each garden the company has planted two fruit trees. . . . The Place Napoleon occupies the centre of the town, and on either side of it a public building is conspicuous; the one for public baths and laundries, the other the city baking establishment and eating house. In the laundry, the housewife pays a halfpenny for two hours at the wash-tub, with free command of hot water, and the use either of a drying-ground or drying-cupboard. Over the bakehouse and cookshop, the first floor is used for a public library and for a

* A *mètre carré* is somewhat more than a square yard.

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general store, where the most necessary articles of household and personal consumption are sold for little more than wholesale prices; but it is fair to say that both of these have been somewhat a failure. The books are not popular, and the workmen have been so long accustomed to the credit system, that they continue to supply themselves from shops that give credit, notwithstanding that each article is much dearer. . . .

"M. Jules Simon thus describes the terms offered to the workman. The company makes no mystery of the matter, it says to him, 'Here are my houses, all open, enter them, examine them from cellar to garret. The purchase of the ground cost me a shilling the *mètre;* building, purchase of materials, salary of architect, has brought the price of the smaller houses to 2,400 francs (£96), of the larger, to 3,000 francs (£120). I will sell them to you for the same price; I will gain nothing, neither will I lose by the transaction. You are not in a position to pay £120, but I, as a company, can afford to wait. You shall lay down a first instalment of £12 or £16, which will cover the expense of contract and transfer; you shall then pay me 18 francs a month, for a house worth £96, and 23 francs a month for a house worth £120. This will be four or five francs more than it would cost you to rent it. In 14 years you will have paid up the price of your house, and it will be yours. Not only will you live rent free, but you will leave it to your children, or sell it, or give it away at your option. The five francs that you have thus economised monthly, and which would, in the savings' bank, have accumulated to something less than £60, have put you in possession of a house worth now £120, but likely in a similar period from this time to double in value. And for those 14 years you will have the comfort of a good roof over your heads, you will be subject to no landlord's caprices, you will have enjoyed a garden that will bring you in from 30 to 40 francs a year, to say nothing of the various advantages of residence in the workman's city, for which you have been charged nothing in the price of your house; such as wide and well kept streets, open airy spaces planted with trees, infant schools, public baths, and other similar institutions.'"

The conditions attached to the residence, simply consist in the house and ground being properly kept up, the garden cultivated, the fencing kept in good order, the lime trees bordering the streets preserved, and, without the company's permission, the purchaser of a house for a period of ten years must neither sell his house nor let off a part of it to another family. In twelve years (up to August 30th, 1865) the number of houses sold amounts to 614; of these the purchase-money for 112 has been paid off, in spite, we are further given to understand, of wages for unskilled labour being below those earned by the agricultural poor in many rural districts.

We have quoted as much as our space will allow, and recommend our readers to resort to the book itself for further details. At a time when railway interests and other public improvements are causing whole parishes of our London artisans to remove to other neighbourhoods, it is well to draw the attention of capitalists and employers of labourers to the fact that while £26,000,000 are to be spent in locomotion within the area of the metropolis, the whole capital of the Company at Mulhouse, including State assistance, is £26,200. There are many other points upon which this book throws new lights and

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suggestions, and it is the work of an earnest, thoughtful mind, and cannot be too widely read.

Inaugural Address at Edinburgh. By Thomas Carlyle. [Chapman & Hall.]—Our obligations to genius, even where it may not mean to be our special benefactor, are so great, that our gratitude is as involuntary as the service it acknowledges; and the reader of the speech delivered to the Edinburgh students will feel as much indebted to Mr. Carlyle as if it had been specially addressed to himself. Mr. Carlyle could scarcely have done better service than by uttering such earnest counsel to diligence, thoroughness, and reverence, and raising his voice against the fatal want of honesty in study.

"Keep an accurate separation between what you have really come to know in your minds and what is still unknown. Leave all that latter on the hypothetical side of the barrier, as things afterwards to be acquired, if acquired at all; and be careful not to admit a thing as known when you do not yet know it. Count a thing known only when it is imprinted clearly on your mind, and has become transparent to you, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence. There is such a thing as a man endeavouring to persuade himself, and endeavouring to persuade others, that he knows things, when he does not know more than the outside skin of them, and yet he goes flourishing about with them."

After considering the change which has been brought about by printing, since universities were first established, and the indispensable value which they still continue to have, Mr. Carlyle discourses upon the choice of books, and tells us that as we try to find out what suits our physical constitution, and to discern between a false appetite and a true one, so we ought to ascertain the kind of reading from which we can receive the greatest good, remembering that life is short, and that if we read *this* we cannot read *that*, or gain to-morrow what we lose to-day. But he calls in question the idea, so prevalent in almost every class of society, that so long as a person is reading it is well—

"It would be much safer and better for many a reader that he had no concern with books at all. There is a number, a frightfully increasing number, of books that are decidedly not useful to the readers of them. . . . In short, as I have written it down elsewhere, I conceive that books are like men's souls, divided into sheep and goats. Some few are going up, and carrying us up, heavenward; calculated, I mean, to be of priceless advantage in teaching—in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others, a frightful multitude, are going down, down; doing ever the more, and the wider, and the wilder mischief."

Upon the gift of silence Mr. Carlyle is indeed eloquent; fearing that "the two finest nations of the world," the English and the American, are "going all off into wind and tongue;" and believing that silence is the eternal duty of man, he recommends to us the picture of mute education, introduced by Goethe in his "Wilhelm Meister's Travels." Nor is he less forcible when impressing upon the student the duty of gradually ascertaining the work he is individually best fitted for; it is,

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he considers, the first of all problems, for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. There is no man so unhappy as the man who cannot tell what he is going to do, who has no work cut out for him in the world. Work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind.

"A man is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him, in doing the work he finds he is fit for; to stand up to it to the last breath of life, and do his best. We are called upon to do that, and the reward we all get—which we are perfectly sure of if we have merited it—is, that we have got the work done, or at least that we have tried to do the work. For that is a great blessing in itself; and, I should say, there is not very much more reward than that going in this world."

The belief in the separate mission of every individual creature is the groundwork of the principles advocated by the VICTORIA MAGAZINE regarding the education of women, and their right to enter upon work they feel able honourably to discharge. No man or woman ever yet worked honestly, faithfully following the light that is in them, without giving some help to their race; and we gratefully accept the motto from Goethe with which Mr. Carlyle concludes—"work and despair not."

The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us—onward.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark portal,
Goal of all mortal;
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error;
Perplexes the bravest,
With doubts and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The worlds and the ages;
"Choose well, your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.

"Here eyes do regard you
In eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not."

Photographic Portraits of Men of Eminence in Literature, Science, and Art, with Biographical Memoirs. Edited by Edward Walford, M.A.

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No. 35, May. [Bennett.]—This number contains a photograph of Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, by Mr. Ernest Edwards. The memoir informs us—

"That whatever liberty woman has acquired within the last nine years, to pursue, free from ridicule and obloquy, the honourable career of usefulness for which she may feel qualified, whether in works of benevolence or intellect; whatever recognition she has been able to secure of her right to pursue the studies tending most fully to develope her intellectual organisation; whatever strength, moral and intellectual, she will thus have been permitted to acquire, enabling her to perform her own individual work in the world, and to be the sustainer of man, will have been due eminently, under God's providence, to the labours of this lady. With the name of Miss Parkes has been especially associated the ridicule and obloquy unsparingly heaped upon this most important movement; with her name, therefore, will be associated, as is but right, when the history of this movement comes to be written, the honour and credit which will then have attached to it."

Springtime with the Poets. By Frances Martin. [Walton & Maberley].—The theory implied in this selection is undoubtedly a sound one, and the compiler may be congratulated on the taste and discrimination she has shown. However well qualified the selector may be, the reader will never fail to find something omitted which would interest him more than what he finds, and therefore Miss Frances Martin will be sure to hear that such and such a poem ought not to have been omitted, &c., &c., but she must rest content with the reflection that the selection she has made cannot fail to have an influence for good in forming the tastes of those for whom it is expressly made.

The Contributions of Q. Q. By Jane Taylor. [Jackson, Walford, & Hodder].—These essays have maintained their popularity for half a century, and the thirteenth edition is now offered to the public in a cheap form.

Ugolino, and other Poems. By Sibyl. [Newby.] We have met this author before, and the readers of "Hope Deferred," will doubtless turn with some interest to this volume, which contains several poems of considerable merit.

The Name of Jesus, and other Verses for the Sick and Lonely. By C. M. N. [William Mackintosh.]—These poems are the production of a gentle and chastened spirit, and we commend them to the sick and suffering, to whom they are especially addressed. They proceed from one who seeks to comfort others with the heavenly consolations granted to herself, and we cannot but think they will find a response in many hearts.

We have also received *Extremes;* by E. W. Atkinson. [Smith & Elder.] *Notes on Epidemics.* By Dr. Ainstie. [Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.] Also *Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden,* which we shall notice at length in our next number.

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THE

VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1866.

THE YOUNG STILT-DANCER:

AN EPISODE IN A TOUR IN THE UPPER PYRENEES.

Translated from the German of Elpis Melena.

CHAPTER IX.

PAU—BAYONNE—BIARRITZ.

WITH the most striking part of the road to Pau, I had previously formed some acquaintance in my excursions round the neighbourhood of Lestelle. There remained only about 18 kilometres absolutely unknown to me, and they proved to be of little interest to the traveller. One village, however, was in some degree an exception, for though the spot on which it stands is not very picturesque, the houses which compose it are remarkable from being built in the Moorish style, the high street being thus only a series of blank windowless walls. Fields of flax, cherry and apple orchards, with vines trailing from tree to tree, vary this broad valley through which the Gave meanders, forming in its course several small islands.

Pau, formerly the principal city of Bearn, has now, I believe, the widest European reputation of all the towns in the department of the Lower Pyrenees. It stands on a plateau about 150 metres high, and the view from the right side of the Gave is perhaps the grandest of which France can boast, stretching, as it does, from one end to the other of the West Pyrenees.

Pau owes its historical renown to its having been the birthplace of Henri Quatre. At every step we meet something to remind us of the gallant Bearnese. Here is a street bearing the name of the "Bon Henri." There, we are shown a monastery which he founded when he abjured the faith of his mother. Here he stands in white marble, on a pedestal adorned with sculpture in bas-relief, and there, we walk

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under the shade of trees which were planted at his command, three centuries ago. I visited the castle where the hero first saw the light, on the 14th December, 1553, when his happy father, following the Bearnese fashion, gave him a piece of garlic to suck and poured a few drops of Jurençon wine into his mouth, and where a turtle-shell which served for his cradle is still exhibited.

Many pieces of old Gobelin and Flemish tapestry, and renaissance furniture, and many gifts with which the town enriched the castle are to be seen in the saloons. The antique harpsichord, to whose tones Marie Antoinette must have often listened, the bed-cover which Louis XIV. embroidered, under the superintendence of Madame de Maintenon, and lastly, the apartment which Abd el Kader inhabited during his imprisonment in Pau, may yet be viewed.

The beautiful grounds which formerly surrounded the castle, obtained for the town the appellation of "Pau la jardinière." "Let me know if my gardens at Pau are flourishing and well cared for," wrote Henry IV. from Paris, many times after he came to the throne. But of these gardens there are at the present moment no traces. A bridge connects the castle terrace with the "Basses Plantes," and these lead to the Park, which covers a wide space between the Gave and the high road to Bayonne and is one of the finest promenades in France.

Pau has furnished history with two celebrated sovereigns, "Le Bon Henri," and Charles XIV. of Sweden; and it is a remarkable coincidence that the first renounced the Protestant, and the second the Catholic faith, in order to secure their crowns.

The house in the Rue de France where Bernadotte was born, and which the poor saddler's son left in 1780 to enter the Marine Royale as a volunteer, is still shown to visitors.

Besides its topographic and climatic advantages, Pau offers such a variety of modes of passing the time pleasantly, that it is not to be wondered at that so many English families have fixed their residence, and established a kind of colony there, and have built two churches in the town. I found it very difficult to decide on not staying longer, but the time I had set apart for the South of France began to run short.

After a stay of a few days, therefore, I proceeded by the diligence to Bayonne, where I arrived in the middle of the night. After looking in vain for rooms in several hotels, I found quarters in the Corbeille aux Fleurs, and was glad to seek in sleep forgetfulness of the miserable quarters to which I found myself condemned.

The following morning was very fine, and I betook myself first of all to the cathedral, an interesting building of the fourteenth century, of the most beautiful Gothic architecture, and undergoing gradual restoration, in accordance with the will of a townsman named Lormand, who left 35,000 francs rentes for that purpose, in 1847. The mosaics which

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adorn the floor of the sanctuary are so exquisite in colour and pattern, that one might fancy one was treading on a carpet from the looms of Turkey or Persia. Here I met some of my travelling companions, who were as full of admiration as myself. One of them told me that the hotel at which he had put up was so overcrowded, that he intended to go on immediately to Biarritz, and asked me to accompany him and his family thither.

To this proposal I most willingly acceded, and we met in the Rue du Gouvernement at the hour at which the omnibus starts. By twelve o'clock we were passing out of the city by the Porte d'Espagne, and travelling over a fine road, with gardens and villages and villas dotted here and there, on both sides. Of how many historical events, how many brilliant movements, has not this "grand chemin d'Espagne" been witness!

In the Castle of Urtubi, Louis XI., with his coarse dress and his leaden figures of soldiers, endured the gibes and derision of the Castilian nobles, here Francis I., soon after his capture, was visited by Eleanor of Portugal, his future queen, here Charles IX., with his mother and Elizabeth of Spain, created, amidst the bustle of a festival, the horrors of St. Bartholomew's Eve, here Henry IV. wooed the beautiful Corisandre, and at St. Jean de Luz, Louis XIV. rejoiced his subjects by celebrating his royal nuptials.

It was in the Castle of Marrac that Napoleon I. took possession of the inheritance of the aged Charles IV., in order to transfer it to his own brother Joseph. And it was on this road also, that the envoys of Dagobert stole the celebrated golden cup which the Visigoths presented to their queen, and that the knightly Roland du Guesclin and his companions joined the Black Prince and the English.

What a different scene this famous road now presents! In the midst of a cloud of dust may be seen a number of elegant equipages, heavily laden diligences and omnibuses, over-filled pestaches slowly drawn along by old mules, and chars-à-banc before which little horses from the Landes trot away with the spirit of chargers. The smack of whips, the cries of drivers, the singing, laughing, and shouting of the merry multitude, walking or rolling along, are enough to confuse the strongest head.

Leaving the Chemin d'Espagne, we turned into the road to Biarritz, which, thirty years ago, was a narrow straggling pathway over which a wheel carriage could not pass. At that time there was not the faith in sea-bathing that there is now. But there existed on the shore at Biarritz a rock, bored through by the action of the waves, which became an object for the curious to visit, and near it was a wooden booth surrounded by a few huts, where an old Basque sold beer to visitors. Such was the Barritz of that period.

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Now, instead of huts, there are gay buildings, the wooden booth has been replaced by splendid villas, the wretched village is a rising town stretching out between the rocks, and Biarritz is the successful rival of Dieppe, Trouville, and Boulogne. Biarritz' present renown is not, however, the first it has enjoyed; its former celebrity, of a different nature it is true, was due to its having been the place where, in the sixteenth century, a whale-fishery in the Gulf of Gascony was commenced. This attempt led to the erection of a manufactory of oil-casks and of several magazines, of all of which there is now not a trace to be found. The whales travelled further away, the fishing began to fail, and the good fortune of Biarritz deserted it.

Now, again its fortunes are on the rise, and the name of Biarritz has become the synonyme of "plaisir par excellence" with the French people. There is scarcely a Parisian shopman who does not, in his contract of service, reserve to himself the option of a visit to the Imperial bathing-place, a grisette who would not pawn her last garment to pay for a journey to Biarritz, a commis-voyageur who would not run into debt for the same purpose.

Biarritz offers amusements and conveniences of every conceivable kind, hotels, private apartments, cafés, restaurants, shops and bazaars for all classes, a splendid casino, a theatre, concert, ball, and gambling rooms, all lying close together, and spacious parades, where the sea-breezes may be inhaled, and where also the Villa Eugenie raises its head in all its tastelessness.

Our carriage set us down at the casino, where the Parisian couple and the marquis and his son with whom I had travelled thither, engaged rooms on the third story, none capacious enough being left below. I, in my loneliness, was able to secure one on the first floor, in a wing that looks down the broad terrace into which the ballroom opens, and whence I could see over the bay and ocean, and watch the crowded bathing-place. Except for its fine situation, I can find nothing to admire in the casino. Indeed, it possesses all the disadvantages which characterise so many of these new and pretentious establishments, where convenience and comfort are sacrificed to grandeur and show.

The room I might say the closet, into which I was shown, was scarcely double the size of the bed that it contained, and the partition between it and the next was so thin, that if my neighbours had had secrets and whispered them, I should have known all about them. Added to this, the roar of the sea and the howling of the wind made everything creak and tremble so terribly, that a ship's cabin could not have been worse. In short, the charges could not well be more exorbitant, or the service less satisfactory, than they were in this stately casino at Biarritz.

The area available for the recreation of visitors is not large, while

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on the other hand, the sea coast is one of much beauty and interest. The number of rocks and cliffs, creeks and juttings, hollows and caves, make it extremely picturesque, and the town with its white houses with green window blinds, the cottages, restaurants, and cafés which are scattered as though by chance along the seacoast, add greatly to the effect of the natural scenery.

The "Villa Eugenie," on the contrary, does not in the least improve this marine picture. It rises on a plateau of rock about 100 feet above the shore; it is as destitute of style as of taste, and has more the appearance of a barrack, than an Imperial residence. The materials employed in its erection are the best English bricks, transported hither at great cost, and both their excellence and their costliness are completely thrown away. A good sized garden surrounds the villa, but neither trees nor bushes, flowers nor flowering shrubs can be prevailed upon to flourish therein. The sea-winds and the sea-spray forbid floriculture, and nothing thrives but a tamarisk hedge, inside the iron railing which surrounds these so called "pleasure-grounds." But one forgives this bareness of foliage sooner than anywhere else, by the sea-side where the ebb and flow of the tide alone are a continual change.

I know no place where the luxury of the open sea bath is pursued with a zeal so determined, or with such true enjoyment as here, for the crystal clearness of the water and the fine sand it flows over, entice every one into the sea. From my window, looking upon the "Côte des fous," I every day beheld men, women, and children "en toilette de bain," and without any distinction of rank or degree, giving way to almost frantic extravagance of attitude in their attempts at swimming; these were accompanied by the wildest shouts, cries, and bursts of laughter, and presented a scene both to the eye and the ear, which, it is to be hoped, has no parallel elsewhere.

One of the most beautiful sights of Biarritz is the view from the lighthouse point. There you find yourself in the middle of an immense curve, which stretches from the coast of Spain to the Landes of Gascony. Towards the northern extremity you perceive the mouth of the Adour, whose yellow waters, after a noisy and unwearied struggle over banks of mud and sand, are visible and distinguishable far into the green ocean. Following the line of silver foam which edges the shore, the eye cannot fail to rest upon a fine group of rocks, called "La Chambre d'Amour," the legendary scene of the rendezvous of a pair of lovers, whose meetings and whose lives came to an untimely end from the violence of a high tide. Near these rocks nestles one of those pretty villages, with its graceful villas, farms, and cottages, which are not unfrequent between Bayonne and Biarritz. Two kilometres south of the lighthouse, Biarritz unfolds its natural and architectural irregu-

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larities to the eye, and that white, rugged, and abrupt piece of shore in the distance, is La Côte des Basques.

The fishing hamlet called Bidert, with its red roofs, Guétarg with its sailing boats, and St. Jean de Luz, with its jetty projecting straight into the sea, heighten the charms of this interesting coast. The little inlet visible in the still further distance, is caused by the efflux of the boundary stream, the Bidassoa, on whose right bank the fallen fort of Hendage seems to be the French sentinel, while on the left, the historical and not inconsiderable town of Fuentarrabia plays the part of the Spanish outpost.

Pasage, the safest port on Biscay, and San Sebastiano, glimmer in the misty distance; and the surface of the ocean, over which the eye glides in this wide survey, is enlivened with a multitude of near and distant craft of all kinds.

From this lofty point the eye may distinguish, even unaided by a glass, the coaster steering cautiously, the boldly rocking three-master, the Newfoundland brig, the quick-sailing lugger, the Spanish anchovy boat, the Dutch galliot, the French vinquart, the barques from Guétarg which fly over the sea to snare the swift tunny fish, and the Biarritz sloops, which keep in the open sea to have room to sink and haul in their enormous nets.

My travelling companions wishing to see the royal bathing-place in the full splendour of the evening promenade, betook themselves to the parade, where the most extravagant toilettes are displayed, where the band of the public balls is heard, where endless lotteries are drawn, by which no one but the *entrepreneur* is benefited, where posture-masters and jugglers display their skill, and where peripatetic traders open their stalls. For myself, I was too much engaged in observing the effects produced on the fine scenery by the setting sun. I watched from the lighthouse, how, as his majestic course approached nearer and nearer to the horizon, the sky was covered with a fiery stream, which made the distant streak of coast look darker and darker, while the higher clouds were tinged with a reflected rosy light by his latest rays, till he sank from sight and left the sea, the land, and even the hills, colourless and dull.

Scarcely a pleasure-seeker in the town, I think, was absent that evening from the grand ball at the casino. Notwithstanding my fatigue, sleep was out of the question, for my room was right over the ball-room. As the scanty candle with which I was furnished soon burned out, I seated myself at my window overlooking the terrace (which was gaily decorated with flowers for the occasion), to watch the scene outside and inhale the sweet scents.

It was not a little amusing, while listening to the music, to see many a Gretchen hanging on the arm of her Faust, many a Marthe in con-

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sultation with her Mephistopheles, many a *femme incomprise* with her friend, many a jealous spouse looking around, as they crossed the illuminated terrace on their way to the entrance. I had been speculating on the characters of this moving multitude but a few minutes, when a sharp sound, seemingly in the next room, met my ear. It was the striking of a lucifer match. An exclamation of "Pardi, dèja onze heures!" and a rustling of attire followed, which made me suppose that my next neighbour was a "lion," who having indulged in a long siesta, was fearful of being cheated out of his evening's amusement. Many drawers were hastily opened and shut, and then a strong aromatic perfume came through the chinks of the partition, which showed me that his toilette was finished and his handkerchief sprinkled with the last fashionable scent. Hardly was this accomplished, when I plainly heard my neighbour endeavour to open his door, and his exclamation of wrath, when he found that it was locked from the outside and that he was a prisoner in a bell-less chamber, from which in a house so full of sounds and noises, neither knocks nor cries were likely to be heard. After the "*élégant*" had, by all means he could devise, failed in opening a communication with the lower world, he became suddenly as still as a mouse.

Thinking that he had determined on submitting to fate, I again took my place at my window, when all at once I was still more startled by the fearful sound of a pistol shot!

A universal cry broke forth below from all the Gretchens and Marthes, *femmes incomprises* (and *comprises*), as if Jupiter's thunderbolts had fallen among them. The dancing ceased, the music stopped, and all seemed to expect the discovery of a suicide. Over all the multitude there was an unnatural silence. Whisperings of horrible suspicions were then heard along the terrace, while the corridor was filling with men and women, waiters and chambermaids, who began beating at all the doors one after the other. At last they came to my neighbour's door, and as the key turned in the lock and the door was opened, and all were expecting to see its occupant weltering in his blood, an *élégant* in full ball dress quietly came forth, triumphing in the success of his exploit and turning all their expected horror into laughter. The head waiter supposed that some visitor in search of his own room, must have looked in, and finding his mistake, must have inadvertently turned the key. Joining in the laughter, I told the waiter I hoped this occurrence would have the good effect of securing to the guests, in future, a proper communication with the servants of the house.

Although the French speak of Biarritz as "le lieu le plus vanté, le plus aimé, l'expression du repos le plus doux, et du plaisir par excellence"—a residence there, except for its ocean beauties, can only please those whose pleasures are on the French model; for every step

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you take brings to your eye another proof, that the imperial heroine of the toilette and inventress of fashions has there hoisted her banner.

Longer than forty-eight hours I could not endure it, and therefore I received with joy a notice from the Hotel St. Etienne, at Bayonne, that rooms were then at my service. I took leave of my travelling companions at once, and went my way.

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Situated not far from the Pyrenees and near the sea, at the confluence of the Adour and the Nive, the town of Bayonne has the advantage of scenery of the greatest variety around it. From the heights immediately about it, you overlook both its rivers, enlivened by vessels of all kinds, its dark old walls, its fruitful gardens, the waste plains of the Basque country, the pine-clad Landes, the distant mountains and the boundless sea.

Within the town is to be seen and heard a most remarkable mixture of nationalities, costume, and languages, while the peculiarities of each seem to come out more strongly. The Spaniard appears more grave, and the Frenchman more lively here than anywhere else. The women are distinguished for the elegance of their form, the beauty of their feet, the lightness of their walk, and the brightness of their complexion; and the grisettes, who tie the "Madras"* upon their heads with inimitable grace, remind one, by their soulful glances, of the judgment pronounced on them some two hundred years ago.

> "Uxores maritos, puellæ amatores suos
> Sincerissime colunt."

Bayonne is rich in public walks. Those who delight in the cool shade flock to the Allées Marines, which lie about two kilometres off on the left bank of the Adour, and besides the delightful breeze, afford, here and there, a very charming distant view.

I had scarcely walked down the most frequented promenade of the Bayonnese, before I heard the thundering beat of the boiling sea breaking upon the ear. With every step it became louder and louder, and when I had passed the Pagnadas and the winter garden and had reached the Lazaretto, the sound was like the discharge of a battery of siege guns. From the top of the lighthouse platform, I could see the pass and the mouth of the Adour. Perfect stillness reigned in the air on that fine autumn day; not a ripple moved the vessel that lay at anchor in the offing, but there the sea knows no rest. By an enormous half-circle of tossing foam, you may trace the form of the bar. In restless struggles rushes a fourfold rank of waves over this submarine rampart. One wave after another raises itself from the surrounding

* A kind of half-silk cloth.

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deep, leaping forward in gigantic volutes, breaking with fearful violence and scattering its sparkling foam in wrathful scorn over the opposing encampment.

But this grand performance of the never resting sea costs the engineers many a headache, and the state much money, and notwithstanding all that has been done, the passage across this bar is always difficult and sometimes impracticable.

As the railway by which I intended to go on to Bordeaux would give me only a flying view of the Landes, I determined to devote a day to a tour to Boucaut, a little town inhabited chiefly by fishermen and pilots. Hardly a quarter of a mile from that place, I found myself in a lonely waste, which might almost put the coast of Guinea to the blush.

The peculiar character of this forlorn spot, where the eye is not refreshed by even a blade of grass, or the ear by the voice of a bird, and where no movement of animal life breaks its dreary monotony, these immense Landes, and the sea which melts into the sky and makes them appear one, this unceasing beat of the rolling waves, which began with the beginning of the world and will end but with its end, all here seems boundless, and warns one of eternity. Saddened by the thoughts the scene suggested, I hurried to the nearest sand-hill, in order to dispel them by the sight of the towers of Bayonne, the flags of the ships in the stream, and the smoke that curled upwards from the fishermen's huts, all of which are more in harmony with our mortal and ephemeral nature.

At a distance, however, of not many kilometres, these Landes assume quite an altered appearance. Not far from Boucaut, I came upon the forest of the southdowns. There the pinca maritima flourishes, and forms a vast wood, and in spots bare of trees, maize and barley are grown. A small flock of meagre sheep, trying to find sustenance from the ash-green herbage, and trying in vain, I fear, is here and there to be seen. The shepherds who have charge of them, walk upon high stilts, by the help of which they run with incredible ease over the deep sandy ground, so that the thorny bushes do them no injury, and they can thus follow and watch their stray charges from a distance. Each herdsman carries a long cushion with him, which he rolls up so securely that it serves him for a seat, on which he sits knitting by the hour together.

The pinca maritima of the Landes is the pine of the Adriatic Sea, and very like those of the Mediterranean coast, but differs from the latter, inasmuch as its fruit is much smaller, so that there is little of it valuable besides its wood.

Barren as the Landes may seem to the traveller, they afford the botanist much hidden interest. On their rugged surface he may

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discover many a beautiful flower, and yet other objects that would repay the research of science.

Nor are the Landes quite deficient in other interests; for instance the birthplace of the Sires d'Albret, one of the oldest families of France, which produced that Jeanne d'Albret who was the mother of "Le bon Henri." The great philanthropist St. Vincent de Paul was also born in the Landes.

This founder of the society of "missionary priests," of that of the "sisters of charity," and the hospital of the "enfants trouvés," during his early years watched his father's flocks on these bare plains. Near the house where he first saw the light, a small chapel to his memory was commenced, but still remains unfinished. Not far from it is to be seen a figure of the Madonna, to which the faithful ascribe extraordinary powers; and beneath the shadow of an oak hard by, pilgrims stop to repeat their prayers.

CHAPTER X.

COUNTESS CLELIA.

BAYONNE is full of objects of interest for the traveller, but on this occasion I was obliged to pass them all by, except one, the newly erected circus for bull-fights, the Empress's last creation.

In three days (as I understood), it was to be opened for the practice of this degrading exhibition. The walls were covered with bills of announcement, and one heard of nothing but the bull-fight. For myself, I immediately fixed my departure for the morning of the show, hoping that before then I might hear something of Rosalind and get away before the "torida" began.

And my hopes were not disappointed, for I had hardly returned from my excursion to the Landes, when one of the attendants in the hotel informed me that the waiting-maid of the Countess Clelia had asked for me, and would return in about an hour. She did not appear, however, that evening, but the following morning as I was preparing for a walk, she entered my room.

"I am sorry that you are going out, madam," said the good bonne, "as I wished particularly to speak to you."

I at once relieved her apprehensions by assuring her that I had plenty of time, and begged her to proceed with what she might have to say. "Pray be seated," said I, "and let me know first how your lady is?"

"Oh, madam, worse and worse. Instead of the promised cure, she grows weaker every day, and I am sure the doctor would not have

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hurried us away from Panticosa, if he had not been apprehensive of the consequences."

"But why," asked I, "does not the count take the invalid to his own château, rather than subject her to the inconveniences of an hotel?"

"A telegram came to inform him of the sudden death of his brother (the young lady's father), and this obliged him to hasten to Paris; so my mistress wishes to remain at Bayonne, till her uncle's return."

"Has her father's death been communicated to her?"

"No, madam, at present we do not dare tell her, for although an estrangement has long existed between the young lady and her father the news of his death would be very sad to her, and might, in her present state, have serious consequences. She thinks, therefore, that her uncle has only gone to Paris on business."

I then asked Rosalind if she had received my letter from Betharam.

"Certainly, madam; it came to hand just as I was leaving Panticosa. Let me now tell you all that has happened since.

"The fatigues of the journey having, in her previous weak state, increased the prostration, my mistress was induced, on her arrival at Bayonne, to send for a priest. A friend of the count's recommended a Capuchin monk, and his amiable countenance inspired me with so much confidence, that as he was retiring, I ventured to inquire if he knew one of the brethren of that order, named Père François.

"'I am Père François, my daughter,' he replied; 'what can I do for you?'

"'Hear my confession, holy father,' I answered.

"'From seven till nine in the morning, I am always to be found in our church, and if your mistress can spare you, I shall expect you to-morrow.'

"My mistress passed a very disturbed night, but I was able to keep my appointment at the convent, where Père François awaited my arrival and led me to a confessional. What he told me in consequence of my confession, is of such great importance, not only to my own future peace of mind, but also to the happiness of those dear to me, that since I heard that disclosure, I have scarcely been able to attend to my duties. Yes," cried the poor woman, in a tone of rapture, "he lives, he lives, and will be restored to us! The testimony of the holy monk, the narration of the innocent boy, the confession of the unfortunate woman who, when on her death-bed, told for the first time that she had done the reckless deed by which she embittered my existence, and all this is confirmed by the sacred pledge which she owned she took from the neck of the child she stole. Is it possible to require clearer proofs than these?" concluded the excited bonne, as she drew from her bosom a case wrapped in paper, and put it into my hand.

It contained a locket, in which two locks of hair were entwined

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together, and over them were the letters R. and C., surmounted by a count's coronet.

"And now," continued Rosalind in a more tranquil tone, "that God is disposing all things for the best, now that death has removed the last obstacle, I may frankly tell everything to you, madam, as the instrument by whom Providence has been working, without fearing to compromise those duties of truth, fidelity, and discretion, which I owe to my mistress. I believe I have already mentioned to you, that in my fourteenth year I was engaged by a family of distinction, who lived part of the year in Paris and part at their estate in the south of France, to fulfil the duties of confidential attendant on a young lady of four years old, the Countess Clelia, daughter of the Count de Belviaro. The early death of her mother and the amiable and affectionate character of my young mistress, soon made her very dear to me. At the end of a year, I loved her as a daughter, and when the count married again and placed his daughter, who was then growing up, in a convent to be educated, my grief was so great, that I preferred becoming the wife of a cabinet maker, who had made me several offers, to remaining in the cheerless solitude of the old castle, from which the young countess had been banished, at the instigation of her stepmother.

"The poor child was but seldom received in her father's house, and generally spent her vacations with the parents of a schoolfellow, with whom she had formed a friendship.

"In that house she became acquainted with a Polish nobleman. In the heat of youthful patriotism, he had joined in the revolution of 1830, but afterwards, doubtful of the future of his country, or waiting perhaps for better times, he was earning a livelihood by literary occupations in the south of France.

"This young man excited feelings of enthusiastic love in the sensitive heart of the young Clelia, which he as warmly returned. Well knowing that nothing could prevent her inheriting her mother's property, and forgetting the antipathy of her father to everything which promoted the cause of freedom, Clelia encouraged her lover to go to him and ask her hand in marriage.

"The Count de Belviaro, exasperated at his daughter's attachment, took her from the house where she had met her lover, and forbade her ever to return to it, threatening to oblige her to take the veil, if she did not, at once and for ever, banish from her mind all thought of becoming his wife.

"Accustomed to see his daughter obedient to his every wish, the count thought himself still secure of his command over her heart and conduct. This menace, however, served only to strengthen the opposed passion of the lovers, and as Clelia had heard indirectly that her father meant to send for her to Paris, with the view of marrying her to a son

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of the Duke of O., she devoted all her thoughts to the devising of some plan by which such a lot could be avoided.

"To this end, Clelia, who had been much disturbed in health by her troubles, found no difficulty in obtaining the superior's permission to make a little tour, accompanied by a proper companion. Her real object was no less than to be married secretly to the Polish nobleman, Count Zamorski. This she accomplished, and then, secure in the impossibility of marrying another, she returned to the convent and there awaited her father's summons.

"This was not long in coming. The young bride immediately set off for Paris, not to fulfil the count's promise to the duke's son, but to declare openly that she could not consent to a marriage so totally at variance with her inclination. The count was enraged to the utmost, and it is impossible to say how far his anger might have carried him, had he known the real state of the case.

"Of course, all his endeavours to bend his daughter to his will remained fruitless, and he therefore resolved on sending her back to the convent, telling her not to stir beyond its walls, not to presume to attempt to hold any communication with him until she was prepared to obey his commands.

"Guarded by two companions, the poor lady was sent back to the South of France. Beloved and pitied by all, she readily procured the permission of her superior to pay me a visit on her way.

"I had never seen her since my marriage, and I was shocked to find so great an alteration in her appearance. To me she opened her overladen heart, and with bitter tears, she told me that during her stay in Paris, her husband had been obliged suddenly to leave; that he had written to her from Marseilles, stating that as there appeared no chance of any alteration in political affairs, and as her father would not sanction their marriage, he could no longer remain in Europe, and had determined to make a voyage to South America, in order to join Garibaldi and find either honour or death with him.

"It was a difficult task to speak comfort to one in so distressing a situation, and who moreover entreated my advice and assistance. It broke my heart to witness such sorrow, and to know that in the seclusion of her nunnery she could find no one who would sympathise with her. All that I could do was to repeat my assurance over and over again, that to whatever determination she should come, either now or at any future moment, both my husband and I would be ready to help her to carry it out.

"A quarter of a year had scarcely gone by after this heartrending visit when I received a message from the superior of the convent, requesting that I would come thither, as the Countess Clelia was very anxious to see me. I went immediately.

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"They would not allow me to speak to my mistress alone, but she found means to slip a sealed letter into my hand without being observed by the attendants.

"When I had the opportunity of opening it, I found these words.

"'What I suspected when last I saw you, is now clear and undoubted. In less than two months I shall become a mother. Hasten to Paris. Tell my father that nothing but the Pyrenean baths can cure my complaint, and obtain from him permission for me to go thither. Thy unhappy Clelia.'

"I went, and though I went despairing of success, I went determined to succeed if it was possible, and I did succeed. Provided with a letter to the lady abbess, in which the count desired her to deliver his daughter to my charge, I returned to my mistress and took her to a retired spot, where I had provided every accommodation for her.

"After the birth of her child, a delicate but fullgrown boy, I had the pleasure of seeing a bright smile on my dear mistress's sad face. She told me she hoped that the appearance of her darling child would end her sorrows, and so full was she of this thought, that she at first wished to name him 'Consuelo,' a Spanish word meaning comfort, or consolation; but she afterwards determined that his name should be 'Marco.' Oh, how quickly passed away this short term of freedom, and how soon came the day of parting!

"'To your loving protection, my dear Rosalind, I must confide my darling boy,' said the young countess, when the moment arrived for a last embrace. 'Treat him as your own child. Be to him a mother until I can be so once more myself;' and the poor lady went back to the convent and the dreary life to which her cruel father condemned her.

"Marco passed in the village for my own child. He grew rapidly, and even in his first childhood he gave signs of the same bright and noble spirit and beauty which distinguished his mother. I was fortunate enough to obtain the confidence of the superior of the convent, and to prevail on her to allow Clelia now and then to pay me a visit, by which means she had the opportunity of watching the welfare of her son. The last time she visited him, she tied a locket round his neck, and I remarked that she had never felt so much at parting with him as she did that day. Some presentiment, I think, must have risen in her heart. Her placing that locket on his neck must have been ordered by God. My meeting with Père François was equally providential, for I at once recognised the token he gave me, and thus had the means of discovering that the child had been stolen by that reckless woman, and that he was the same whom she had named Dieudonné, and educated as a stilt-dancer and violin player. Who now could doubt that he was the little Marco and no other, the long-lost son of the Count Zamorski and the Countess Clelia?"

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Pale and agitated to an extraordinary degree, Rosalind was obliged to pause in her narration, but after awhile she recovered herself and continued her story.

"Clelia showed much firmness of mind under the loss of her child. All our endeavours to find him were fruitless, but not a single complaint or a word of blame passed my dear mistress's lips.

"I heard soon afterwards that her husband was too deeply involved in politics to leave him time to think of his secret marriage; and it became necessary for the poor countess to return to her convent, and there await the issue of the political contest that was then going forward.

"Garibaldi's proceedings at that time were so important and caused so much noise, that the report of them penetrated even into the holy quiet of the cloister. Poor Clelia's heart was torn by fears for her husband's safety, and anxiety had its usual effect upon her health.

"The good doctor who attended her took a lively interest in her case, and contrived at various times to supply her with newspapers to amuse her mind, little knowing what a heavy blow his well-meant attention would be the means of dealing his patient! From one of these papers, she learnt that her dear husband had been taken prisoner, after fighting manfully before the walls of Rome, and had been sentenced to death and shot at Bologna.

"Knowing what must be the sufferings of my dear mistress, and what an effect they would have upon her already broken constitution, I at once set off, without her permission, indeed without her knowledge, to seek her uncle, the viscount, who happened then to be at his chateau in our neighbourhood, in order to entreat him to exert his influence with her father to release her from her present confinement. At that time he was yet mourning the loss of his own wife, and his heart being touched by my account of the state of his niece, he immediately complied with my desire; indeed, he did more. Clelia's father had heard of his daughter's secret marriage, and also of the death of his son-in-law, which appeared to have affected him in some degree. He therefore gave his consent to his brother's proposal that his niece should live with him. The young lady joyfully accepted her uncle's invitation, with the one condition that I should be her attendant. Eleven years have passed since we have thus lived together, and both the viscount and I have done all in our power to obliterate the sorrows of her young days. She receives our attentions with grateful acknowledgments and does what she can to assist our endeavours. But the loss of her child and the death of her husband have broken her heart, and she will never recover. She is slowly fading away, like a beautiful lily, torn from its root.

"The journey to Pantecosa was a last endeavour, and that also has

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failed. The weakness which the baths have left upon her is so great, that the physician forbids us to tell her of her father's death, though to her he has been long dead. If the discovery we have now made had happened earlier, it might have preserved her life, but I fear that it will come too late and that even the emotion it will occasion will hasten her death."

Rosalind spoke these last words with a deep-drawn sigh. The countess had already sent for her. I thanked her for her confidence, and she departed. I sat a long time thinking over this sad tale, till the waiter entered my room to say that a young man from Tarbes wished to see me.

It was no other than Marco himself.

"You are heartily welcome," I cried. "I was just thinking that I should be obliged to leave Bayonne without seeing you; and now let me hear why you have been so long in coming."

"My tour took me longer than I expected, madam. And when I got back to Tarbes, I found my father had a fresh attack of rheumatism, and my little Alex was quite unhappy at my continued absence, so that I was obliged to remain a day or two with them. Indeed I hardly liked to leave them at all, but my father was of opinion that I ought to avail myself of the count's permission to visit him at Bayonne, and as I knew that you would be there too, I came hither as quickly as I could."

When I related to him the non-success of the baths of Pantecosa on the countess's health, he was very much cast down; and as I saw by the state of his dress that he must have walked most of the way, I at once ordered him a bedroom and some refreshment, and told him to go and rest himself.

Rosalind's last communication had so much deepened my interest in the boy, that I determined to defer my journey till I saw the result of his interview with the count.

The very next day, Rosalind came to inquire if I would receive a visit from the count, and shortly afterwards he entered my room.

It was impossible not to recognise in the Count de Belviaro the representative of the French Legitimist noblemen. The closely-cut hair, the well-shaven chin, the careful toilet, the decoration of the "Legion d'Honneur," all contributed to the picture, as well as the high-bred manner of his address.

"Allow me, madam, to greet you heartily, as the discoverer and preserver, under providence, of the long-lost son of my dearest niece, the Countess Clelia. Our good Rosalind has told me the whole story; and from what I have also heard from the mouth of the Reverend Father François, there seems to be no doubt as to the identity of this youth with my nephew the young Count Marco Zamorski. To you,

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madam, it belongs by right to communicate to him the secret of his birth and the history of his early childhood, as well as the bright prospects that now open upon him. I pray you earnestly, madam, to fulfil this duty as soon as possible, as I am impatient to give him immediate proof of the sincerity of the interest which he awakened in my breast, from the first moment of my meeting him at Tarbes."

The count left me with a request that I would send for him as soon as my interview with his nephew was over.

I did not delay the fulfilment of the task the count had set me, and accordingly sent for Marco, and at once entered upon the story I had to relate to him. He listened with rapt attention. Now his eyes glistened with interest, and now they were filled with tears. Now, his cheeks were flushed with eagerness, and now they became pale, as I showed him the locket, which Père François had received from the hand of the woman who had stolen him and taken it from his neck. As I spoke these words, his feelings and his countenance seemed to change in a moment from those of a boy to those of a man, and when I had finished, he said, with the deepest emotion:

"Oh, madame! I never can, I never will desert my father and my little Alexander, to live in splendour, while they remain in misery! I will love the beautiful countess and serve her to the end of my life; but while I live and they live, I must work for my father and Alexander, the good man who has brought me up from infancy and of whom I must take care in his old age. What know I of father and mother, of count or of countess, of titles and estates? I can only live in freedom and work for those who love me!"

Other thoughts than these seemed not to enter his noble mind, and nothing else could afford him any pleasure.

At this instant, the count sent to ask if he might appear, and his message was very welcome to me, under the circumstances in which I was placed.

Although he endeavoured to re-assure the youth as to the future, Marco still wavered, and told his great-uncle that he could not put either title, position, or estate, in the scale against those whom he was bound to support.

"From your noble sentiments, my dear boy," replied the count, "the noble blood that flows in your veins is evident, and you could not be the son of my dear niece and the renowned patriot Zamorski, if you possessed not such feelings. Do not be uneasy, my Marco, about your little Alexander and his father; I will be their protector and friend; and nobody whom you love, and who has loved you, shall ever want, or be deserted by me."

Marco endeavoured to check his emotion; tears still streamed down his pale cheeks. The count begged him to follow him to his

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apartment; and, pressing my hand, he bade me a most affectionate farewell.

"You perceive, madam," said he with a smile, "that romance is still to be met with, even in the nineteenth century; and she may well be called fortunate, to whom it has been given to bring it to so happy an end."

But Marco fixed his expressive eyes on me, and whispered to me,

"On you, dearest lady, I rely that M. Charles and my little Alexander may never be parted."

So true are Schiller's words, "Nicht Fleisch und Blut, das Herz macht und zu Vätern und zu Söhnen."

. . . . . .

Twenty-four hours after this scene had occurred, I was on my way to Bordeaux. A few weeks later, as I was returning to Italy and sitting for a few minutes in the waiting-room of one of the stations of the Lyons railway, I happened to take up the *Journal du Midi*, and there I found the announcement of the death of the Countess Clelia Zamorski.

Deep pain did it give me to think that this amiable creature, after all her distressing years of sorrow and sickness, had enjoyed returning happiness for so short a time. Still there was, on the other hand, the pleasant assurance that the young Marco had been restored to his name and rank, and that the love of the noble count, his great-uncle, was secured to him.

This episode in my summer journey served also to strengthen the faith in which I have always lived, that every kindly emotion rising in the breast is to be looked upon as a divine inspiration, and when such a voice speaks in our heart in the interest of a poor boy, we should not refuse to make at least so trifling an exertion as writing a letter to a "commissaire de police."

THE END.

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CLOUDS.

THE sun is sinking low,
  The air is chill and cold,
The rivers, as they flow,
  Seem shining streams of gold.

The kine go lowing home,
  The hum of day is o'er—
The stars peep, one by one,
  Bespread on heaven's floor.

The clouds are flitting fast
  Across the darksome sky,
And as they travel past
  Strange forms I can descry.

War chariots I see
  By wingèd dragons drawn;
Borne on the wind they flee—
  Lo! while I write are gone.

A raging sea is here,
  With stormy, low'ring skies;
I almost think I hear
  The sea-gulls' dismal cries.

The rocks are black and dark,
  With caverns deep and grim;
Yet well I seem to mark
  The waves as they roll in.

They leave no impress there,
  On that rough, rock-bound coast;
They heed not, neither care,
  If lives are saved or lost.

'Tis all alike to them,
  They still roll on the same—
They're sepulchres for men,
  Tombstones without a name.

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Years pass, and others come—
  We little reckon how—
Till Time counts up the sum,
  And marks it on our brow.

But ah! the queen of night
  Has changed my fitful dreams,
She rises while I write,
  And shows me other scenes.

Snowy peaks and mountains,
  With frozen glaciers, too—
Cataracts and fountains
  Burst on my charmèd view.

A convent is up higher,
  And, 'mid that snow-clad plain,
I can discern its spire;
  I listen—and again

I hear the sound that comes
  From bells so far away,
And watch the white-robed nuns
  Their *aves* go to say.

Again, on that white cloud
  I see my childhood's home;
Sweet fancies round me crowd
  As I muse here alone.

I see the dear home faces
  As they sit side by side;
I see my vacant place is
  By my dear mother's side.

The embers faintly glow,
  And by them I can see
The tears that trickling flow—
  Perchance they fall for me.

They wait for me by day,
  And as the wind sweeps by
And I come not, they say
  "He's coming by-and-bye."

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I seek in vain my roses,
  My little jasmine-tree
In the still earth reposes—
  Withered—ay, like me.

My books are on the shelf
  As I last put them by,
All faded like myself
  In rows and rows they lie.

I seem to cross the garden,
  I listen at the door:
Dare I entreat for pardon,
  For all the love of yore?

The love they used to cherish
  For me so long ago—
For sure, my heart must perish
  Without it here below.

Shadows go not from me,
  Moonbeams still shine down,
Tenderly I love ye,
  Sweet messengers from home.

But ah! ye will not stay,
  The stars alone look down;
Go then, speed ye away,
  And whisper that I come.

AGNES STONEHEWER.

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THE PIEDMONTESE VALLEYS.

SESIA, MASTALONE, &c.

In the autumn of the year 1862 I made a journey in Piedmont, the principal object of which was, to see the southern side of the Alps, from the Simplon road to the Tarentaise. I went from Basle to Berne, by the now little frequented road of the Münsterthal. From Berne by the lakes of Thun and Brientz to Meyringen, and over the Grimsel to Obergesteln, from whence I crossed the Gries Pass, and descended the Val Formazza to Duomo d'Ossolo. Thence as far as Ponte Grande, in the Val Anzasca, which I had visited before, and therefore, all the rather that the weather was bad and Monte Rosa completely invisible, I went no further than Ponte Grande, and there had to stay a whole day, looking at the pouring rain and listening to the roar of the torrent. The next day the weather cleared, and I crossed the Barranca Pass, and sleeping at Fobello, went, on the day after, to Varallo, and stayed there three days, delighted, not only with the Monte Sacro, but with all the surrounding scenery.

From Varallo, I went up the Val Sesia, to Alagna, and crossed the Col di Val Dobbia to Gressonay; having been dissuaded from attempting the Col Ollen by accounts of the road being very bad with the fresh snow that had fallen within the last few days. I spent a delightful day at Gressonay, going up the valley, and then crossed the Col di Ranzola and the Col di Jon to Châtillon, from whence I went on to Aôsta and Cormayeur, and then crossed the Col de la Seigne to Chapuis, and descended the Tarentaise on my way to Chambery.

There was nothing, as will be seen, difficult or adventurous in this journey; nothing that could not be very easily accomplished by any lady who can sit on horseback; my highest points scarcely reached the "high level" of the Alpine Club, and I might have done more, but that I am not a very good walker, and fear much walking up hill. It surprised me, however, to meet so very few travellers, after the crowds I had left on the Swiss side of the mountains. At Varallo I found a few people, and there parted with some travellers who had come from the Val Anzasca by the same route that I did, but afterwards I only saw a stray gentleman or two, until I got to Cormayeur. The books that have been written about the Piedmontese valleys, Mr. King's, and a "Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa," have had so great a reputation that I expected to have seen the results in a greater number of travellers. The crossing the Alps, I suppose, makes a difference to many people by greatly increasing the length and the expense of a

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Swiss tour, and those who do cross the mountains, generally go to the Italian lakes, or make what is called the tour of Mont Blanc; very few seem to entertain the ambition I did—to see the whole of the south side of the Alps—so that very few people make the journey from Varallo to Châtillon across the mountains, still fewer cross from the Val Anzasca to Varallo, a beautiful journey, and a very convenient short cut for those who do not wish to make a great round by the high road.

I cannot at all agree with those who prefer Monte Rosa to Mont Blanc; the latter seems to me beyond all comparison the finest; Monte Rosa is very beautiful seen from the south, shutting up the Val Anzasca, or the Val Sesia, especially if one has the good fortune to see it, as I once did from Ponte Grande, quite red in the sunrise, and therefore understand why it is called Monte Rosa; but its general shape is round and tame, and from the north it hardly looks higher than its neighbours, and it has none of those grand and beautiful *aiguilles* which are so distinguishing a feature in the chain of Mont Blanc. But the scenery of the valleys round Monte Rosa, especially in the south, if less savagely magnificent than that of those round Mont Blanc, is, I think, more beautiful. They are not on so large a scale, and have, therefore, more variety and more picturesqueness, and the beauty of the woods, mostly composed of deciduous trees, is extraordinary, and enough, in itself, to make the scenery preferable to that north of the Alps, which is certainly rendered monotonous by the invariable fir forests which clothe the mountains at a certain elevation.

The Val Anzasca, which is the best known of these valleys, I reckon as one of the five loveliest places I have ever seen; the other four being Venice, Palermo, the lakes of Killarney, and the head of the lake of Geneva. I doubted whether the Val Mastalone was not quite as beautiful, but concluded in favour of the Val Anzasca, on account of the view of Monte Rosa. The Val Mastalone is, however, extremely beautiful, the two gorges below Fobello are as fine as anything that can be seen of the kind; the valley is very narrow, but the forms of the mountains are extremely varied and picturesque, and there is a delightful mixture of rock and herbage, which made me recal the far-distant scenery of the Kyles of Bute. Wherever the valley widens, indeed, there are little green plains, and a luxuriant vegetation, which testifies to a very different climate; great yellow gourds and pumpkins, scarlet runners over the cottages, and here and there maize; the vine itself begins to be cultivated above Varallo.

The colour of the Mastalone, as well as that of the Sesia above Varallo, is of a most beautiful bright green, instead of the usual white colour of glacier-fed streams; they are even greener than the Traun in Austria. No one seems to know to what the difference in the colour

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of rivers is to be attributed, but this uncommon and very beautiful colour of the water certainly adds very much to the charm of the valleys through which the streams run.

There is no more delightful travelling experience, as all who have enjoyed it can testify, than descending the Alps into Italy. The southern slope of the mountains is so steep, that one day's journey brings the traveller through all the gradations of climate and vegetation—bare rock, pasture, fir forests, and deciduous wood—from the regions of perpetual ice and snow, and mist and cloud, to the soft Italian air, and the wonderful vegetation, so delightful to northern eyes, maize, and fig trees, and chestnuts, and vines twisting from tree to tree, and making a general mass of leaves and verdure. To see this for the first time, to understand for the first time what is meant by "sitting under one's own vine and one's own fig tree," can never happen but once; but often as the experience may be renewed, it can never cease to be exquisitely delightful, and there is no route by which it can be enjoyed in greater perfection than by crossing the Gries and descending the Val Formazza. The pass itself is very grand, the glacier at the top seems made to be crossed on horseback, and the ponies in the Valais are excellent. The Falls of the Tosa are by the wayside, and a practicable carriage road, which when I was there came no further than Premia, is being carried higher up the valley. The scenery about and below Premia is very grand, and almost justifies the assertion of the landlord of the hotel, that the Val Formazza is the finest of all the Italian valleys.

The Val de Lys, above and about Gressonay, though its head, with the Lys Kamm closing it up, and the glacier coming down from it, is very fine, pleased me less than the other valleys. My Swiss guide seemed to like it better; it is in fact more Swiss in character, owing no doubt to its greater elevation above the sea. As I crossed the Col di Ranzola, I did not see the lower part. The journey from Gressonay to Châtillon, though quite easy, is somewhat long and fatiguing; the view from the Col di Ranzola is very fine, and so is that from the chapel at the termination of the Col di Jon, looking over the valley of Aôsta; it reminded me of the view over the Valais, from the Col di Forclay on the Tête Noire route, but the descent seemed interminable; I thought we should never reach Châtillon, which we had seen at our feet before we began the descent; and the air, though evening was coming on, grew hotter and hotter, the splendid chestnut trees we rode among seemed hardly a recompense for the oppressive feeling after the fine pure air of the upper valleys. I took off my hat and rode without anything on my head, and was heartily glad to arrive at Châtillon.

The valley of Aôsta itself somewhat disappointed me. I can understand its charm for those who are seeing the real South for the first time, but I thought it somewhat burnt up, over-cultivated, and bare of

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foliage. The interest of the Italian valleys, eastward of the Val Tourmanche, is greatly increased by the character of the population; nowhere, I suppose, would it be possible to see finer or more well-to-do-looking people, and this is rendered more striking by the sharp line which divides them from the Savoyards and the people of the Val d'Aôsta.

Cretinism, I was told, is decreasing, but what I saw at Aôsta was frightful enough, not to mention the goîtres; what can make the difference? If dirt be really the cause of Cretinism, the phenomenon may certainly be accounted for; the people east of the Val Tourmanche are as clean as those to the west are dirty; but why should this be? They are all Catholics; it is not Protestantism, in this case, which makes them clean. They live in narrow valleys, and must occasionally drink snow-water, so these things cannot necessarily produce Cretinism.

Whatever be the origin of the population of the Monte Rosa valleys, many of the women are very handsome, and have a Greek style of face, generally brown eyes; but I frequently noticed quite fair complexions, and blue eyes, especially in the upper part of the Val Sesia. Their continuing to wear their costume of course makes them picturesque. The costume of the Val Mastalone is the most striking and peculiar; it must be owned that the short petticoat and trousers are well adapted to a mountain country, and the red stripes which trim their blue dresses are very effective. I was in both the Val Sesia and the Val Formazza on fête days, so I had a good opportunity of seeing the people in their best dresses. I looked into several churches in the course of both afternoons, and generally found an assemblage of women, seated round one of the chapels, singing litanies. They had white scarfs, by way of veils, over the red handkerchiefs they wear on their heads, and the effect was uncommonly pretty.

I found these people both civil and intelligent, and had no difficulty in communicating with them, for I met with none who could not speak intelligible Italian, and it appeared to me that even in the upper parts of the valleys, at Gressonay, Formazza, etc., they spoke it more readily than German, which, though it may have been their original language, they have now corrupted into a horrible jargon, and amongst themselves they speak a patois understood only by themselves.

I was sitting by the wayside in the evening, at Gressonay, with a book in my hand, and two women going by asked if I was doing "Le mie divozioni." I had a man of the same place to go with my mule, who had been in the Piedmontese army, and served in the campaigns in Sicily and Calabria; he spoke abominable German, very indifferent French, but quite intelligible Italian, and appeared to think it strange that the English soldiers he had seen could only speak one language. He amused me much by his opinion of the Calabrians, whom he certainly looked upon far more as savages than as fellow-countrymen, and

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appeared particularly struck by their wearing sandals "all' antica," he said. I asked him how he liked the French, and he replied—"Così;" they were good people to fight, especially the Zouaves and the "Cavalliera Africana;" but he thought they were "un poco rustico," and had not much "civilazione."

No doubt the prosperity of these mountain valleys depends greatly on the custom of the male inhabitants going to seek for work elsewhere, but it seemed to me that a very fair proportion of men remained behind, and I should much have liked to have been able to obtain trustworthy information as to the real state of morals and manners in communities that seem really in an ideal condition, without the temptations of too great wealth or too great poverty. Two things are particularly remarkable in the Monte Rosa valleys, the want of roads and the excellence of the buildings, especially the churches, which are so well built and so handsomely decorated as to be quite surprising in narrow mountain valleys, where everything has to be carried on the backs of mules. They have generally detached campaniles, after the Italian fashion, and the churchyard is often surrounded by an arcade decorated with frescoes; the west façade is also often so decorated. I saw in several places what is also common in the Canton Grisons, a separate building, or bone-house, where the bones, taken, after the lapse of a certain time, out of the graves, are arranged on shelves, or piled on the floor. It is not a pleasant sight to look at.

I saw a good deal of house-building going on both in the Vals Sesia and Anzasca; at Borca, in the latter valley, I particularly remember noticing a very good sized house of two or three stories in progress, and wondering to see such a building so far up among the mountains.

Mr. King mentions the fresco paintings in the Val Anzasca; I thought those in the Val Sesia quite as good; the figures and faces are conventional, no doubt, they are the productions of a school, but of a very good school considering the circumstances; there is a grace and beauty about them which one often looks for in vain in the productions of painters of far greater pretensions than any who can be employed in decorating the churches in such little villages as Mollia, Riva, and Alagna.

The want of roads and even paths south of the Alps is certainly an inconvenience. The Swiss are a road-making people, so are the French; the Italians and Spaniards have no idea of it. The bridle-roads, which are excellent on the French side of the Pyrenees, become detestable the moment you cross the Spanish frontier, and it is the same in crossing the Alps into Italy, except on the great highroads. On the Val Mastalone side of the Barranca pass, though it is much frequented by the country people, and it would be quite easy to make a good path, there is literally none at all. The Val Anzasca people

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would not take their mules on further than Barranca; it was, they said, "Troppo faticoso e periculoso;" the Piedmontese princes had once been carried over on mules, and they would never do it again, and I had to walk the whole way. I was told it would take from an hour and a half to two hours, and it took four; and I found it fatiguing, not only from the steepness of the descent, but from the extraordinary roughness of the path, when we did come to one, and the number of streams to be crossed by planks, stepping-stones—any way. The scenery, is however, very beautiful; there is a little lake or tarn just below the summit of the pass, and lower down a very picturesque waterfall. I was a good deal tired when I got to Santa Maria, the first village in the valley, and sat down to rest on the steps of the church; and was most kindly entertained by the priest, who brought me out bread and wine and a comfortable cushion to sit upon. From Santa Maria to Ferrara, where the carriage road to Varallo begins, the path is good, but there was nothing to ride. There is said to be an inn at Ferrara, but I saw nothing but a shed by the road-side, where the carriage that had been sent for from Varallo waited, as it was raining.

In the Val Sesia the mules go to the market at Varallo on certain days in the week, and there are none in the valley; in the Val de Lys I found the same thing, the mules were gone down the valley, and there was some difficulty in procuring one for me.

The carriage road was carried up as far as Campertogno, and from there I walked to Mollia, where I found mules; it took me half-an-hour, but I was told by different people I asked, that it would take ten minutes, three quarters of an hour, and an hour-and-a-half. When I found the mule, however, there was no saddle, and I had to ride as the countrywomen do, sideways on a sack; it did very well on a good path of only moderate inclination, but I could not have sat so up or down very steep places, and the dividing ridges between these valleys are extremely steep. The valley up to Alagna is very lovely, Monte Rosa beautifully seen in front, and I was provided the next day with two very good mules and excellent side-saddles. The mules came from Riva, and the man to whom they belonged went with us, but for some inscrutable reason would not say they were his, but left all the bargaining to his boy; it was one of the many instances I have seen of the odd subtlety and reticence of the Italians.

This little difficulty about conveyance was the only one I met with; all the inns I stopped at, however small, were clean and comfortable, and the eating good enough, especially at Fobello, where the obliging, good-natured landlord set before me in the morning with evident satisfaction, *too* good a breakfast, fresh trout, broiled chicken, eggs, fruit, honey, &c. At Gressonay I had a dish of marmot served up to me, with the remark that Mrs. King was very fond of it, I did not quite agree with her, thinking it unpleasantly fat; marmots are very

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common among the rocky mountains which divide the Val de Lys from the Val Sesia; we heard them whistle as we ascended the desolate valley which leads to the top of the Col di Val Dobbia, and in descending I saw, what I believe is not very common, one at the mouth of its hole. I had set off alone, before the rest of the party were ready, and walking quietly down the steep path, I saw the little brown animal not far from me; it sat up on its hind legs, and stared at me for a minute or two and then disappeared under the rock; it is surprising how they manage to become so fat in such utterly barren and verdureless places.

The only place where I found the least attempt at extortion was at Alagna. At Formazza, where the landlady, a very handsome old woman, wearing large gold earrings, shook hands with me, they asked what the bill ought to be and I made it out myself. Even at Ponte Grande, which many people abuse and where I have been twice, I found little to complain of, though it is, certainly, rather Italian in its arrangements. I believe I had the best rooms.

Too much could not be said of the beauty and picturesqueness of Varallo; its situation at the junction of two valleys produces a charming variety in the views. The Monte Sacro is a very fine and remarkable rock, rising precipitously above the town. Of the well-known scenes from the life of our Lord, I have no need to say much; I saw nothing in them to shock any Protestant feelings, on the contrary, I could not have believed that anything of the kind could have been so striking and impressive. My companions and I began an examination of the chapels with sufficiently lively criticisms and remarks; but by the time we came to the last scenes, we were unable to keep up our conversation, and became quite silent. By the time we began to think of going down the mountain, we found to our astonishment that it was four hours since we had left the inn. It was raining hard the whole time, and we hoped our pilgrimage was the more meritorious.

There are some interesting frescoes by Guadenzio Ferrari, both in the church and the Franciscan Convent. There are beautiful walks in every direction, a fine river, woods and waterfalls, and Varallo itself is a picturesque little town, tolerably well supplied with shops. They are good shoemakers, and I got my boots very comfortably mended, with nice soft leather. The market is interesting, fruit and vegetables good, and they appear to make much use of various kinds of mushrooms.

The last day I was at Varallo a storm of wind and rain came with a very fine effect down from the mountains, and then the weather, which had been previously unsettled and showery, cleared up; but it appears there is always a good deal of rain at Varallo, and it must be very hot in really hot weather, otherwise I cannot imagine anything that would be pleasanter than to stay some time there, and thoroughly explore the Piedmontese valleys that are easily accessible from it.

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COLONEL RANNOCH.

CHAPTER IX.

SOMETHING STARTLING.

So while Alice, watching the night out, let her thoughts run riot, because she felt strong enough to check them; while Jim Glanley, cursing his fate, and weighing, rightly enough, his own weakness, was making bitter moan over the reflection of the face that was to him a snare and a perplexity; while the storm and writhing trees, looking in upon the two pictures, howled and beat their sides with mocking laughter; and while flake by flake the snow gathered like a shroud over the green earth, another room in Roodee might have shown a watcher, who, standing by the window of his bed-room, gazed out into the wild night with impatient eyes, swearing now at the snow, now at the wind; but neither wind nor snow showed any token of attention. At length, however, a lull came, and, with a long sigh, the wind breathed its last, and, in solemn silence, the feathery cloud descended, piling itself up in little heaps amongst the branches; gradually the flakes became distinct, then wider and wider apart, until they ceased altogether, and the leaden-coloured sky grew veined with light, through which now and then a star would look tremblingly forth on the cold earth, and, disgusted or frightened at the bleak prospect, shuddering hide away again.

Kealder, for this third watcher was none less than Tym Clifton's guest, looked at his watch and drew a long breath.

"Only just time," he thought; "she'll hardly be there, poor soul, on such a night; and yet her letter was clear enough, and, at any risk, I must find out what she wants to be at;" getting himself into a thick overcoat, he blew out the candles and, opening the door, looked cautiously along the passage, measuring with his eye the number of steps that lay between his bedroom door and the head of the staircase.

The thick carpeting deadened his footfall, and there was light enough in the hall to let him see his way to the door, leading into an unused ante-room, from the window of which he could reach a stone terrace sheltered by a wide verandah, which, thus being free from snow, prevented any traces of footmarks; from the other end of the terrace he got into the garden, and walked along the eastern side of the house, where the light burning in Mr. Glanley's room rather alarmed and caused him to pause, and half determine to go a different way to avoid passing; but then came the charitable conclusion that Glanley must have been so drunk that he had forgotten to put out the candles, and with this reflection Mr. Kealder walked coolly on, and turning the

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corner, saw another stream of light flowing down upon the laurels and snow; and between the window and the point whence the light came, there was moving to and fro the shadow of a woman; a thin muslin curtain only hung across the wide window, and very brightly did the extra candles, lighted in Alice's nervous fright and loneliness, shine; but it was scarcely from the candles or fire that the light which brought a smile to Kealder's lips broke in. He remembered now that Jim had been abstemious that night, and even been twitted by Tym Clifton upon turning over a new leaf; and he remembered, too, that Clive had been drunk, so Mr. Kealder put his own interpretation upon the lights.

Getting out into the avenue the snow lay deeper, and across from the openings on either side had blown great wall-like wreaths. It was no easy task, plodding on through this, but he persevered until he reached the stable, where, thinking he might find some way of getting a horse, he tried windows and doors in succession, but all were fast closed. Tym's servants were not of the careless sort, and what they did they did thoroughly; there was nothing for it but to walk, no pleasant prospect on such a night; but Kealder had known the rough side of life before, and, after all, a walk to Challoner in snow eight or ten inches deep was not like crossing the rocky mountains, a feat he had performed.

He had barely reached the first mile-post when the storm began to fall again, the flakes bigger than ever. After fighting his way on for a few hundred yards, and falling headlong into a ditch full of snow, Kealder gave up, and turning his face homewards, toiled slowly and painfully along, reaching the house well nigh exhausted, too glad to get into safety to heed much about prudence, save only that he did take off his boots and shake the snow from his coat under the verandah; and it was not until the fact of the mysterious footmarks, and the consternation caused thereby, was being discussed in the hall, that he began to see how chance had favoured him.

"The blackguard must have tried the stables, when he failed to get in here," said Tym after reconnoitering. "It looks more as if he had been looking for shelter than trying to do harm. I hope he did not lose his way in the storm, poor beggar."

Tym was still talking, when a mounted policeman rode up to the door, bringing a note from the superintendent at Challoner, addressed to Mr. Clifton, as chairman of the board of magistrates, announcing that the body of a woman, supposed to be murdered, had been discovered in the cathedral.

Everyone knows the sort of horror the intelligence of an event such as this is received with. How one man mutters an oath, another the name of the Almighty; another grows white, another red; and how, if looks were to condemn, each one of them might be brought up on suspicion of having something to do with the matter on hand.

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Who was the woman? Who had found the body? Had any trace of the murderer been discovered? these and a dozen other questions poured in upon the bearer of the note.

But the man knew nothing, he had not been on duty until called upon to carry the note, and only heard that a woman had been murdered. So there was nothing for it but to go to Challoner, which Tym Clifton, Jim, and Mr. Kealder immediately did, Mr. Clive shirking the cold ride.

Great was the excitement and consternation in the ancient city; the ground round the cathedral was filled with people, and had been ever since the first rumour of the horrible occurrence got wind; and long before any policeman had found his way to the spot, the white witness of the snow was trodden down, and any chance of tracing the murderer by footprints was defaced. Somehow, no one knew by what means, but nobody ever does know such things, a rumour had got afloat that the murdered woman was the daughter of the former bishop, who had eloped from her father's house, and had been lost sight of for many years.

Tym Clifton heard the rumour, and, as he had known the family well, lifted up the cloth that covered the poor woman's face, with a sickening dread. But there was no chance of identification; the features were literally battered in, and upon the torn and blood-stained clothes there was nothing to give any clue whatever to her identification. She had been robbed, as nothing whatever was found upon her, even her wedding ring had been almost dragged from her finger, and the poor hand bruised and torn—a delicate little hand it was, too, not one used to work.

The town was in a ferment, and as the only means he could think of by which to silence the tongues of the populace and let the old bishop's name rest, Tym Clifton proposed to bring her brother down, that he might at once give it the lie; accordingly Tym went up to the barracks. The colonel had not heard the story, but rather startled Tym by the positive way in which he negatived the idea of the body being that of Major Shirley's sister.

"Shirley is an old friend of mine," went on Colonel Rannoch; "I will take in hand that he is down here to contradict all this scandal. I suppose the inquest will be held to-morrow?"

"If Shirley can be down by the following day I'll have it put off," replied Tym.

"He is at Plymouth, Mr. Clifton, and it might happen that the telegram would be delayed—but if he is not here in person he can send a message, saying where his sister is, and thus silence this foolish report. I'll walk down to the town with you now, if you'll allow me; I suppose they've no clue to the murderer."

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"None whatever; a verger says he let the woman in just before dark last night, and left her there while he went home to his tea; when he came back he looked in to the cathedral and called, but no one answering he took it for granted she had gone out while he was absent, so locked the door and thought no more of the matter, until, in going in before early prayers this morning, he discovered the body."

"A strange story; is the man to be trusted?"

"In some ways; at all events, I don't suppose any suspicion of having a hand in such an atrocious murder would ever attach itself to him."

"Could anyone else get the keys?"

"I don't know; we'll find out that."

"Is he married—or has he a family?"

"Yes, both; one of his sons enlisted a few years ago, and turned out badly; another is a notorious poacher—and the girl is one of the worst in the town."

"And, of course, each of the family could take the use of the keys!"

Tym nodded.

"We have not done with the snow yet, it seems," said Rannoch, presently, as a large flake floated into his face; "bad prospect for you hunting men—I am glad I managed to get out the first day; what a fine country yours is."

"So I think, yet I hear it get plenty of abuse. Fox-hunters are never content; one man brings a lot of timber-jumpers down, and goes away swearing at the country because we have sod walls and ditches; another has nothing but stone walls at home, and gets half-a-dozen spills every day over the rails down in the low lands—so he goes away with his mouth full of abuse; another, again, wants racing runs, and cannot understand the pleasure of a regular good hunting day—so they go on, they are never content, and yet they all come back again. I am glad you like the country; I hope we'll see you often—you've got a likely lot of horses. Will you come over to Roodee, and lunch, tomorrow? and you can see the cattle at home."

"Thanks, nothing I should like better. You are going home now, I suppose?"

"No, down to the Friars, to pick up a friend of mine."

"By-the-bye, you have a man staying with you I fancy I've known somewhere."

"Do you mean Kealder?"

"The man who was at the Friars with you."

"Yes, Kealder; he's one of the best amateur jocks I've come across, and a first-rate fellow; I am glad you know him."

"You mistake me," said Rannoch, hastily; "I do not know him, I never knew anyone of that name—it must have been only a casual

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likeness. He's an uncommonly good-looking fellow, and there's something unusual, too, in his face; I was struck by the likeness last night, but cannot remember who it was he put me in mind of."

"He is going to ride a horse of mine at the Liverpool Spring. It's a picture to see him and the chestnut together; there was scarcely a man in the stable dare go near the brute, and he half killed the last jock that mounted him; now with Kealder he's as quiet and playful as a lamb—I never saw such a fellow with animals, there's not a four-legged creature about the place that won't follow him about—two-legged, also, for that matter."

"He seemed to be getting on pretty fairly the other night," laughed the colonel.

"With Ellice Glanley, you mean? Oh, that's neither here nor there, Ellice always gets on with men when they've something to talk about, and don't make love continually. Ellice is our county belle, and we are very proud of her, I can tell you; what did you think of her riding?"

"I admired it properly; she's a very handsome girl; a little too tall, perhaps, and a little too like her brother in face."

"But Jim is a capital fellow," pleaded Tym.

"Not a better in the world—don't for a moment think I meant otherwise; there's not a man I know I'd ask a kindness from sooner than Jim; but," Rannoch paused—"I can hardly put my meaning into words without the risk of overdoing it."

Clifton's colour had grown deeper as Rannoch spoke, a circumstance that did not escape the colonel's eye, and held him silent as to any attempt to make his meaning more intelligible. He had admired Ellice as a man admires a fine picture, or a striking statue, he had scarcely thought of her as any more or less than one or other of these; but it came upon him, as he looked at Mr. Clifton's face, that Ellice was something more than a picture, and that, if she were like her brother, might not the very points of resemblance be so altered by the gentler nature and training as to become the most admirable and loveable features in her character, and what was reckless, sensual, and selfish in the man, left to the guidance of his own untutored will, become, under the woman's training, only frankness, warmth, and fullheartedness? Anyhow, Tym Clifton evidently thought Ellice perfection, and waxed hot at the very hint of a dissentient voice; and seeing how the land lay, the colonel changed the subject, and falling into an amicable discussion as to horseflesh in general, Clifton's temperament soon cooled down, and his state of mind got into its usual channel.

After they shook hands and parted at the entrance to the Friars, and after the colonel had dispatched the telegram, the conversation, and Tym's way of taking it, recurred to Rannoch's thoughts. Tym was

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evidently more than an outside admirer of Ellice's; his colour had not deepened, or his eye flashed, only because she was the county belle. There are few things that more effectually open a man's eyes to the perfections of a woman, than finding her the object of love in another man, for whom they entertain either respect or affection.

We are all much more apt to follow lead, than to take the initiative ourselves; it would seem that in this crops up the cowardly nature of the heart; we are nothing loath to give our judgment after the world has passed its verdict. And so Colonel Rannoch found himself thinking a good deal of Ellice, marvelling how far the likeness to her brother really went, and how it was that she—in spite of her beauty and cleverness—was still unmarried; and when once a man begins to get interested in such a question, he may be sure the interest is in danger of becoming personal.

CHAPTER X.

A NICE LOT.

LIKE all ancient cities, Challoner possessed a network of old, rotten, dark and evil-reputed lanes and alleys, the abodes of fifteenth or sixteenth century aristocracies, but in our day, hidden away and crushed out of sight, with all the miserable, begrimed, besotted and pallid-visaged inhabitants. Little was known or spoken of these plague-spots, except when, driven to despair by want, cold, or sickness, the tribes would make their rough voices heard over the refined tones of the visiting clergy, and for a month or two there would be a loudly-vaunted crusade, a furor about soup kitchens, and a most exemplary display of ladylike piety.

The denizens of these lanes and alleys were not a daylight-loving race, so far at least as the town was concerned; there they seldom showed their faces, except when night was reigning, and police were less visible than usual; they prowled about the country roads and commons, begging when they saw a chance, snatching a meal from a turnip field, and now and then picking up something more substantial, in the shape of a fowl or cock pheasant; now and then, too, some of the more enterprising would take a trip at Her Majesty's expense, and come back in course of time, infinitely improved in health and appearance.

In one of the most disreputable houses of this disreputable district, within a stone's throw of the eastern tower of the cathedral, and when in summer the windows were open, near enough to find the glorious notes of the mighty organ floating over the foul smoke and filth, rising

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away into the purer upper air, as if praise and thanksgiving had nothing to do with such places, in a low dark room upon the ground floor, where a window, blackened with smoke, looked dimly out upon a yard piled up with refuse timber, round a table upon which stood a substantial and by no means poverty-stricken supper, sat three men. It was daylight out in the streets still, and upon the cathedral towers the sun was still shining, but twilight had given place to night inside the supper-room, and a couple of flaring tallow candles guttered and spluttered on the table.

It was the day after the discovery of the woman's body, and, as might be supposed, this event was the subject of conversation.

Two of the men had been in the crowd by the cathedral door, as the police carried forth the corpse; and these described, with some force, the horror and wonder of those who had witnessed the body.

"There'll be an inquest," said one of them, whose voice bespoke better birth and education than the outward appearance of the man would have led the looker-on to suppose, "to-morrow, I daresay, and after that, we can get to work again. Meantime, I'll be off to London, and see what I can do there."

"It wouldn't be amiss if we all were to play that game," growled a hairy-faced, low-browed man, who had not spoken much, but made double use of the beef and brandy; "it aint the sorter way I done things; pals orter stick to the ship in times o' danger. Some on us'll hev to be at the inquest, just to see how the land lays, and steer clear o' rocks for the v'yage—now the captain there, he's the sorter fellow to do that, he can look the swell, which is more than I pertend to," and the fellow laughed, tickled at the strength of his own wit.

"You don't need to make such a row about it," said the captain. "Tom can go to the shop, he's known in the town; or Kay, he's pretty sure to be, as it is. What o'clock is it? Past the time we gave. Just look out, Tom; go round to the yard, and see if he is in the town."

The man who rose to obey was a short, slight-limbed, youthful-looking man, with white eyelashes, and pale blue eyes, that seemed always weeping; he was dressed somewhat after the fashion affected by ostlers and stable-men in general. When he had left the room, the captain pulled his chair closer up to the other man, and, leaning over the table, said—

"I must go to London. Wait a bit, and I'll tell you why—I didn't care to let that fellow know more than I was obliged to. There'll be the devil's own row about the report they've set afloat about the body, and they will, likely as not, bring her down—you know who I mean?—to prove the report a lie; now, then, it would be just as well if I went up and primed her a bit—Kay wouldn't dare go; and, for that matter, you want him here. Blyth, and his lot, will be back, and you'll be able

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to finish off your work, and clear out by the time a week is over. Kay will get the plunder off; and, if you'll take my advice, you'll polish off the squire's plate the same night."

The man laughed—"You're new at the work, captain, and, like all new hands, hot at it. No, no, we must be content with the church—the squire will do for another time. He's doing pretty well for us now, he is, and if Kay rides to win, we'll make a haul worth two of his plate. I wonder, now, you never took to horses, captain—you'd be driving your four-in-hand if you had; lord! if it wasn't for my education, I'd be keepin' of a stud like my Lord Stamford's, or Mr. Chaplin's, but I daren't show my face beside a course now, I've tried on the ticket business once too many, and, though it was afore my trip to the diggins, the police would be down upon me as quick as look at you; there's summut about this mug of mine I can't hide or change, dash it! it's ugly enough, too, and might alter with advantage; shave or no shave—hairy or smooth, it's all one—they knows I amongst a hundred," and the man finished up with an oath.

"That's why you shirk Kay, is it?"

"Right you are, that's why I shirk him."

"But why—what harm can he do you?"

The other looked hard at the speaker, and then, turning round, replied, sulkily—"It's more nor I mean to tell ye, and you'd just better not let on to him, or—but never mind, he and I will come face to face some o' these fine days, and we'll see who's got the best of it; I am upsides now, I think—here comes Tom."

"He's in the town," said the man. "The Roodee dogcart is in; Mr. Clifton, he have gone to the barracks, and the t'other be at the Friars. Here he comes."

The black-bearded man jumped up, and bolted into an inner room, upsetting a chair and table in his flight, and had barely disappeared when the door opened, and Mr. Kealder stood upon the threshold.

He was white as death, and a hard driven look in his face, such as a man wears when he is prepared to work some stroke of fortune, ambition, or interest, at any cost or hazard; he had hardly closed the door, when he had his hand upon the captain's collar, and was hissing out between his clenched teeth a demand as to who had done the cowardly deed.

"Hands off, Kay!" gulped the other; "you're drunk or mad; what should you strangle me for? Dead men tell no tales, and if you want to know anything it would be as well to let me tell it before you choke me. By Jove, what power you have! Where the deuce did you get such an arm?"

"Don't drive me mad, Carey; you've been with the gang; tell me how it happened."

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"No, I won't; you may hear it from those who know more about it. It's an ugly piece of work, and I'd sooner say nothing about it. I wasn't there, that much I'll tell you. And now let's get to business. You'll be at the inquest?"

But Kealder did not answer; he was walking passionately up and down the little room, and did not seem to hear the request.

"Come, Kay," urged the other, "it cannot be helped; she's cost you a deal more trouble than—"

"Hold your tongue!" roared Kealder, turning at bay. "I've been a blackguard, and I am in for it with you and the lot, but I don't forget."

Something like a smile flickered across the captain's face, succeeded by a look of wonder and perplexity, as he said—

"You've been drinking, Kay; come, sit down, and listen to reason; there's no time to spare. You don't want it to be known that you started from Roodee after midnight to meet the poor thing they found dead—it wouldn't look well, you know. It don't matter your going back; those who would swear to one might easily forget the other. Tom, here, saw you."

Tom grinned; "All right, captain, I'm fly."

"Others saw you, and are ready to swear anything. So you may just as well put a good face on it."

Kealder sat down, and, resting his elbows upon the table, buried his face in his hands.

"Come, that's right," went on the captain, soothingly. "Tom, you may take yourself off, we'll send for you when you're wanted. Now, then, Kay, now the coast is clear let's come to some understanding. It's as likely as not that she will be brought here to show what lies they're spreading; or, if they don't bring her, the major is sure to go to her, and take others with him, just to make sure, you know. Now, my thought was to go over to the place, get a sight of her, and put her up to it a bit."

"As you like," said Kealder, without lifting his face, "you've more to think of in it than I have. They've telegraphed for the brother. I wish I knew who had done this!" he burst out again, pushing back his chair. "But I'll find out. Where's Blyth?"

"In London."

"And Kells?"

"Out."

"Was he there last night?"

"Yes."

Something in the tone of the answer made Kealder wheel round in his walk, and there, peering in through the half-opened inner door, was a black-bearded scowling visage; for an instant the two men glared at each other, and then, with a growl rather than an oath, Kealder was

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upon him. He had a debt to pay; the scar upon his ribs was red and sore yet, and the would-be murderer was in his hands.

A few nights ago, Kealder had made Tym Clifton's blood run cold when he gave voice to his desire that some day he might stand face to face with the man who had robbed him, and well nigh did his work by murder; now he was not only face to face, he had him by the throat, and at an advantage, for the man, who had been drinking heavily—and was a coward at heart—was striking out impotently, choking, and swaying about.

"Let him alone, Kay," cried the captain, coming to the rescue; "you'll choke him, and he's drunk already; what's he done?"

"Done, the murderer?" said Kealder, still holding the man by the collar, and giving him a shaking now and then after the fashion of a Newfoundland dog. "Done? stuck his knife in my ribs, once, and when he thought he'd finished me, walked off with a bag of gold."

"The scoundrel, he deserves a hiding; but don't kill him, it would be awkward just now."

Kealder looked into the swollen, crimson face, from which the bloodshot eyes were protruding suspiciously, and throwing him from him, the half-stunned and terrified wretch lay cowering in the corner where he had fallen; and Kealder, going up to the table, took a strong refresher from the brandy bottle, and then threw himself into a chair, facing the corner where the man lay.

"How did he manage the business you've been punishing him for, Kay—it wasn't in this country, I suppose?"

"No, in California;" and, still keeping his eye upon the culprit, Kealder told the story in detail.

"The cowardly thief," remarked the captain; "no wonder he was ashamed to face you; but you've paid him off now, so may as well let matters stand; we must stick together; neither he nor you can afford to quarrel, at any rate till this cathedral affair is polished off; what we wanted you to come to-day for was to tell you that you must be ready to go to town on Friday next. You'll come to Challoner, and leave your luggage with Tom at the 'George,' to be taken to the station, while you go and play billiards, or do anything else you like to pass away half an hour. You'll then go to the station, and Jim will put your portmanteau into the carriage with you; when you get to London hail Hansom 84, and then get in, putting in the portmanteau first; then drive off like the devil, the man will ask for a glass of brandy, and you will consent; he'll drive you to a public, and you'll get out to get a glass of something for yourself; when you come back, there'll be your portmanteau—lighter now, it is; then you go to the 'Bedford,' and after a couple of days come back to Roodee and see what's then going on."

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"What is my share?"

"A fourth."

"Well, 'needs must when the devil drives!' I'll go; and what about this carcase?"

"He's useful in his way. Let him lie till he's sober. Blyth will be here to-morrow, so after the inquest you'd better come in, and see what he settles; he has started a new shop in London, and expects to do the business nicely; this venture all goes to him. You know Mrs. B., I suppose—clever woman, isn't she? I'd rather face him than her any day—a woman like that's the very devil to deal with. By the way, I am sure I've seen the colonel here before; do you know where it could have been?"

"Yes; at Hamburgh, and then Florence."

The captain started, and looked sharply into Kealder's face. "By Jove!—and he didn't recognise you?"

"No, I am very well altered; he has had no necessity to repaint and reframe."

"Ain't you frightened that he may get wind of the truth—especially after such a report about the body? It is putting two and two together, you see."

"I am safe enough. If the worst comes to the worst, he'll be the last to give me up—I wish I was as safe with all the world as with Rannoch."

CHAPTER XI.

WALKING INTO AN EDITOR.

THE events which had caused such consternation in Challoner were not fated to be passed over without doing their share of duty in the local newspaper. Accordingly, the day succeeding the discovery, being that upon which the *Observer* saw light, there appeared therein a flaming leader; wherein, taking the truth of the report for granted, the editor somewhat rashly indulged in a biographical history of the Shirley family, further embellished by comments of his own.

Here was fuel for flame with a vengeance! and before the *Observer* had been out in public life an hour, every breakfast-table in the city was ringing with comments, very various, and very concise, and varying very little in one way—indignant condemnation of this abuse of the press.

Jim Glanley swore he'd horsewhip the editor if it weren't that Shirley would consider that little bit of exercise his peculiar right; and, as the major had answered the telegram, and was even then supposed to be

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on his way, there was not much time to waste, nor much suspense to be endured.

The day passed away. The inquest was held, but Major Shirley had not arrived; he telegraphed, however, and nothing could be more conclusive. "His sister, Mrs. Mayfield, was alive, under his charge, and had not been at Challoner for many years."

The telegram had come to Tymothy Clifton, and was read by him after the verdict of "wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" had been returned by the coroner's jury; but it is easier to stem a torrent than check a scandal once set going. People heard that Major Shirley had contradicted the report, but they believed their original version all the same, and the gossip was as hot as ever.

It was by the last evening train that Frank Shirley reached Challoner, and, driving to the "George," sat quietly down to supper in a snug parlour, the landlord himself in attendance—he having been a butler of Bishop Shirley's, and ready to boast that he had carried the major on his shoulders many a time.

Squire Clifton and the hounds formed a fertile source of conversation, and for a time warded off the sensational subject of the murder; but the season was, as we know, only in its tenderest infancy; and saving the form of the horses and hounds, the dash of new blood in the latter, and those fabulous reports of innumerable litters which invariably greet the master's ears early in the season, and while the various keepers are on the look-out for a golden tip—litters which mysteriously disperse and dwindle down, especially where the said keeper has the rabbits as his perquisites—saving, then, the hounds, horses, and foxes in perspective, there was very little of actual sport to talk of. And when the table was cleared and the cloth removed, Mr. Morton disappeared for about five or ten minutes, returning at last with a beautifully cobwebbed bottle, delicately poised in one hand.

"A bottle of your worthy father's particular port, major," said he; "I've only three left, the squire he have been at me sorely to bring them out, sir, but I swore I'd not a bottle left; I am glad I did it, too, major, since you are here to drink it."

"It's very good of you, Jack," said the major, "but I'll only have it on one condition."

"What's that, sir?"

"That you sit down and help to drink it; we can chat over old times; I suppose you know what brought me here in such a hurry—what the deuce set such a ridiculous report going about my poor sister?"

Mr. Morton couldn't say; he had heard it, that was all, and thought it might have died out if the *Observer* hadn't made so much of it, and then he took the newspaper out of his pocket and handed it over for Major Shirley's edification.

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Frank's handsome face grew fierce and angry. "The infernal lying scoundrel," he burst forth with at last, "where does he live? I'll horse-whip the life out of him!"

"Not to-night, major, not to-night," said Morton, rubbing his hands and growing alarmingly red in the face; "take it quietly, sir, go cool-headed and fresh-handed to work; do it in daylight, when there'll be plenty looking on."

"I believe you are right, but it's not so easy to wait; the scoundrel, he shall have as sweet a hiding as ever a lying hound had to-morrow."

"Right, sir, right; you'll not spare him. I'd half a mind to do it myself, sir, I had indeed, but you see he'd have had me up for assault; but I was nearly doing of it, and I heard Mr. Glanley swearing and cursing like the devil, and saying that if you hadn't been sure to be here he'd have polished off the fellow, but that he'd not spoil your pleasure."

Major Shirley was walking up and down the room, but stopped on hearing Jim's name; "So Mr. Glanley is here just now?"

"Yes, sir, he is; just one and the same as ever, too; lord, what a gentleman he is! They say as how matrimony settles down a man—I know it did for me—but it don't seem to have the same effect always; Mr. Glanley, he's twice as mad as before he were married; he's up to anything, and takes uncommon reckless rides; wild, too, they say—at least I heard them a saying it was awful to see him last year, and that the first meet here he never seemed to stop to look at nothing; he was staying at the squire's yesterday, but is back at the Friars, I believe; he's been in half-a-dozen times to-day to see if you'd come, and he didn't go out dry-lipped any of those six times."

And the landlord shook his head ominously, and Shirley, who had heard just enough of Jim's home life to have a pretty shrewd guess where the mischief lay, did not encourage the confidence. He had other reasons, too, for avoiding any discussion touching the Glanley family, once more brought Morton back to the subject of the editor, found out where he lived, settled to be called at eight, and then went off to bed to get what sleep he could.

And although the sun had not gone down upon Major Shirley's wrath, seeing that the editorial fault was only known after sunset, the god of day certainly rose upon an angry mind, the calm hours of the night having by no means lessened his indignation; and long before eight o'clock boomed forth in the familiar old tones of the cathedral clock, Frank was tossing about waiting impatiently for boiling water.

"There's no hurry, major," said Mr. Morton, bringing in the tea himself; "he's safe for a couple of hours yet, the boots is on the look out in case he gets any wind of your arrival and gives us the slip; he thinks you'll come by the ten train, I'll wager, for he's hordered the

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homnibus to call for him to take him down, so he thinks as how he'll just clear you; he's frightened now. I'll have a kidney ready for you, sir, if you'll touch the bell a couple of minutes before you come down to the coffee-room; done after his lordship your father's own receipt. He liked things hot and spicy, did the bishop; I remember him saying to me, 'Morton,' says he, 'order the cook to prepare a kidney after the receipt Mr. Frank gave her.' He meant devilled kidney, reverend gentleman, but couldn't bring himself to say it."

When the major had duly approved the kidney, and furthermore strengthened his system with a thimbleful of brandy, he took a cruel-looking cutting whip out of his bundle of sticks.

"Will I go with you, your honour?" asked the boots, who was standing on the doorstep.

"What the deuce do you want to go for?"

"Sure, your honour, I was ten years in his holiness', maning your father's, stable, sir; and I'd lay on a few with the greatest pleasure in life, av' your honour's arm chanced to tire. It would be the proudest day of my life, major, to say I'd seen you give the dirty thief his due. I will go, sir? Thank you, sir; long life and more power to you, major. Heaven help the unfortunate divil that comes in our way. Arrah, drive like the divil!" This was to the fly man, as he scrambled up into the box.

"Good luck to you, major!" chorussed half-a-dozen voices.

"Don't spare him, major," whispered the clerical-looking elderly waiter, as he shut Frank into the fly.

A very few minutes' fast driving, and they pulled up before a pretentious-looking building, upon the door of which a brass plate showed the name and calling of the tenant.

"Will I call him out?" said boots, with a threatening lilt in his voice, and a murderous twinkle in his eye; and taking, rather than getting permission, he gave a thundering knock at the door, saying to a dapper-looking clerk who came out in a spasmodic sort of way—

"A gentleman would be plaised to speak a word to your masther, young man."

"Business very particular?" asked the clerk, frowning at the boots, and looking languidly at Shirley.

"Yes, very."

Boots winked at cabby, muttering, "True for you, it is—yes, very," and cabby wiped a grin off his mouth with the back of his hand.

"I'll let Mr. Welsher know." The clerk vanished, and presently the editor himself came out, evidently hot from the enjoyment of breakfast, and not over well pleased at being called forth.

"I generally see people in my office, sir," he began, and then stopped; Shirley had stepped out of the fly, and was standing close to

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him, unfolding a copy of the *Observer;* and, vulgarly speaking, Mr. Welsher began to smell a rat; he was a big broad-shouldered red-faced blustering sort of man, but grew ominously yellow, and cast an envious eye at the door of his office; where, however, the boots had planted himself. Like all cowards, the man was a bully; and, moreover, driven thus to bay, there was nothing for it but to face it out, and this he did in his own way, by answering Shirley's question as to whether or no the paper he held in his hand owned him as editor, with—

"Yes, that is my paper, and I can tell you that you are devilish impertinent—" that was as far as the editor got, when Frank, seizing him by the collar, laid the whip across his shoulders with such a good-will, that after writhing in vain attempt to get away, he literally roared for mercy.

His cries found little sympathy; the crowd, of which there was a good gathering, cheered, the boots capered about in a state of frantic delight, offering to fight any man in the street that took the "iditor's" part; and at last, but not until from sheer weariness, Frank stopped his arm, and relinquished his hold.

The unfortunate man made one bound into the house, and vanished. A loud peal of laughter from the lookers-on greeting his harlequin-like disappearance; and then getting back into the fly, Shirley was driven off to the hotel, perfectly satisfied that he had punished the author of the scandal.

And while he ate a substantial breakfast, the story of his morning's performance flew like wild-fire round the city, reaching, amongst others, Mrs. Glanley's breakfast-table, where the butler gave a detailed, and of course wildly exaggerated report, "how Major Shirley had so nearly beaten the man to death that he had been carried into the office covered with blood, and that the major had then been taken up by the police, swearing he would die content." So Jim, snatching up his hat, and utterly ignoring his breakfast, ran down to the "George" to hear the rights of the story, and congratulate his old friend upon his morning's work.

CHAPTER XII.

A STORMY MEETING.

If Major Shirley had possessed any hankering after notoriety, the passion would have been amply gratified; Challoner actually rang with variously exaggerated reports touching his morning's work; Jim Glanley being the first to congratulate him.

"I would have given five pounds to be present, Frank," he said; "and if it hadn't been that I wanted you to have the pleasure all to

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yourself, I'd have liked nothing better than polishing off the dirty beggar myself. They're in a devil of a fuss at the Friars, for the mother's confidential adviser and head factotum, old Thompson, informed her that you'd gone to prison, charged with manslaughter."

Frank laughed—"A case of the three black crows, Jim?"

"Well, something that way; they won't believe anyone that you are free until they see you, so you must come and dine with my mother. I am off to-morrow; this beastly snow has spoilt my fun."

"They told me you were at Roodee. How's the dear old squire?"

"As brisk as a four-year-old. He's got his house full; a man named Kealder, a horsy, gambling sort of fellow, Tym picked up somewhere; Alice Clive—you remember her?—and her husband; Lady Morland and the baronet."

Frank smiled. "Is 'my lady' as sweet on you as ever, Jim? I wonder you left."

"So do I;" and Jim got up as he spoke, and walked to the window. To tell the truth, he had been wondering much how he had made up his mind to leave, and whether such self-denial upon his part had been necessary. Since his morning talk with Alice, he had only seen her for a moment in the hall when he was leaving; she had not shown any symptoms of anger, or any consciousness whatever; all she had said was that they would be at the Larches within a month, and she hoped he would bring his wife to call as soon as possible.

As Jim rode along through the deep snow he had thought much of Alice, and the more he thought the more perplexed he became, and Major Shirley had innocently put the sum of his thoughts into words, when he said he wondered he had left Roodee. Jim had run away from Alice, and was fuming against himself for doing so. Why should he be such a coward? Alice was braver than he was—braver or cooler. Which was it? Was she only without feeling, or was she stronger than the feeling? He was standing looking into the street as he thought of this, and down the street came the Roodee carriage, Kealder driving.

"Who the deuce is that?" said Frank, sharply. "I know that fellow's face."

"That's Tym Clifton's friend, Kealder."

"Kealder, Kealder," repeated Frank; "I never heard the name before, and yet I could swear, to a dead certainty, that I've seen him—I remember the very way he handles the reins. Who's that inside?"

"Alice—Mrs. Clive," answered Jim.

"You don't say so—how changed she is! Deucedly handsome she's grown, too; and a nice lot she's got for a husband. I thought she used to be sweet upon you, Jim?"

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"She knew better, you see. Clive's a genius—I wasn't good enough for her."

Major Shirley looked at Jim's face, and said no more; he had never heard much of the matter, but there was no doubt about one thing, and that was, its being an unpleasant subject to Glanley.

The carriage turned out of sight; and Jim, snatching up his hat, forgot all his prudent resolves, and went off in pursuit.

"Colonel Rannoch is waiting to see you, sir," said a waiter.

Frank knew they must meet sooner or later; the blood rushed up to his face as the man spoke, but no words would come from his lips; and Colonel Rannoch was in the room, and the door shut behind the retreating waiter, before he recovered himself. Neither man offered to shake hands or salute each other; there was evidently passion at work which banished all minor courtesies.

Rannoch was the first to speak, and it was with a very different tone from what would, and did presently, issue from Major Shirley's lips, that he said, slowly and very sadly—

"I thought I'd come to you here, and not have the meeting hanging over us both; we have each our duty to do now, and it is a strange coincidence that forces it upon us together, and at this place; stranger still that, at the very outset, anything should have brought her name up;" then he paused, and Frank, who was striding up and down the room, stopped by the fireplace, and pushed the coals together with his heel. "You have seen her, of course," went on Rannoch, his voice falling.

Shirley turned round as if he had struck him; his face was pale enough now, white and ghastly with passion—

"Yes," he hissed through his clenched teeth, scowling at Rannoch; "yes, and I wish to heaven you had seen her as I did; you would have some notion of what I must feel now."

Rannoch sat down, absolutely shivering—

"Don't you think I feel, Frank?" he said, in a voice sad and softly pleading as a woman's. "Will you never listen to reason, never see that whatever suffering has fallen to you has fallen in double portion upon me. You were her brother, but I—good heaven, man, how can you think of me as you do, knowing me as you have done?" and the colonel shaded his eyes with one hand and leant forward upon his arm, so that all of his face and its weakness and passion was hidden—but Frank seemed to be hardened rather than softened.

"You might have saved her," he said hoarsely, "I never had the chance; you could rid yourself of the shame, I never could; you can forget—"

"Stop that, for heaven's sake!" and Rannoch sprang to his feet and came close up to Frank. "You are mad, or trying to drive me to some

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mad words; I would have given my life twenty times over to save her; and for forgetting—has my life been that of a man who has one tie to live for, or one happy thought to look back upon? You have a right to be angry, Frank; I've never gainsaid your just anger, but you might think too how I've borne that from you, which you know not another man in England would dare have uttered, and I have done all this because I knew you were right, and that you were doing as I would have done had I been in your place. I never sought this meeting; fate has brought us to this place, we must bide our time, and work out what is appointed us to do."

Major Shirley looked up.

"We must be friends here, if you mean that. Yes, I knew that when I came; no one here knows her story, and no one must do so; you need not fear my turning informer, and now the sooner we end this the better pleased I'll be. I must meet you; but except on duty, and to keep a fair face to the world—and a long-tongued world you'll find Challoner—the less we see of each other the better pleased I for one will be."

As Colonel Rannoch rose up all the gentleness had passed away from his face, and stern endurance and forbearing reproach were stamped on the strongly-marked features.

"It will be a hard game to play," he said, "but be it as you will; I shall trust to you to act up to your *rôle*." He turned away, and had his hand upon the door, when, facing round, he came back to where Shirley stood. "One thing promise me, that if anything evil or good happens to her, you'll tell me."

Frank nodded, but did not look up; had he done so perhaps his temper would have changed; but he did not, and Rannoch did not return a second time.

As he went down stairs, Tymothy Clifton was coming up, whistling vehemently.

"Ah, here you are, colonel!" he cried, "that's lucky. I am an early bird, you'll think, but Clive was obliged to go to London, so Mrs. Clive and I drove in to take you out with us. I was on my way to knock you up, but wanted to see Frank Shirley, who is, I hear, somewhere upstairs."

"Yes, I've just seen him, No. 13. It's uncommonly kind of you, Clifton, to take such trouble about me; what time do you go out?"

"After lunch at the Friars; I'll send the carriage up for you at three o'clock, there's some board and agricultural meetings to-day, so I shall not see you till then; or if that's too early Glanley will drive you over. No. 13 you said was Shirley's room? Thank you, don't forget three o'clock."

The slushy streets, whereon the snow was trodden down to the con-

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sistency of ice cream, and where the cab horses, spluttering and slipping about, sent plentiful showers of melted snow over the foot passengers, were by no means tempting; it was too early to call at the Friars, and just then solitude was not quite the thing to suit Angus Rannoch's temperament; he had suffered, he had held down his passion, he had submitted to Frank Shirley's reproaches, and listened with passive demeanour to his anger. But this could not last for ever, the Rannoch blood was fiery blood, although the Rannoch will was the stronger; the reaction had come now, and solitude was not to be thought of; so, being close to the billiard-room, the colonel went in and up-stairs, where he found Mr. Kealder playing pool by himself.

"I thought you were off to town," said Rannoch, after shaking hands.

"Not until to-night. I must wait the second post; are you a racing man? Well, then, I suppose you know old Topley is dead, and that the whole concern will be brought to the hammer. Will you play?"

The colonel turned up his coat cuffs and took down a cue.

"How much?" said Kealder, lighting a fresh cigar; he started ever so slightly as the colonel named a high figure; and looked up a little doubtingly, repeating the sum.

"Yes," said Rannoch, whose temper was giving tokens of the late strain; "is it too much?"

"Oh, no!" and the other smiled, "by no means. I like a good stake; we'll double it if you like."

And as Colonel Rannoch would have liked, or thought he liked, anything that would create a counter-interest and beget excitement, the challenge was accepted.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER A LITTLE GAME AT BILLIARDS.

When Colonel Rannoch left the billiard-room, there was by no means a pleasant look about his mouth and eyes; he had lost not only the one game he had bargained for in the outset, but the being worsted in that, added to prior events, had set his blood up, and an old spirit, long and hardly kept under, had asserted itself; the snake which was scotched, not killed, put forth its evil head; and when he faced the cold winter air again, Angus had lost, not only more money than he could afford, but something which wounded him still more—faith in himself. He had broken through a rule laid down years ago, and the consciousness of human fallibility, which follows upon such outbursts, is to none of us a comfortable reflection.

He had better have gone to his quarters and faced out the demon

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of solitude and remembrance, than try to kill both, as he had just been doing; and no one knew this better than he did. He turned homewards as he reached the street, but the snow was coming down again, and before he had gone much more than a hundred yards a cloud of drift came swirling along a by-street. He was in none of the best of tempers, and a face, eyes, and mouth full of snow, is not provocative of amiability or patience; therefore to curse the snow and wish himself anywhere rather than in the South Street of Challoner, was his first impulse; his second, to turn back and seek shelter in the house he had just left.

Standing in the doorway watching the storm, and the anxious looks of some adventurous young ladies, who, on the strength of gaiters and short petticoats, had gone out shopping earlier in the day, and were now storm-stayed in a pastrycook's nearly opposite the billiard-room—watching, then, the storm and its consequences, he became aware that something was expected; shop and house windows were full of faces, looking solemnly up the street; Angus put his head out of the door and, following the direction indicated by the many, he saw, coming down the street, a funeral procession, if procession indeed it can be called, where the whole consisted of a jaded broken-down horse, drawing a black-painted covered cart, on which were sitting three men, and in which, Rannoch heard a voice behind him say, was the body of the poor thing found in the cathedral. As he drew back with an involuntary shudder, a man brushed past him, and turning to make a hasty apology, he saw it was Mr. Kealder, but very different from the man he had left a few minutes before, flushed with triumph at his success—his face was ghastly pale now, the eyes, wild and heavy-lidded, were looking out into the drifting storm, where the pauper funeral, and its drunken mourners, was passing slowly along.

"A pretty sight that for a cathedral city!" he sneered, his voice coming low, and in that hard measured tone one uses when the heart feels more deeply than we care to show. "'The nearer the steeple the farther from heaven,' is true here, at least." And leaning farther forward, he kept his eyes upon the cart.

"Poor lonely soul," said the marker, who was standing by them, wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve. "It's a woful thing to be put in one's grave that way; they'll bury near the top, though, so when the judgment day comes, she'll be able to face them that misused her first. Poor thing, maybe there's some as is mourning for her; there's none on us without some one to love us, thank the Lord, and there'll be a sore heart somewhere for the poor unknown body they be going to put into the ground, without so much as a name on the coffin."

"You are right, my man," said the colonel. "Kealder, if you've nothing to do, come with me, we'll see that things are decently done."

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But Mr. Kealder drew back, and turned with fierce questioning eyes upon Rannoch.

"Why should I go?"

"Oh, nothing, only I—" but something in the other man's face stopped the colonel's words. Something that brought back to his remembrance a face he had seen long ago, a face agonised and terror-stricken, which had looked with just such eyes into his. The vision and flash of recognition was too imperfect and momentary to identify the likeness; it was the sort of impression flashed in upon the mind from time to time by a new face, a face we may be sure, or imagine, we have never really seen before, but which, coming before us, becomes part of the misty dreamland beings whose ideal presence brightens our land of dreams; a land into which the thirsty heart wanders on among green pastures and sparkling brooks, in which death loses its sting, guilt its self-consciousness, where all is rest, love, and brightness, and from visions of which it is so hard to waken, and face the bitter reality of life.

While Colonel Rannoch was hesitating how to finish the sentence, Kealder released him from the necessity by turning into the house; and Rannoch went out to the street alone—following the dim outline of the cart plodding its slow way through the drifts; but he had not gone many paces when a hand was laid upon his arm.

"I'll go, Colonel Rannoch. You thought me a brute for refusing, and I ought not, for God knows my own may be as lonely a funeral, if not worse. I grew sick at a sight like this, and it woke up memories of a life neither the happiest nor best in the world. If ever you hear it, you'll remember this day, and be merciful."

After which enigmatical speech Kealder held his peace, and the two men followed the cart silently, each occupied by their own reflections, and each thinking of the past. They stood by the grave, as the officiating clergyman hurried over the service, scowling at the self-appointed mourners, whose presence prevented him cutting the ceremony even shorter than he did. He hurried away, too, directly the final amen was uttered, leaving the men to finish as best they might.

"I should like to kick that fellow!" said Rannoch, as, after seeing the grave half filled in, they walked out of the churchyard.

"He's a nice specimen, truly," replied Kealder. "It's not much wonder that there are so few Christians, when they appoint fellows like that to teach us our duty."

Presently, Rannoch spoke again.

"It's a strange affair, this so-called murder?"

"So-called—what do you mean, do you doubt its having been murder?"

"Yes; but then I am sceptical on many subjects; there's no

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proof that because a mutilated body was found a murder had been done."

"How then did she come by her death?"

But the colonel only shook his head. "I cannot give an opinion. You heard the words, 'Lord, Thou knowest the secrets of our hearts.' And pretty sure I am that murder always does come out, and that, either by the means of conscience or justice, blood has blood."

"I hope to heaven you'll be right here," said Kealder, earnestly; "this has been a murder, a foul murder, and I'd go fifty miles barefoot to see the murderer hanged."

"Well, I'd be glad to hear they had him, but as for hanging, I'm no advocate for that; if they'd do as we do in the army they'd serve their end better; but they keep the sentence hanging over them until half the world has forgotten what the crime was, and half-a-dozen other sins have set the world's tongue wagging."

"You are wrong, colonel," said Kealder; "you argue as all lookers-on would; but I've seen something of the inner life of criminals, I have, as I told you, led a strange life, and part of it has shown me this, that the fear of death is the only safeguard society has to ward off the blows of the ungodly crew whose whole life is spent in degradation, beginning with picking a man's pocket of his handkerchief, and ending in walking into a gentleman's house in the dead of night, and carrying off whatsoever he listeth; without the knowledge that death would be the sentence if death was doled forth, there would be no such thing as mercy shown. It would be easier to silence a poor beggar for ever, than let him escape to bear witness."

They were passing along by the cathedral, now, and Mr. Kealder's eyes were travelling over the windows, each traced out by snow, the strangely grotesque images crowned and wreathed with it. He paused when they reached the doorway.

"You've seen the place where they found her?"

Rannoch had; but they went in together, and then paused, the sight that met them was wondrously beautiful. On the north side the snow had piled itself up against the windows, forming white blinds, through which a dim mysterious light imperfectly stole; and through this dim light, echoing along the vaulted roofs, and filling the glorious old building with melody and praise, came the voice of the great organ, sighing forth a wild plaintive chant, in which voices seemed to be lifted up, voices full of prayers and endless tears.

As they paused, the melody changed, and the full power of the inimitable "Vital Spark" rolled forth, and triumphed exultingly in the dim building; suddenly the music ceased, then began again, this time a voice accompanied it, ringing out clear and wildly suppliant, as the words of the prodigal's repentance and prayer thrilled through the air.

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Mr. Kealder started, and walking away left the colonel to listen and admire alone; nor did he return, although Angus waited long after the music ceased.

"Who was playing the organ?" he asked the verger, tipping that gentleman heavily.

"Miss Glanley, sir; don't she sing 'eavenly? But don't let on as I told, she's mighty particular to keep it quiet; there's a many hev asked me the same question as you did, and I say simply, 'a young lady;' that's all they gets out o' me."

Conscious of the tip, Colonel Rannoch believed as much as he liked of the old gentleman's asserted prudence; as he walked to the barracks he wondered whether Mr. Kealder knew who was singing, and his thoughts going back to the dinner party at The Friars, rather confirmed the suspicion. For upon that occasion Miss Glanley and he appeared upon remarkably good terms.

Now Colonel Rannoch had, of course, heard of Mrs. Glanley's matrimonial foresight, and perfectly understood that lady's attention to himself, her interest in his dead mother, and the quietly determined way in which she established him, as the son of an old friend, upon a friendly and unceremonious footing with herself and family. Angus, though by no means a conceited, much less a vain man, was not insensible to his own advantages; and knew very well that his rank, backed out by the laird's lands on Loch Rannoch, brought him many invitations which, mercenary as they might be on one side, were often pleasant enough in other ways.

He had taken Mrs. Glanley's kindness, then, for as much as it was worth; he had seen her two daughters, and liked them all the better because they showed no inclination to back up their mother's line of attack; if anything he had thought Nora the most lovable of the two, and quite agreed with Captain Forster's assertion, that "she was the most natural girl he had seen for years." But now, since the half hour spent in the cathedral, listening to those marvellous sounds which had seemed to him almost more than human, and which the secret confided to him by the verger had identified with mortality, and mortality, too, which had a separate interest of its own, he had been thinking exclusively of Ellice, and with Ellice of Mr. Kealder.

"If I was her brother, I would warn her," he said to himself; and then came the counter query, "warn her of what?" What did he know against this stranger, and what was Ellice to him? If report said truly, she had had plenty of experience, her admirers counting by dozens; she was old enough, and apparently had sense enough, to judge of a man's character for herself; so, telling himself he had nothing to do with the matter, that Ellice was nothing to him, that she had a brother to look after her if she was not fitted to do so herself, and that after

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all, it was hard to damn a man because you did not know who his grandfather was, the colonel got back to his quarters, and finding regimental matters waiting for attention, there was no time then to follow up the train of thought started so unexpectedly.

At six Jim Glanley drove up to take him out to dine at Roodee.

"I asked Shirley to come," said Jim, who was in great force, "but he would not, or could not. What has come over him, colonel? He's a changed man since I saw him last; there wasn't a jollier fellow going three or four years ago. What's up with him—it cannot be that sister of his, that's upset him? It's devilish hard lines for a man when asister goes to the deuce as she did, but I don't see why it is to spoil a fellow for everything."

Major Shirley had declined both Mr. Glanley's and Tym Clifton's hospitality, but he had gone and taken tea with the "graces," being, as Bella said, one of her boys.

The night was dark and wild when he left the house in the Close, and peering through dark, broken, and jagged clouds, flashed now and then the full moon, glinting upon the white snow, and gleaming like vivid lightning along the heaps piled up amongst the dark tracery of the cathedral.

The happiness as well as misery of Frank's life had all and each a connecting link with the cathedral; and the tapering spire, rising up among the dark clouds, seemed to his excited imagination to be pointing to a still wilder and more perplexing future.

Leaning against one of the old yew trees, he stood dreamily watching the play of light and shadow upon the building, remembering how often he had done the like in years gone by, forgetful of the present as acted by himself, until roused by the solemn boom of the great bell tolling out twelve, and he was turning away from the building, giving one last look, when a faint glimmer of light flashed across one of the large windows. Frank paused and waited, the light had passed away, but flashed by the next and then the next window.

"Someone is inside," thought Frank, "it's a queer time to be in there." Then the light centred itself opposite a small coloured window, where it grew brighter and brighter for about three minutes, then suddenly went out, and all was dark.

He waited some time, watching carefully, but there came no return of the light, nor was there any perceptible sound; and at last, half determined to go and rouse the verger, who lived near, and tell him what he had seen, Frank gave up his watch, and walked away. Passing through a narrow lane to get a nearer cut to the "George," he met a policeman, and stopping him, told him what he had seen.

"All right, sir," was the answer, and the man walked on, thinking to himself—

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"Another of the officers drunk; they're precious careful of the privates, poor beggars! and wouldn't one on them as saw lights in the cathedral at twelve o'clock, P.M., get a wigging; but here comes an officer as grave as a judge, and I daren't say more than 'all right.' There's one law for the rich, another for the poor," and so reasoning, the man turned out of the Close, and betook himself to a sheltered beat, a good quarter of a mile away from the cathedral.

And Frank, content with having set the force on the alert, went to bed, and thought very little more of the light, until a horrible din in the streets, shouting, running, and dog-barking wakened him up, and as he threw open the window, a voice from the next growled out—

"What the devil is the matter?"

"Cathedral's on fire, that's all, old buffer," answered a voice from the crowd.

The night's experience flashed upon Major Shirley.

"That's what they were up to, by Jove!" and he lost no time in dressing himself and joining the eager bewildered mob; all hurrying along to where the din of voices and roar of flames were already audible.

(To be continued.)

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PICTURES BY WOMEN.

In noticing the pictures by women exhibited this year in the Royal Academy, Mrs. Ward's (385) undoubtedly deserves not only the first but a unique place, for in dramatic incident and expression there is nothing in the least to compete with it. The story of Palissy the Potter is so pathetic and heroic that we must congratulate Mrs. Ward on her choice of subject; under any handling it must be popular, and in this instance the painter has done full justice to it. The only mistake made, we think, is the too sympathising countenance and gesture of the wife, which is scarcely in keeping with the historical reports of the imprecations she lavished upon her husband at each fresh disaster, and certainly lessens the feeling of the utter forlorn desolation of the unfortunate potter in the picture.

Mrs. M. Robbinson's "Happy Idleness" (238) is fairly entitled to rank second in excellence of composition and nature. There is much feeling of beauty about the work, and the face of the reclining figure is especially lovely. But there is no dramatic interest and but little meaning in the picture.

There are several pictures of considerable merit by Madame Jerichau, a Danish artist, who evidently paints very rapidly, we could wish less rapidly, as the slightness of the texture of the painting spoils what might be sweet living pictures of simple life. Madame Jerichau's knack of catching children's "regard," is singularly good.

The Miss Mutries' masses of flowers are, as usual, luxuriantly beautiful. As faithful copies of rich blossoms their work is unequalled. Miss Blunden exhibits a landscape, "Marsden Rocks, near South Shields, Durham" (579). The rocks are carefully done, and show geological knowledge as well as much artistic power.

Miss G. Martineau's picture of the "Messengers bringing evil tidings to Job" (416), is in some points clever, but Job's figure is very stiff and poor. There are many small works by ladies, of birds, dog's heads—heads of all kinds—about the Academy walls, which, as studies are all respectably good; but, with the exception of Mrs. Ward's work, there is not a single woman's picture of which we carry away a vivid impression after leaving the Exhibition.

It is fortunate that there are a few examples that show that painting is an art in which women can really excel, or we might feel some doubt upon the point; but Mademoiselle Le Brun, Rosa Bonheur, and we might mention one or two others, are artists whose works will live. It is a great pity that so few women ever work up to the point where

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their paintings cease to be studies and become pictures. Of course we do not mean to infer that every man or woman who can produce a clever correct study, can produce original inventive work, but we regret to see such a number of aimless sketches by women on the walls of the Royal Academy. We should prefer seeing no pictures by women rather than these mere studies.

If sketches of this kind satisfy the artists themselves they have evidently mistaken their vocation, and ought either to content themselves with lower, yet useful branches of art—such as engraving, copying, or designing for manufacturers—or leave it alone altogether.

A great mistake is made by artists of all kinds in the present time, but more especially by the ladies who exhibit. They are too apt to think, because their studies are copies from nature they cease to be copies, and become original pictures. Doubtless, copying accurately from nature requires greater power and keener perceptions than copying from the flat. In the schools of art, this last is the earliest stage; and copying from the antique and from the life is the highest and finishing stage. But no really good picture was ever produced when the mere copying of any model or landscape was first and foremost in the mind of the artist. The copying from nature should be invariably subservient to an idea in the mind of the artist; the more powerful the imagination of the artist, aided by knowledge and experience, the more easily will he be able to express his idea in every detail with an accuracy which approaches the finish of nature; he puts into everything he copies from nature, something more than he sees, and which harmonises every detail into the general feeling of his work. In this the great pre-Raphaelites are divided essentially from the mass of painters, who think because they make minute copies of nature they are following in the steps of that school. Commonplace minds, which never arrive at the real meaning and poetry of these works, see nothing but the beautiful finish and perfection of every detail which arises from intense love of nature and perception of beauty; but there is beyond this a reason in the feeling of the picture for each detail, else it were better away. A line or tint which does not further the expression of the conception, mars it.

The manner in which the painter does his work is the best test as to whether he should be an artist or not. If, for instance, he paints a model, and when it is finished an idea comes into his mind that the character of the face would suit this or that character in history or poetry, by adding a little appropriate background, it is easily to be understood that no really good picture can be the result. It is a kind of manufacture put together generally for saleable purposes, and the sooner he leaves the art, which by these means he degrades, the better. If, on the contrary, an artist's imagination pictures to himself, through some

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interest or love in the special subject, a vivid picture of a scene, or a figure, or a face, he cannot help longing to express it in the art he has studied. He works from models, but he adapts all he sees to the picture in his own imagination, and naturally every detail is consistent with this. These pictures, and only these, can be called creations, and are alone worthy of art. It is very evident that a very limited number of people are born who ought to follow art as a profession, but there is no reason why women should not be among the number, but they must certainly look upon art in a very much graver way, and realise its real difficulties and aims before they can hope to do any good work; and we do not think working up studies for exhibition the best training for eventually producing creative work.

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THE CIVIL AND POLITICAL STATUS OF THE FEMALE SEX,

FROM THE TIME OF THE ROMANS UNTIL THE PRESENT DAY.

Translated from the French of Professor Edouard Laboulaye.

BOOK IV.

THE FEUDAL EPOCH.

PART III.

OF THE MIDDLE CLASS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.

THE YEOMAN AND BURGHER LAW OF SUCCESSION.

§ 1.—The Yeoman's (roturier) Law of Succession.

As the yeoman's law of succession was not overruled by the feudal or servile condition of the holding, it knew none of the restrictions, as it knew none of the preferences, which modified the vassals' or the serfs' law of succession; it was governed by proximity of blood without distinction of sex, and this generally-received rule was almost identical with that adopted by the civil code.

Beaumanoir says—

"When a yeoman's estate devolves upon the children, there is no right of primogeniture; accordingly the cadets of the family count for as much as the eldest. Sisters also participate, whether there be heirs male or the reverse, and the sister counts for as much as a male heir; for there is no preference between the sexes."

The *Sachsenspiegel*, which is more faithful to the first Teutonic customs, prefers the sons to the daughters, but, in the course of the reforming processes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, this restriction disappeared, and the daughters shared equally with their brothers. *Die Tochter nympt in unser Zeit zugleich Erbe mit dem Sohne,** says the Gloss.

However, the German and French customs resemble each other in this particular, that the married and dowered daughter has a right to share in the succession by throwing into hotch-potch what she received; this custom is obligatory in the French customs, which, generally speaking, strive to establish perfect equality between all the children; but it is a mere power in the German and English customs, which, more favourable to the married daughters, permit the daughter to confine

* In our days the daughter takes an equal share of the inheritance with the son.—Translator.

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herself to her dowry, even though it may exceed the share of the heritable property.

This custom of hotch-potch is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the yeoman's law of succession; for, in the villein's law of succession, that custom is ousted when there are no children left at home, and in the burgher's law, as we shall see by-and-by, the dowry excluded the married daughters from a right to share in the paternal estate.

Equality between brothers and sisters was, as we have said, the general condition of yeoman laws of succession; but there were numerous exceptions to this rule, for the name of yeoman tenure included many species of tenures, varying from the narrowest to the most liberal terms.

Accordingly we must not be surprised if we find some yeoman tenures which closely resemble the fief, from which they differ only by the nature of the service—find, I say, the land given to the sons, and the personal property to the daughters, precisely as in the law of the Thuringians, and the first feudal customs. Moreover, we may see the daughters entirely excluded, and the brothers sharing alike; this was again the Teutonic custom, and the first usage of the fiefs, for the right of primogeniture is much less antique than is generally supposed. The exclusion of daughters and the equality of brothers *inter se*, which we have met with in the *Sachsenspiegel*, reappear in Ireland, in Wales,* and in the county of Kent, under the name of Gavelkind; this custom, admitted alike by the Flemish and Walloon laws, was regarded by the English and Welsh as part of the old Saxon law—a law which the Welsh alone had preserved in all its integrity, having never been conquered by the Normans. Littleton says—

"But in the county of Kent, where lands and tenements are held in gavelkind, there, where the custom dates back beyond the time of legal memory, the male children inherit on equal terms. This custom is praiseworthy, and has some reason to back it, for every son is as great a gentleman as the eldest is, and, peradventure, he will rise to greater honour and worth, if he inherits something from his ancestors."

A not less curious custom, and one which Britton connects with ancient Saxon usages, is the custom of *borough English*, which gives the whole of the inheritance to the youngest son, and, in default of sons, to the youngest brother. Littleton remarks—

"This custom has this to say for itself, that the youngest son (if he is without father and mother), by reason of his youth, is less able to help himself than the rest of his brothers."

* By the Statute 35 Henry VIII., c. 26, the law of succession to the Welsh Gavelkind tenures was subjected to the common law.

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This law, diametrically opposed as it was to the feudal spirit, and which appears to be of Celtic origin, re-appears in the mountains of the Black Forest, and in some other districts of Germany; in France, it existed in Flanders and Hainault under the name of the law of *maisneté*, and governed sometimes the personal estate, and sometimes the real estate, but in general the *maisneté* was only a right of first choice (*préciput*), and not an exclusive right to the paternal inheritance.

In Brittany, on the other hand, in some parts of the Duchy of Rohan, this right was as exclusive as was *borough English*, and the last born son remained the proprietor of all the farm, the personal property alone being shared between the other children; and when he died, leaving direct heirs, after having been seised of the estate, the lord succeeded to the exclusion of his brothers. This singular law was called the law of *Quevaize*.

§ 2.—The Burghers' Law of Succession.

The first effect of the establishment of a burgher class was, as we have already said, the abolition of the *main morte*, or lords' special reversionary right, and the recognition of the right of the freedmen to transmit their inheritance to their children, a right without which there is no true ownership. The lord retained only the right of escheat, in case of a failure of heirs. However, it was the charter which settled the limit within which the right of succession was confined, and it is not rare to see the right of succession restricted to the fourth or fifth degree in the early boroughs; this reservation in favour of the lord disappeared in the charters of the fourteenth century, and the right of succeeding to one another *ad infinitum*, is acknowledged in all the modern charters.

For the villeins a similar change was operated; the *main morte* fell to the ground almost everywhere, either entirely or partially, and in this latter case it was replaced by a right of relief (*mortuarium; bestehaupt*), paid to the lord on every change of ownership; such was also, generally, the last phase of the *main morte* in France, Germany, and Switzerland.

The mere act of emancipation could not change in a day customs of several centuries' date; accordingly, in the early boroughs the communist mode of life continued, with its advantages and disadvantages, and this mode of life only disappeared at the time of the first Reform of the Customs, in the fifteenth century. But there was this difference between the civic and villein association, that the former only took effect among the co-parceners, without the lord's having any right or title, and without the separation of a child opening the way to the lord's right, by dissolving the association. This separation was only preju-

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dicial to the portioned child when he or she competed with brothers or sisters who had remained at home. I shall recur to this point anon.

As the general wealth increased, these communities, which cramped all liberty of action, became more and more onerous, and in manufacturing towns, such as Paris, for instance, they were soon abolished. Thus an ancient record of the Burghers' Court at Paris informs us that, in the thirteenth century, the Court refused to recognise the continuation of the association between the children and the father or mother remaining unwed.

"Share and share alike" between brother and sister was the first condition of the burghers; the preference of the males, absolute or relative, was of later introduction, namely, about the fifteenth century, when the burghers became a privileged class. In the anterior customs, one finds the equality rule almost universal; as was logical, since natural affection, the yeoman usage, and the influence of the Roman law, alike concurred in establishing and maintaining this equality. The ancient Custom of Normandy says:—

"In burgage tenure the sisters have a right to as large a share as the brothers."

William le Rouille, in his Latin commentary, says:—

"Our custom in this case brings us back to the written law, according to which it is enjoined that the inheritance shall be equally divided between sons and daughters."

The very ancient Custom of Britanny says:—

"The children of burghers and other people of low condition ought to be put on an equal footing, both in respect to personal and real property."

I shall not dwell longer upon this very plain subject. A more novel question is to determine what was the children's share under the German or French customs, which recognised the continuation of the association between the surviving parent and the children. In this particular there was an infinite diversity, the children's share being always dependant on that which the law gave to the mother, and on this point there was nothing like uniformity between one custom and another. All the customs, however, are alike in this, that they admit the entire equality between brothers and sisters; the whole difficulty hinges on the mother's share and that of the children, the one being limited by the other.

This principle of equality was not liable to dispute, so long as only base tenures were in question; but when it became a question of partitioning a fief, then a very grave question arose. How ought a fief to be divided between plebeians—as a fief or as a base tenure? Which ought to have the first consideration—the rank of the individual, or the rank of the land?

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Every custom decided this question in its own way; some declared in favour of feudal principles, and only admitted the eldest son or the males to succeed to the fiefs; others, with greater humanity, allowed the daughters to compete with the brothers, but generally speaking, the fief was partitioned as a noble estate among *roturiers*, that is to say, there was the law of primogeniture, and the exclusion of females of the same degree of relationship. By parity of reasoning, base tenures were divided on villein principles among noble persons, and every child had an equal share therein.

It was one of the standing laws of the Middle Ages, that the land always takes precedence of the person; and it was this thoroughly feudal principle which by impeding the exclusive development of castes, ultimately confounded and blended all orders of citizens.

§ 3.—Of Portioned Daughters and their Renunciations to Prospective Heritages.

The right of giving their children in marriage and of portioning them, was another conquest and privilege of the *bourgeoisie*; previously, in defiance of every natural idea, the serf's daughter was, as it were, regarded as a chattel which could not be alienated to the lord's prejudice; to endow her was likewise to impoverish the owner of the property. Person and property alike were his.

But when the victory had once been gained, and the daughters were in possession of their portion, it was a common custom, with the middle class as with the nobility, that the portioned daughter should be content with her gift, and not compete with her brothers in the estate of her father and mother; the marriage portion was her share, whatever its amount might be, were it only a *chaplet of roses*, as the Custom of Touraine has it. This exclusion was at the outset only the application of the principle which we have explained when speaking of villein communities. In Germany, as in France, the portioned son, who had left his father's house, was excluded from the succession, for the benefit of the children who remained at home. Subsequently the daughters only were liable to this disability, but on a totally different ground. It was the pride of the middle class man which excluded them.

This exclusion was brought about in the first place by a renunciation made in the marriage contract by the portioned daughter, confirmed by the husband, and ratified by the oath of both. Therefore, when the father was false to the leading principle of Customary jurisprudence by giving more to one daughter than to another, it was necessary before the complaining daughter could demand an equalisation, that she should be relieved of her oath by the temporal and ecclesiastical superior. The ancient Custom of Berry says:

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"The custom ordains and reason prescribes that no father should or can give to one of his children more than to another, unless with the consent of those interested, and given the case of a father portioning a daughter of his, and giving her 200 livres as a dowry; and then after a certain time giving another in marriage with a 400 livres portion, it follows that the first daughter can demand of the children of her father as much as the latter shall have had; but before her husband and herself can be in a position to proffer this demand, they must have received the dispensation of the king and their prelate, otherwise they may be amerced, because they go against their oaths.

"And observe that at Aubigny the custom is such that when a daughter is once married by father, mother, or relatives, she cannot come upon the heritage except in default of other heirs of like degree."

This last observation shows us the changes that were taking place in legislation on the subject of renunciations; depending at first simply upon written contracts, they next became part of the unwritten law; a century later the exception became the rule, and the marriage contract, instead of containing a clause excluding the daughter, contained one which empowered her to demand an equalisation.

This power, however, was viewed with so jealous an eye by the Courts, that it was construed in as restricted a sense as possible, for the sake of preserving the family; accordingly a famous judgment, known in our collections as that of Clemançons, decided that if the power only spoke of the father's estate, the daughter would remain excluded from the right of inheriting from collaterals, and consequently could not inherit from her brothers even a share of the property they had received from the paternal estate.

More wise than the majority of customs, Poitou's had drawn a distinction between the renunciations made by the daughters of noble houses, and the renunciations made by the daughters of the yeoman class. In the former class the law implied a renunciation; in the latter the renunciation must be expressly mentioned in the marriage contract.

I will not speak of the right of making a will, accorded to the father by the privileges granted to the middle class, except to say that the burgher could not, any more than the nobleman, prefer one child to another; this rule of equality was one of the most universal and one of the most undisputed maxims of the middle ages.

§ 4.—Of the Yeoman's and Burgher's Wardship.

Base tenures were distinguished from fiefs by the happy equality of their law of succession; they were distinguished from each other more advantageously still by their exception from the right of wardship and marriage fines, two heavy liabilities which the honour attached to the possession of the fief did not always counterpoise. Britton says:

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"And there are other sorts of tenures than fiefs to which no right of wardship is appuortenant, but alimony only by him who is the nearest relative on his mother's side if the heritage comes from the father's, and *vice versa*; and these guardians are rather trustees than guardians proper, for if they do not give a faithful account of the profits of such heritages at such a time as the heirs shall desire to hear this account, they are liable to be put in prison, and punishable as other trustees are."

"And no set time is appointed for the majority of such heirs; but so soon as they know how to manage their land, to sell cloth and reckon money, we will that they be of age, and the females so soon as they know how to discharge their household duties."

Strange as it may appear, it was nevertheless a privilege of the middle class to permit the father to appoint a guardian for his children. We possess the decree of Philip Augustus, which granted this right to the townsmen of Bourges in 1197.

This right was the plebian tutelage, and not the feudal wardship, a right in the interest of the minor, as was the Roman tutelage in later times; and not a privilege in the interest of the lord, as was the wardship, or in the interest of the agnates, as was the tutelage in the early centuries of Rome.

This tutelage was, like all feudal institutions, governed by considerations taken from the thing, rather than from the person; for instance, a child, who, whether of the noble class or not, was heir to both fiefs and base tenures, was, in so far as his fiefs were concerned, a minor until 21, and in his lord's ward; while as regards his base tenures he was in tutelage merely, and was of age at 14. This distinction between wardship and tutelage is found in all feudal countries.

The tutelage was a burden on the surviving father or mother, when the community did not continue, for neither of them could appropriate the income of the estate. Accordingly it was one of the most cherished privileges of the burgesses of Paris to have over their children a right of guardianship, which was quite as high-handed a one as the nobles' right of wardship. The Paris Customary Law says:—

"Item: by the notorious usage in force in the town and suburb of Paris, the survivor of a married couple, provided they be persons of position, has the wardship of his or her children, and retains the income of their heritages, if he or she pleases, while the one or the other maintains the children, just as is customary among the nobles; and by reason of their class privileges, and on account of their noble privileges, all burgesses of the said town are under the safeguard of the king."

The right of wardship was adopted by the Civil Code almost in the form of the burghers' right; the father or mother acquires the income of the property of the minor until he has attained the age of 18 and this usufruct is lost, as was the former wardship, by the second marriage of the mother.

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CHAPTER II.

THE MARRIAGE LAW OF YEOMEN AND BURGHERS.

§ 1. The Yeoman Law of Marriage.

"Husband and wife have all their property, real and personal alike, in common, *whereas formerly the widow only took a third part.*" It is thus that Loisel* states the ancient French custom, a custom which passed, doubtless, from the barbarian codes into our provincial statutes, but which, modified and changed by time, ceased to retain its pristine aspect except in the Norman usages, whence it passed into the laws of England. In Normandy, as in the Frankish laws, the communistic tenure, properly speaking, had no existence, and the wife had, over the *personal* and *acquired* property, only a widow's reversion, a right of survivorship which took effect on the death of the husband. This right is, again, that of a third, except in some countries bordering upon France, where the wife had the half of the acquired and personal estate.

This right to a half, which was generally adopted by the French customs, was, for long, a widow's right rather than the right of a joint owner; as the glossarist of the Norman Custom, when speaking of the burgage tenures, to which the custom gave the right of a half in favour of wives "after the death of their husbands," observes—

"On these last words I may observe that wives can demand nothing during the lifetime of their husbands, but their husbands can sell or alienate them (the properties) without their consent, and without their having the right to upset the sale in a year and a day's space after their husband's demise, as they might in the case of their heritage, if the former had sold and alienated it during their lifetime without their consent. And such sales are deemed as nothing else than chattel transactions, of which the Latin text speaks in that chapter which commences thus—"In Burgage tenures it must be known that they may be bought and sold like a chattel.'"

The *Sachsenspiegel*, which also gives to the wife a share in the acquired property, knows nothing of a joint or communistic tenancy; the wife inherits that portion of the acquired and personal property which forms part of the *gerade;* the other portion belongs to the husband's heirs without the custom paying attention to the respective value of these two portions.

However, alongside of the Norman and English customs, which resisted the introduction of the communistic tenure, from a tendency to exaggerate the power of the husband, we find contemporary customs and often even much more ancient deeds, which recognised in the wife either a widow's share more extensive than the third part of the acquired

* A Parisian jurist who wrote during the end of the sixteenth century.—Translator.

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property, or even a real communistic right. This variance, which derives its source from the barbarian codes, and which depends both on differences of race and the infinite variety of the feudal law, reappears in the communistic tenure which was admitted by many municipal codes. From the jealous severity of the Anglo-Norman customs down to the absolute communism of the German towns, we may see this right undergoing every possible modification, so that it is almost impossible to conceive a law of property applying to husband and wife of which examples are not to be found in some custom of the Middle Ages. This epoch is the reign of variety, and there is hardly a system which cannot find some basis in that infinite diversity which is at once the charm and the danger of these curious studies.

§ 2.—Of the Communistic Tenure in Town and Country.

In the yeoman and burgage holdings, the conjugal community of goods was generally of the same nature as the community of estate among serfs and villeins, formed by the assemblage in one and the same house of people whose property and labour are perpetually merged one in the other; such was, I take it, the incontestible origin of communism in the towns of France. Read Beaumanoir, or the ancient Customs of Berry, or the Custom of Nivernois, and you will see that no distinction is ever drawn between the one and the other of these associations; that the rights of the husband are those of a chief of the community, and the rights of a wife, those of a parcener.

Yet there was a perceptible difference between the town and country communities—a difference which depended on the nature of the property possessed. In the servile communities in which the holding belonged to the lord, what remained to partition were chattels, that is to say, objects the original ownership of which was difficult to prove, and the use of which belonged to everyone; thence sprang an inevitable confusion, and the law did the wisest thing, when, without distinguishing between these things, it divided them equally between the children and the surviving spouse; but in the towns it was quite a different thing, the spouses often possessed real estate, and on the inherited real estate which was always easily recognisable, there attached heritable rights which prevented alienation and consequently the confounding of patrimonies; the urban communism had therefore a peculiar character, which distinguished it from rural households. Generally speaking, the heir's right was respected, the heritable real estate remained detached from the community of estate which included only personal and acquired estate. This system, which is even now-a-days our own, and which is generally adopted in Europe, reigned almost unchallenged in our ancient customs, in Flanders, in the country formerly occupied by the Ripuarian Franks, and it is rightly entitled *par excellence* the French custom.

When the *Sachsenspiegel* was compiled, the community of estate was

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not yet in existence; over the real estate of the husband the wife had no other rights than the dower, and over the personal estate only the *gerade* (paraphernalia); the husband's heirs' right prevents one from going farther, and the wife is not considered even as an heiress; a rescript of the magistrates of Magdeburg, dated 1261, declares this positively.*

In the municipal statutes of the fifteenth century the heir's right gave way before the privilege attached to wedlock, and when this privilege ceased, the real and personal advantages which the law had given to the wife were replaced by a share of the total fortune of her husband, generally a third, and sometimes a half. Evidently there is in this a change of system; the idea of a partnership had ousted the old Teutonic idea which gave to the husband all the power and all the property.

This reform was, however, only the consecration of usages which had grown up spontaneously, and had triumphed over the rigour of the Teutonic laws. So early as the thirteenth century, local customs are to be met with which give to the wife the half of the goods held in common. Heydemann has handed down one of those usages, which is anterior to 1281. This favour to women, which was exceptional in the countries regulated by the Statute of Magdeburg, was, however, quite common in the towns which remained subject to the Westphalian law.

§ 3.—Of the Joint Estate (communauté) from the Fifteenth Century to our time.

At the period of the reformation of the customs, there was effected in France an entire change in the position of the noble class. The principle of a joint estate, which only existed among yeomen, burghers, and villeins, was extended to the marriages of the noble class; the right to the personal and acquired property which our ancient laws recognised in the widow became a right of a copartner.

The minutes of the Custom of Blois has preserved the record of this important alteration.

"In the 182nd paragraph, which belongs to the said chapter of marriage, to wit—'By the decease of one of the couple all the personal estate that the twain shall have at the time of the decease of the first of them, and all the acquisitions of real estate made by them or either of them during the marriage, together with all their debits and credits, are divided into two parts, of which one half goes to the survivor, and the other half to the heirs of the deceased;' the nobles made opposition, saying the ancient custom was contrarywise, and that among the nobles all the real and acquired estate belong to the survivor, and that this had been the usage, for example, in the houses of Chaumont, Orzain, Saint-Aignan, and a host of others. Whereupon we

* Ofte ein man ein wip nimet, stirbit die man, das wip ne habet in seine Gute nicht.

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demonstrated to them the prejudice that would ensue to minors and the public weal. And we then questioned the solicitors, who deposed and affirmed to have seen the said rule, such as the nobles claimed to have it in their ancient customs; but, in spite of this, the audience were all of opinion that the said custom ought to be reformed. Finally, by the consent and advice of the churchmen, advocates, solicitors, and others of the third estate, we have ordered that the said custom remain as it is couched in the draft called the 'new' one, and against which the nobles appealed."

It would be a curious study to follow the innovations which the reformation of the customs introduced. This was a great revolution in the civil laws, and one which was much more difficult to effect than that of the code, which latter had only ruins to build upon, whereas, in the fifteenth century, the problem was to harmonise and fuse powerful interests which were often opposed to each other. The leading reflection which preponderates over all the rest in the mind of the reader of these proceedings is the immense influence which the third estate exercised in these innovations, and of these innovations one of the most interesting was the transformation, in almost all the customs, of the prerogatives of the noble widow into a simple right of co-partnership. In this respect the change was a general one, and every difference was effaced between the administration of the property of noble and plebeian unions.

In Germany, at the same epoch, there was likewise effected a revolution in the administration of the property of the spouses. In that country, where the Roman legislation was received with extraordinary favour and reigned like a restored monarch, as if the Kaisers of Germany had been the direct heirs of the Roman emperors—in Germany, I say, Roman doctrines upset the community of goods as the customs had established it. A double movement took place. In the upper ranks of society the Roman system was adopted; dower became a *donatio propter nuptias*, and the dowry system was generally accepted. In the towns where the time-honoured ideas had more vitality, Roman doctrines conformed themselves to Teutonic customs, but, while appearing to respect them, the former transformed the latter completely. This name of community, which referred more to the mode of life than to the proprietorship of estate, conducted the jurists, imbued as they were with Roman ideas, to the instituting of a universal community, a real partnership in which the wife had, during marriage, equal rights with her husband. This is, in fact, the only way to explain, on the Roman theory, how the wife became responsible for the debts, and how she succeeded to her husband. Says Veracius, an old commentator on the Customs of Bamberg—"By community, the property of husband and wife are so confounded that each of them is master of the whole property in bulk, and husband and wife can both say, 'the whole patrimony is mine.'"

The community, such as the reformed customs settled it, has main-

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tained its place in our laws without any important alterations. This system has for 400 years sufficiently responded to the ideas and the wants of the epoch, and I know of no jurist who has seriously attacked it.

The object of the most serious complaints, under the ancient codes, was the diversity of usages, which throughout Europe varied from one province to another, and often from one town to another. This diversity caused immense complications and difficulties. One question only, now-a-days fortunately a very rare one—that, namely, of the proof of the statutes—embroiled our law courts in the highest degree, and there was hardly a marriage between two spouses of different towns which did not contain the germ of a lawsuit.

In France, which is governed by a uniform code, these difficulties have vanished; but there has remained in the civil code a diversity which does not accord with the spirit of our modern institutions; I speak of those thousand clauses, relating to the exclusion of furniture, of unencumbered dowry, of first choice by contract, of an unequal share in the community, of separate estate, etc.; these stipulations have been imported from our ancient customs, which surrounded wedlock with an exceptional degree of favour in the civil code, which had to compromise with a hundred different interests; but they seem to me to be inconsistent with that simplicity which constitutes the force of law and maintains the unity of families, and with that spirit of equality which lies at the root of our modern societies.

The civil code, considered as a compromise, is the finest legislative monument which a people has ever raised; but, thanks to the development of the new principle, of which it has sown the fruitful germ, the time is not far distant, perhaps, when the statesmen will feel the necessity of ridding this fine structure of those institutions which were only preserved for the sake of yielding to the exigencies of our fathers, but which, at the present time, have become dead letters and encumbrances to our statute book.

In Germany, *universal* community remained in ancient Franconia, Westphalia, Mecklenburg, and a portion of the Rhenish provinces. "When the marriage ceremony is completed, the twain are equal in riches," is the maxim of these customs. The community of personal and acquired estate remained in the towns bordering on France, namely, Cologne, Treves, Juliers, Luxemburg, Cleves, detached branches of that great French stem, which still depend on their primitive root by the spirit of their civil laws. A similar institution is met with in the Duchy of Baden, in Belgium, and in Holland, three countries which have preserved our code; and in neighbouring countries, such as Wurtemburg and the Duchies of Hesse Darmstadt and Nassau; Bavaria and Austria have also adopted the community of acquisitions,

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while for personal estate, some limitations are imposed. This community of personal and acquired property was in the middle ages, and continues to be, the most usual law applicable to marriage. It is, in fact, what best corresponds to the married couples' oneness of life. Our law has, wisely, excluded inherited estates from the association; it is right that the wife, who has nothing to do with the management, should have a reserve for her evil days, a provision for her old age and for the education of her children. Unrestricted communism sacrifices the wife's rights, for it strips her, as the Roman *manus* did, without giving her the means of guarding against her ruin, and, on the other hand, it would be impossible to allow the wife to defend her rights, without gravely compromising the power of the husband, and that unity of direction, without which the administration of a family is as impossible as the government of an empire.

§ 4.—Of the Wife's and Children's share after the Dissolution of the Marriage.

So long as the marriage lasted, the administration of the property offered no difficulty, as it was entirely vested in the husband. It was at the death of the head of the family that difficulties commenced, and it is in this matter of liquidation that consists, in a great measure, the diversity of the customs.

The wife and children's share having varied almost in each custom, the details would be infinite if we did not confine ourselves to certain generalisations, sufficient to permit the reader to thread his way through this maze of the ordinances of the Middle Ages.

The advantages granted to the wife were greater or less, according as she had children, or the reverse; for it is clear that the mother's right, however sacred it may be, cannot entirely override that of the children; at least I only know of one custom, that of the *Assize des Bourgeois*, which frankly prefers the mother to the children. That is, certainly, an exceptional disposition, and is not part of the essence of French customs.

Therefore, the existence of children generally limited the advantages which the law granted to the wife; but, *en revanche*, if her property was limited, her usufruct was greater when the children had not quitted the family hearth. In this case, both in Germany and France, the wife continued the partnership with her children, without there being any determination of the ideal parts in this partnership; she alone administered the fortune, she alone enjoyed the income, maintained the children, disposed at will of the personal and acquired estate—in a word, she stepped into the place of the late head of the family.

Sometimes, while continuing the partnership, the law fixes the

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shares beforehand. It gives the personal and acquired property to the wife, either in totality or in part, and to the children the heritable property. Such were, for example, certain French customs, which, while allowing the partnership to continue, allotted to the children the whole of the heritable property and half of the acquired property. The consequence of such an allotment of shares was not felt pending the duration of the marriage, the wife alone having the disposal of the revenues and fruits of the heritable property, which fall into the common stock; but, in the event of the dissolution of the community, whether by the establishment of the children, or by the second marriage of the mother each one retakes, forthwith, the share which the law had allotted to him.

In France, the second marriage of the mother did not dissolve the partnership; it continued with the new husband as a partner. At Augsburg, Erfurt, Bremen, and Brunswick, the partnership was dissolved, the usufruct was given to the remarried wife and the reversion to the children; but in obedience to an exaggerated respect for the mother's rights, the separate establishment of the children did not limit the universal usufruct of the mother, but only gave a right to a suitable portion. In Germany, this continuity of enjoyment was a corollary of the paternal power which had devolved upon the mother; in France it was a mere continuation of partnership, independent to some extent of the power of the ascendant. The French law looked rather at the property than at the person.

I meet with the French custom in the Statutes of Lubeck, dated 1240. They are as follows—

"When a man and a woman have children and one of the twain dies, whether husband or wife, the property will be divided between the surviving spouse and the children still at home.

"If one of the children at home dies, his heritage is divided between all his brethren at home, of whatever age.

"If one of the absent children dies, those who remain at home do not inherit alone, the succession belongs as well to the separated brothers as to those who remained at home.

"If all die, the heritage belongs to the nearest relative."

If the mother does not remarry, the community is prolonged in this way between her and her children; but if she takes a second husband, the partnership is dissolved and liquidation ensues. In this respect, the German customs are superior in wisdom to the French, which put the personal property of the children at the mercy of the second husband.

§ 5.—Of the Power of the Husband over the Property and Person of his Wife.

The changes introduced at the period of the reform of the customs in

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France and Germany, did not sensibly alter the husband's rights over the conjugal property; for these changes bore almost exclusively upon the share coming to the woman on the death of her husband, and did not interfere with the power which belonged to the husband while the marriage lasted. In other terms, the new customs regulated the liquidation, but not the administration of the community.

Accordingly we must not suppose that these customs ever considered the wife as the associate of her husband during marriage; such an innovation would have been in contradiction with the ideas which our fathers entertained of the marital power. Whatever the ultimate share in the community may have been, the husband, in all the German, Swiss, Flemish, and French Customs, always had the right to pledge, alienate, and sell the property of the community, that is to say, the personal and acquired property, without the wife's having any power to gainsay him.

I have not yet spoken of the husband's power over his wife's person. Our ancestors were sufficiently tolerant in this respect. All the old jurists accord to the husband the right of moderate correction. This is what Beaumanoir says on this point—

"In seven cases the husband is excusable for the chastisement he inflicts upon his wife, and justice must not interfere between them, for it is allowable for the husband to beat his wife without killing or maiming her, when she acts ill towards him, as when she is inclined to act wrong with her baby, or when she deceives her husband, or slanders him, or when she will not obey his reasonable commands; in all such cases and in similar ones, it is quite lawful for the husband to inflict reasonable chastisement upon his wife."

All the laws of the middle ages acknowledge in the husband the right to kill his adulterous wife and her accomplice; but I am not acquainted with any custom more extraordinary than the ancient Custom of Berry, which carefully determined to what extent the son might aid his father in such a case; this is the decision of the law, which is of a kind to satisfy the shade of *Hamlet*. The injured husband—

"May kill both parties without being amenable to punishment. Moreover, if the said husband is not strong enough, and he suspects that the wrong-doer will get the better of him, in this case he may take his son with him to aid him, and the son will be held guiltless, but on condition that the son do not lay hands on his mother, but only aid his father in vanquishing his enemy."

§ 6.—Of Marriage Contracts (Pacta Dotalia).

Under the Roman law it was not permissible to make an heir by deed *inter vivos*, every deed of this kind being null and void. The law looked upon bargains made in reference to a future succession as contrary to good morals, and calculated to induce the nominated heir to

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plot for the death of him who had imprudently promised his succession.

The Teutonic laws did not attach any such stigma to this custom and the favour with which marriage contracts were surrounded covered all the dispositions which were made in relation to future successions; such were marriage contracts, the recognition of heirs, the renunciation of portioned daughters, the promise made by parents not to favour any one child more than the one they were giving in marriage, &c. All these dispositions were regarded by the law with great favour, and penetrated into the countries of the written law in spite of the Roman law. The Southern lawyers admired these dispositions, and had them confirmed by oath, a commonplace expedient by which the doctors of the canon law always got out of a difficulty.

Montesquieu says of the origin of these marriage contracts—

"They became for the nobles a feudal as well as a civil disposition. In a deed of this kind, made under the eyes of the lord, a disposal was made of the future succession, with a view to the fief being served by heirs; accordingly it was only the nobles who, at first, had the privilege of disposing of future successions by marriage contract."

From the nobles this right passed to the yeomen and to the burghers. Marriage contracts were made use of to benefit the wife in case of survivorship, to recall to the succession the portioned daughter, or the child who was no longer at home, as also, in an aristocratic spirit, to "make an eldest son," as the customs say. The greatest latitude reigned in this respect, and it was a maxim almost universally received that—"All treaties and agreements made between man and woman by marriage contract ought to hold good and have effect."

The legal effect of these institutions was different according to the customs. In Anjou, for instance, and in Maine, where feudalism retained all its vitality, marriage contracts answered the character of a feudal investiture; they gave seisin to the nominated heir, and the donor could no longer "sell, give, transfer, or alienate any of his heritage to anyone whatsoever, except in certain cases, that is to say, in sheer necessity, for means of subsistence, and for the redemption of his body."

In the Bourbonnais, which was nearer the countries of the written law, this tying-up system was wisely avoided, and the marriage contract was assimilated to the *donatio mortis causâ*. The 220th paragraph of its code says—

"The institution of an heir and the compact of succession made in a marriage contract only extends to goods which are left at the death of the said contracting party. And the said contract doth not hinder the said contracting party from being able to alienate his property by contracts *inter vivos*."

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The civil code wisely ranged itself on the side of the Custom of Bourbonnais. The grand defect of our customary legislation was that perpetual locking-up of estates which impeded, in every sense, the liberty of commerce. Dower, marriage contracts, entails, the right of the lineal heir to cancel his ancestor's sale—these were so many bonds (without speaking of the *mains-mortes* which covered half of the territory), which enchained the land and constituted a species of civil feudalism not less hampering than political feudalism. The Revolution cut down with a blow all these restrictions, and from that time only was civil equality a reality. Wherever the law, by locking up the land, aims at perpetuating the family, aristocracy is imminent; time will do the rest.

In Germany, where marriage contracts played a great part among noble families, the lawyers insisted on explaining, by the light of Roman doctrines, a customary institution which victoriously resisted all interpretations of this kind. I will not farther recall their super-subtle distinctions and technicalities.

In the first enthusiasm aroused by the re-appearance of the Roman laws, in the admiration which the divine reasoning of the Roman lawyers inspired, men desired to explain everything by this light, as in the last century everything was referred to "natural right," with these absolute theories, in the fifteenth as in the eighteenth century, men only succeeded in obscuring and entangling everything.

§ 7. Of the Mother.

When I treated of fiefs, I explained that the mother had no right to those tenures whose law it was *never to ascend;* the same rule held good for the middle-class heritages. In the desire to elevate the middle class to the level of the nobles—a desire which was a constant motive of the lawyers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—the civil privileges of the fief were communicated to the middle-class heritage. To the heritable property of this class was applied the rule of the fiefs that *the heritage never ascends;* the father and mother only succeeded to the personal and acquired estate which, in our customs, always retained the nature of personalty.

However, this exclusion of the mother was much mitigated when the mother continued the community with her children, since she recovered the fruits of the heritable property in that community, of which she was the head so long as she remained a widow.

As to the guardianship, in the yeoman as in the burgher class it belonged to the mother, for, in both classes, the mother regained the place which her attachment for her children assigned to her. There were not here any intrusive political ideas to do violence to natural

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sentiments, and to exclude the mother from an office to which she had such strong claims.

§ 8. General Reflections on the Middle Classes of France, England, and Germany.

That which strikes the reader of our customs is the constant tendency of the middle class to make the nobles descend to their level or to elevate themselves to the rank of the nobles. In the reform of the customs we see dower to the extent of one half, and the tenure-in-common imposed upon the nobles; marriage contracts, renunciation by daughters, declarations of primogeniture, rights of renouncing the tenure-in-common, laws relating to the inherited real estate, are borrowed, by the middle class, from feudal privileges. Accordingly, social differences had a tendency to vanish, and this fusion was actually favoured by the privileges appurtenant to the land. The fief in the possession of the middle-class man, brought the yeoman shoulder to shoulder with the nobleman, who was, perhaps, only the former's vassal; the base tenure in the possession of the nobleman, drags him down to the level of the burgher, for the law of succession relating thereto is similar to that which governs his rival's property.

But what the middle class was aiming at in the sixteenth century was not so much the right of destroying the nobility as of sharing its privileges. This class, at the moment of the reformation of the customs, favoured as much as the nobles did everything which tended to perpetuate property in the hands of great families, which was the only way to obtain great middle class families who should rival the nobility, although they bitterly combatted every aristocratic privilege which offended their class vanity. For instance, there were serious discussions, and they disputed the ground inch by inch, when such seignorial rights were in question as the lord's courts of justice, exclusive privileges of the chase, the monopoly of milling, the erection of dovecotes; but at Paris all orders were agreed in rejecting the article presented by M. Séguier, the civil lieutenant, which aimed at abolishing indirectly the law of primogeniture and the privileges of masculinity.* However, there resulted from the fusion of the two classes the usual consequences of a bargain—viz., the general mitigation of all the salient points of the law. The plebeian principles, seconded as they were by the Roman influence, corrected feudal asperities; the right of representation, for example, being universally allowed, gave to the

* This article was—"It is permissible for every purchaser of a fief, lordship, or other heritage, to declare that he intends the said acquisitions to be shared between the children and heirs alike, and in this case no one child shall have more than another."

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daughter of the eldest son the privilege that her father would have had, whilst in the collateral line, the doctrine of representation was not called in to exclude women, and the brothers' sons shared with their aunt in lieu of excluding her.

The mixture of fiefs and base tenures in the same hands was bound to bring about civil equality. What interest had anyone in preserving privileges which had no political importance, and which represented nothing, since they were continually passing from the noble's hand into that of the burgher? It was a useless encumbrance. Therefore, the wish for a uniform code of law was favourably received by our kings from an early period. From the Code Michaud, that remarkable document which only failed to take root because its dispositions were in advance of the age, to the great labours of Daguesseau, there was a perpetual effort on the part of our jurists and kings to attain a uniformity of legislation, which necessitates uniformity in the rank of persons not less than in that of things. To this uniformity the privileges of the nobility were pitilessly sacrificed; in civil as in political matters, the nobility never had more formidable adversaries than the lawyers.

The way being thus paved for the equalising of ranks, which already in the eighteenth century had triumphed in civil life, the law of primogeniture, the privilege of the male sex, the exclusion of daughters, were nothing but odious absurdities in our legislation; the code wisely abolished these objectless privileges, and adopting the more humane spirit of the Roman laws, it henceforth recognised but one kind of patrimony, one sort of heir, one law of succession. Equality thus became solidly established in our civil laws, which are surer guardians of this precious deposit than political constitutions; for they make equality penetrate into our social life, and put it under the most sacred protection, that of the domestic hearth. In England, the march of things was different, legislation remained there impregnated with the aristocratic spirit, and women have suffered greatly from this direction of the laws. The head of the family, whether father or mother, had the right to dispose of the succession in so absolute a manner, that Coke doubted if the children had ever had a determinate share. All that the law does for the children and the wife is to give them the personal estate, if the deceased has made no other disposition of it, but the head of the family is the absolute master of his fortune, and the law sees him with pleasure concentrate his wealth on the head of a privileged heir. Thus, in reality, the unrestricted power of making a will is only a means of buttressing an aristocracy, another point in which the English law bears resemblance to the Roman law, with which it has so much similitude.

Alongside of this arbitrary rule, which is favourable to the establish-

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ment of new families, there appear, with a view to preserve the ancient aristocracy, entails and the right of primogeniture, which, since the Norman Conquest, have kept the land and political power in the same families (!) Thus, by the strongest conceivable organisation, the English aristocracy is constantly enriched by all the new fortunes, and once having acquired, it perpetuates them and never becomes poor.

In Germany, the middle class was a class by itself, whose code of law differed both from the usages of the nobles and from those of the villeins. The tenure in common, for example, is even to this day unknown among the nobles who hold to the rights allotted to the widow in the *Sachsenspiegel*, although the middle class have adopted the tenure in common of acquired property, or a universal tenure in common. Noble property being deemed to be almost all entailed, the power of devising was not recognised in relation to heritable estates (*Stamm-Gutern*), except with the consent of the agnates; as to the acquired estates, family compacts restrained the free disposition of them. In the towns, on the other hand, the right of devising, borrowed from the Roman laws, had always as wide an extension as in the Justinian Code. For successions by operation of law, the towns followed likewise the Roman law, and one single patrimony was allotted to the heirs without distinction of sex, according to the order laid down in the Novella. Sometimes, however, the males had a double share, or, as the custom said, "the daughter takes with one hand and the son with two." In the noble usages, on the other hand, the distinction of patrimonies and heirs was maintained, women admitted by privilege to succeed to the *gerade* (paraphernalia), remained excluded from the order of succession to the heritable real estates, so long as there were any male descendants of the first possessor. As to the order to be followed among the males, there was upon this point a prodigious diversity among the customs; the succession attributed to the nearest in degree to the deceased, the lineal succession devolving on the nearest descendant of the common parent, majorat, seniorat, minorat, and what not? As many customs as families.

I do not wish to land the reader in these arid sands; I hasten to relieve him of feudalism, and to show him in exchange therefore, countries and systems of law which preserved some traces of Roman grandeur and simplicity.

(To be continued.)

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MISCELLANEA.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ALEXANDRA NATIVE GIRLS' ENGLISH INSTITUTION, AT BOMBAY, 1866.—There is scarcely any institution in Bombay calculated to be of more advantage to the community, European and native, than that of the Alexandra Institution, which is intended to afford English education to female native children. The late Mr. Framjee Cowasjee was strongly impressed with the importance and advantage of giving to native children such an education, but he met with great opposition. His efforts in the cause of education, however, found a warm supporter in Mr. Manockjee Cursetjee, and at length, in September, 1863, the Alexandra School was established; and although only three years and a half have elapsed since that period, steady progress has been made by the institution, and it may fairly be supposed that as the advantages of such an undertaking become more apparent, the school will increase in numbers. In December last, there were thirty-eight young ladies of Parsee and Hindu parentage attending the school. The managers do not profess to teach the vernacular systematically, the primary object being the teaching of English, but as being the mother-tongue, the former is not neglected.

The Annual Distribution of Prizes to the Scholars took place on Thursday afternoon, at the residence of N. N. Framjee, Esq., Framjee's Hall, Breach Candy, when the Prizes were given away by Lady Frere. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Bartle Frere, K.C.B., K. S. I., presided, and there was a numerous gathering of European and native ladies and gentlemen. The scholars are of various ages, and *en passant*, it may be mentioned that five Hindoo and three Parsee girls were dressed in English costume. After the reading of the report the young ladies formed in a line fronting the seats of the Governor and Lady Frere, and were examined in the English language by Mr. Hamilton. In the first place they read from a book part of the history of a sailor boy who sailed in a ship from New York, and when the reading was finished, they were questioned as to the meaning and sense of the words, and the answers given by most of the children were ready, and such as proved most satisfactorily that they were thoroughly instructed in the groundwork of the English language. It is certainly very gratifying to have such evidence of careful training afforded, especially when we recollect that more than once, at home, we have found that boys at public schools, who on speech-days got through their task in foreign languages with apparent facility, were in fact but most imperfectly grounded in those languages, and had only been "coached" for the occasion. Although it was very gratifying to the parents and friends of

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the boys to see such boys awarded prizes, the permanent effects of such teaching were but of slight advantage to the boys themselves. The examinations which the children of the Alexandra Schools went through, however, was such as satisfactorily to set at rest any doubts as to the soundness and thoroughness of their education, and the happy results already achieved in the school furnish a striking proof of the capability of the mind of the native for acquiring languages, particularly English. After answering several questions in a very intelligent manner, the children recited poetry, acquitting themselves most creditably. A little Hindoo lady—one of those in European costume—quite astonished the audience by the correctness of her delivery and by her clear enunciation. The child was warmly applauded. Having retired to the opposite side of the room, the scholars were exercised in singing: there were some good trebles among the voices, but longer training is required to enable them to sing well together. Still, the effect was such as to show that, with more teaching, they might become proficient in this branch of instruction also.

For the sake of convenience we have somewhat reversed the order of the programme, for before the examination the honorary secretary, Mr. Dossabhoy R. Colah, asked the permission of his excellency to read the following interesting sketch of the institution, which, he said, would give a few ideas of its working during the past year:—

This institution, it will be remembered, was founded by Mr. Manockjee Cursetjee in September, 1863, for giving an English education to native girls in Bombay, and was located at Byculla, whence it was removed to the Fort in April, 1865.

This change must be considered as a happy event, as the number of girls have since increased to more than three times within nine months, and in December last there were 38 pupils on the roll, with an average daily attendance of 27 pupils—circumstances very gratifying to the friends of the institution.

The board has lately increased from five to seven years as the minimum age at which the girls can be admitted into the institution. It is also the intention of the board to require from each pupil, before being permitted into the institution, a knowledge of the vernacular at a certain standard to be fixed hereafter, and they have also obtained the sanction of the general meeting to increase the yearly subscription from Rs. 20 to Rs. 48. Even this increased fee might be considered as very low, particularly when the kind of education imparted in this school, and the heavy expenditure enhancing the costliness of that education, are taken into consideration. But it must be frankly acknowledged that education is not so much generally appreciated in this country as it ought to be, and that, comparatively speaking, the people have but lately commenced to give English education to their daughters.

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In this matter great credit is due to the founder of this school, as well as to the late Mr. Framjee Cowasjee, who, setting aside the general and strong bias in those days against female education through the medium of the English language, advocated the measure and gave a practical example by educating their daughters. The late Framjee Cowasjee was the first native on this side of India who set the noble example. To-day we have met in this hall bearing his name, and the board are happy to state that the owner, Mr. Nowrojee, has followed in the footsteps of his worthy grandfather, by sending his daughter into this institution, and giving her the advantages of an English education.

During the year under report, one of the chief wants of the institution has been fortunately supplied, namely, the services of an assistant for Goojeratee. This want was long felt, often urged by the governesses under whom the institution passed from its commencement, and from time to time advocated by the members of the board, but for certain reasons, unnecessary to mention, this very desirable object was not achieved before. But it must be plainly stated here that though this institution is intended to give English education, and does not profess to teach the vernacular systematically, yet nothing can be further from the minds of the members of the institution than to run down and depreciate the value of giving the children an education in their own mother-tongue; and consequently so much of vernacular has been adopted as will assist the girls by way of translation, &c.

On this subject the examiners, Mr. R. H. Hamilton, Dr. M. B. Colah, and Mr. Kursondass Mooljee, have made the following remark:—"Translation systematic, and much of it is wanted. Children cannot translate without thinking, and as the exercise of thinking greatly increases the power to think, this indirect advantage of translation should not be overlooked. To the absence (till lately) of translation from the school's curriculum of study may be attributed in a great measure the deficiency in the pupils' knowledge (before remarked upon) of history and grammar, as well as the meaning of what they read." Here the board wish to make an observation to clear the above remarks of the examiners. The Parsee lady whose services have been engaged as an assistant for Goojeratee has accepted the appointment on condition that she should at the same time continue her English education in this school, and consequently very little time is devoted to this subject.

From the very exhaustive and elaborate report of the examiners it is apparent that the school has indeed made a very fair progress, and though not up to the mark in every branch, yet in some subjects, as for instance, in reading, they have been throughout pronounced as excellent, and the recitation of poetry in the first and second classes has been reported as perfect. It will be useless here to read the whole report

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of the examiners, but the following short paragraph from it will at once convey an idea of the general proficiency, &c., of the school:—"Reading, excellent; grammar, fair; dictation, composition, and copy-writing, good; poetical recitation, very good, History of England, indifferent; geography, very fair; and arithmetic, very bad."

The suggestions of the examiners for the better working of the institution, conveyed in a separate letter attached to the report, will receive the best attention of the board, and will be carried out as far as practicable under the present circumstances.

Besides this examination, a committee of three ladies, consisting of Miss Jacomb, Mrs. K. R. Cama, and Mrs. M. F. Nesbit, having examined the school particularly in singing and needle-work; and while they have expressed themselves satisfied as to the general progress of the school, the singing has not been found by them to be commendable.

While on this subject, the board cannot allow the opportunity to pass without touching on a subject of vital importance to the school. The present governesses, who have hitherto conducted the educational charge of the school to the best of their abilities and to the satisfaction of the board, are on the eve of severing their connection with the institution, the head governess, Miss Laing, proceeding to England, and the assistant governess, Miss Isaacs, going away to occupy a different sphere of life, and the board on this occasion beg to return their thanks to them.

On their successors the future welfare of the institution will rest, and not a little will depend on their qualifications and attainments, but a great deal more on their temper and method of teaching. The new governesses are expected out from England in a short time, probably in the next month, and immediately on their arrival will assume charge of the institution; and then it will remain a question of time to see how they discharge their duties. The board sincerely hope that they may be able to say in their next report that they have acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the board.

Early in August last an application was made by an European gentleman to send his daughters to the institution. But Rule I. of the bye-laws explicitly says that the institution has been founded for native girls, and Rule II. to give the blessings of an English education to native girls. On these grounds the board regretted their inability to grant the request; but the board think it very desirable to remove this restriction in future. It is an acknowledged fact that in acquiring a foreign language nothing conduces more towards the attainment of it than a mingling with the people who speak the language, it giving a command over it that cannot be so easily acquired by any other means; while by mingling with them more of their good breeding and

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manners are learnt practically. The longer such association is kept the better, and as this institution is conducted by lady governesses, as fit persons for imparting superior education to the girls of the higher classes, the girls might continue their education in the school for any length of time.

Among the board of lady visitors the names of two ladies, Mrs. M. F. Nesbit and Mrs. H. Scoble, have been added; and here the board beg to tender their best thanks to all those ladies who have manifested an interest in the school by visiting it during the past year. If all the lady visitors kindly make it convenient to visit the institution even occasionally, it will be the means of doing a great deal of good. Perhaps it may not be generally known what are the functions of the honorary lady visitors, and for this purpose the board cannot do better than quote here one of the rules on the subject :—

"The honorary lady visitors shall, as often as may be convenient to them, visit the institution, watch and superintend the working of the school or schools, examine pupils and scholars, and look to the general requirements of the institution, so as to render it effective for all its purposes, and record their opinions and suggest improvements for the good of the institution in the minute book to be kept for that purpose."

With regard to the funds of the institution, it will be sufficient here to say, that the current expenditure, this year, has increased a great deal more when compared with 1864, and it is more than three times the amount of interest realised from the different investments. Not only the interest, but the entire donations of the year, amounting to Rs. 4,750, have been absorbed, and besides about Rs. 1,700 have been drawn from the last year's balance. The funds of the institution in hand amount to Rs. 45,286-9-1. Mr. Bhugwandass Purshotumdass has given Rs. 2,000 for a prize medal, but the interest on that sum being not sufficient to defray the cost of a gold medal, it has been allowed to stand over and accumulate till the next year.

The board cannot allow this opportunity to pass without thanking those ladies and gentlemen, who, approving the object of the institution, have subscribed handsome sums as donations, and have given prize books; and also to the members of the ladies' committee, as well as the gentlemen examiners, who, notwithstanding the pressure of their own work, so obligingly spared three days in examining the institution, and whose labours can only be best appreciated from their long and elaborate report.

Finally, having occupied so much of your time, the board beg now to offer their best thanks to your excellency for presiding on this occasion, and to Lady Frere for her kindness in consenting to distribute

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the prizes, and to other ladies and gentlemen who have honoured us with their presence to-day.

When the distribution of prizes, which consisted of books, &c., had taken place, and the examination was concluded :—

His Excellency said : Gentlemen of the Committee—I should be very sorry indeed if it were to be supposed that the expression of our feeling as to what we have seen and heard this day, was a mere matter of form ; for I do not think any stranger coming here and seeing what we have seen of these children, could fail to carry away the memory—even if he did not care for India, as I am sure most of us do care—of these proceedings, and to hold that memory for his lifetime. But to us who are older inhabitants, what we have seen in Framjee's Hall is of the greatest interest, because it speaks so forcibly of the great truths inculcated in the minds of his children by my old friend the late Mr. Framjee Cowasjee, and of the services rendered by him in this matter, as well as of the services of Mr. Manockjee Cursetjee, which are now beginning to bear most valuable fruit. I am sure there is not one of the Parsee community, who can remember Mr. Framjee Cowasjee, who will not feel a deep personal interest in all that we have seen here to-day, and at the same time it is very gratifying to those who witnessed the examination of the school last year, to observe the evident improvement there is in those young ladies whom we recognise as having been in the institution twelve months ago, for their progress appears to have been a very solid and satisfactory one. And the increase in the number of scholars is a proof that this most valuable institution is becoming thoroughly appreciated by the whole of the native community of this island. There are one or two points, moreover, mentioned in the reports, which it would be difficult to pass by without notice. And firstly, the increase in the rate of payment is an important fact, as showing that Parsee and Hindu gentlemen are beginning to recognise the truth which we have long recognised in Europe—that a good education for ladies is not to be given without some personal sacrifice and expense, and without entailing upon some parents considerable sacrifice. I must say that the inclination of the native community to afford their children a good education is to me most satisfactory, and there is another point which must be equally gratifying to him to whom this institution owes so much—I mean the increased attention given to their own language in the instruction of children. For a long time it used to be said to Mr. Manockjee Cursetjee and others, "If you teach your girls the English language, they will forget their mother-tongue, which is the most useful to them as wives and as mothers." But the truth is, there is great value in combining English with the vernacular, for no lady can learn any foreign language—and to these children English is a foreign tongue—without being improved in her own language. She cannot

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learn a foreign language without thinking for herself more deeply and more accurately in her own, and therefore there is no need to fear that in teaching Parsee ladies English, they will forget Guzeratee, and this day's proceedings is one of the proofs that the exact contrary is the case. It shows that if you teach them a foreign language, you teach them more in their own tongue as well. I will not now detain you longer than by stating the great gratification it gives me to express to Mr. Manockjee Cursetjee, how much pleasure I have felt in what I have witnessed to-day; and I am sure I only speak the sense of those present when I say to the committee and to the lady visitors that they deserve, and do receive our best thanks for what they have done for this most useful institution.

The children then sang God save the Queen, and the proceedings terminated.—*Bombay Gazette.*

Miss Isa Craig was presented with a very appropriate testimonial, on her resigning her post of Assistant-Secretary of the Social Science Association, on the occasion of her marriage with Mr. John Knox. The testimonial consists of a silver tea service and salver, the latter bearing the inscription, "To Isa Craig, from her grateful and attached friends of the National Social Science Association, 17th of May, 1866."

Miss Rye.—A meeting was held at the offices of the Social Science Association, to welcome Miss Rye on her return from Australia, and Madame Bodichon presented her with a purse of £100, collected by friends interested in Miss Rye's efforts to promote the emigration of women.

Miss Lucy Nevile.—With the utmost regret we announce the death of Miss Lucy Nevile, head nurse at the Lincoln County Hospital. The event deserves more than a passing notice, for Miss Nevile was no ordinary young lady. She was the daughter of the Rev. C. Nevile, of Thorney, a descendant of one of the oldest county families; but though brought up in all the accustomed refinements of her position in society, she preferred to devote herself to the employment which of all others is most suitable to women, nursing the sick. Accordingly, she became a member of the society to which is entrusted the entire charge of the nursing at King's College Hospital, London, and while there obtained the highest commendations and certificates of her great ability as a nurse from Mr. Ferguson, and the other celebrated surgeons attached to that hospital. Shortly after the reformation in the system of nursing in our own hospitals by the Committee of the Ladies' Nursing Fund was established, Miss Nevile was appointed head nurse, and it is not too much to say that the present satisfactory state of the

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nursery within its wall, is in a very great measure due to the tact, energy, good-temper, and zeal, which she showed in the discharge of her duties. Those only who are acquainted with the interior working of an hospital can fully appreciate the responsibilities and anxieties of such a position, and the self-denying life required on the part of her who would fulfil it well. On the 22nd of May, Miss Nevile left the hospital on a short leave of absence, in order to attend her sister's wedding, and returned with a bad cold and sore throat; ulceration set in, and in spite of the skill and unremitting attention of the physicians and surgeons of the hospital, she sank rapidly, and died after great suffering on the 13th inst. Such characters are rare, and not easily replaced. It has pleased God to terminate her useful life at a time, when, apparently, it can but ill be spared. We have many ladies in the county of Lincoln of whose names we are justly proud, but few that can claim a higher place in our esteem, few that more justly deserve our admiration, few that will be remembered with more affectionate regret, than the name of LUCY NEVILE, THE HOSPITAL NURSE.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle.*

ST. MARY'S DISPENSARY FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.—We are glad to see that a Dispensary is opened at 69, Seymour Place, Crawford Street, W., "to meet the increasing demand for medical help, in one of the poorest and most densely-populated districts of London."

The office of General Medical Attendant will be held by a lady, legally qualified as a medical practitioner, thus affording to women of the poorer class the option of obtaining medical attendance from a qualified woman. The services of the entire staff are honorary; Miss Garrett has been selected as the General Medical Attendant, and we are glad to see that Dr. Billing, Dr. Priestley, Mr. Erichsen, Mr. George Critchett, Mr. Little, and other eminent physicians and surgeons are on the consulting staff.

The General Committee consists of the following members: Countess Russell, Lady Caroline Kerrison, Lady Goldsmid, Viscount Amberley, M.P., Viscountess Amberley, Lady Crompton, The Recorder of London, John Stuart Mill, Esq., M.P., Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Rev. J. Ll. Davies, Mrs. Russell Gurney, N. Montefiore, Esq., G. W. Hastings, Esq., James Heywood, Esq., F.R.S., Mrs. Manning, Miss Helen Taylor, Miss Cobbe, Mrs. Thomas Hughes, Henry Fawcett, Esq., M.P., Mrs. P. A. Taylor, Mrs. James Stansfeld, Rev. T. J. Rowsell, Mrs. Octavius Smith, Miss Emily Greatorex, Newson Garrett, Esq; and the Managing Committee, Mrs. Westlake, jun., Miss Sarah Goff, Mrs. J. W. Smith, Miss Emily Greatorex, Miss Garrett, Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Joshua Plaskitt, Esq. Mrs. Westlake has undertaken the office of Treasurer,

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and Mrs. J. W. Smith is the Hon. Secretary. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gurney have given £20; Miss Sarah Goff, £16 16*s.*; Madame Bodichon, £50; Lady Goldsmid, £10; Mrs. J. W. Smith subscribes annually £10; Mr. James Rawlings, £5 5*s.*; Miss Dunnell, £1 1*s.* Donations and subscriptions may be sent to the Treasurer; cheques (crossed) made payable to St. Mary's Dispensary—Bank of England; Post Office Orders to A. Westlake, Albion Street Office, Hyde Park.

We heartily wish this undertaking the success which may fairly be expected from a scheme started under such excellent management.

Electoral Franchise.—On the motion of Mr. John Stuart Mill, the following address was agreed to on Tuesday, June 12.—Return of the number of freeholders, householders, and others in England and Wales who, fulfilling the conditions of property or rental prescribed by law as the qualification for the electoral franchise, are excluded from the franchise by reason of their sex.

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LITERATURE.

Felix Holt, the Radical: A Story of English Provincial Life. By George Eliot. [William Blackwood & Sons.]—George Eliot did not probably intend to write this work in support of the petition of women for political power, but she has clearly shown that some women possess a great mastery of political knowledge. Most novelists who have to deal with such subjects treat them, even when they treat them rightly and at the best, as matters alien from their ordinary studies, things which they have learned up, topics which they have acquired for a purpose, and which they will forget again when that purpose is served. They have gobbled up the subject and not digested it. But the mature and steady light of George Eliot's style is thrown upon every shade of politics which she comes across. Every *nuance* is dwelt upon, every situation perceived. Nothing is huddled up, nothing unduly foreshortened. The most accomplished politician would have found it difficult to write some parts, for they deal, not with the plain issues of politics, which of course he understands, but with the psychological causes of political creeds which probably he does not understand. And it is the highest praise that many people—perhaps most people who read the book—will not find these things there. The highest philosophy is a latent philosophy; a sort of teaching which sets forth no doctrine, elaborates no creed, compiles no catechism; which is in the soul, which works by allusions and succeeds by hints which the initiated seek everywhere, which the uninitiated can find nowhere.

It is not unconnected with this excellence that George Eliot has got her law right. This is a matter in which novelists are commonly very perplexed. Mr. Trollope once proposed that they join together and employ a barrister in common, who should tell them what the law was. Even when the novelist makes no plain blunders, he shows those who understand the matter that he knows nothing about it. His accessories and secondary thoughts are always wrong. He has never fixed the primary conditions plainly in his mind, so that his imagination cannot go wrong about them, and that they may serve as poles to guide him through the subject. This novel of George Eliot's shows us a very odd and curious bit of English law, which we cannot undertake to explain here, but she explains it, and shows by minute allusion and ramification of words that she knows all about it just as well as a lawyer. An intelligence so composed, so just, so masterly, is rare, very rare among men; and perhaps no woman has ever shown it before.

"Felix Holt" will occupy, we think, an intermediate rank among George Eliot's novels. It is not so good as "Adam Bede," but it is better than the "Mill on the Floss." The story of "Adam Bede" is a sort of story which is hardly to be found again; it brings one across

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problems and conditions of life so deep and interesting that they cannot be rivalled. George Eliot showed in that book that her genius was able fully to grapple with the only sort of moral problems that are popularly fascinating as well as profoundly grave. But she cannot show this always, for the stories in which such things can be naturally and attractively treated are very few. She used up the best possible matter in her first book, and all the rest must, so far as subject goes, be, in consequence, inferior to it. On the other hand, "Felix Holt" has one merit in which even "Adam Bede" was deficient. There is a stir and cheerfulness in the style which none of George Eliot's books have had before. Whether it be the natural elasticity given by habitual success we do not know, but there is a light play in these volumes which there has never been before. In "Romola" and "Adam Bede" the melancholy was almost too intense to be true; they were fine as the funeral service is fine; but it was terrible to read—and it is not at weaker times pleasant to re-read—books which were evidently written by one whose habitual mood was a composed deep melancholy; which never complained, which incessantly analysed, which smiled even at itself, "for being moved to smile at anything."

It is wicked to tell the plot of a novel, and we have not here room to be wicked in that way. And it is nonsense to attempt to describe the characters without the plot, for, in a good novel, they are part of it and it is part of them. We will not meddle with what we should spoil. But there is a new talent in this book, inconsiderable in comparison with many which George Eliot has shown before, and here, but which others would think much of—the talent of writing good verses. The mottoes to the chapters are, in many cases, new, and, as we are informed, her own. Here are two, not perhaps the best, but the most separable, and the fittest, therefore, to extract.

"He rates me as a merchant does the wares
He will not purchase—"quality not high!—
'Twill lose its colour opened to the sun,
Has no aroma, and, in fine, is naught—
I barter not for such commodities—
There is no ratio betwixt sand and gems.'
'Tis wicked judgment! for the soul can grow,
As embryos, that live and move but blindly,
Burst from the dark, emerge regenerate,
And lead a life of vision and of choice.'

"We may not make this world a paradise
By walking it together with clasped hands
And eyes that meeting feed a double strength.
We must be only joined by pains divine,
Of spirits blent in mutual memories."

The gift of grave, thoughtful, even verse is a fitting adjunct to a wise and steady genius.

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The Crown of Wild Olive. Three Lectures on Work, Traffic, and War. By John Ruskin. [Smith & Elder.]

The more we look into Mr. Ruskin's works, the more we wish to quote and the less to question; for we confess we are not among those who seek to discover flaws in his arguments or political economy. We value Mr. Ruskin for the variety of thought he suggests, and the amount of energising emotion he excites.

The first lecture, on Work, is full of matter to be laid to heart. If ever there was a day when the fee was first and the work second, it is the present. Hugh Miller spoke of the mason with whom he served his apprenticeship, as a man "who put his conscience into every stone that he laid." And so it should be with all rightly trained men; the fair value of their work is important to them, not only as to what they receive, but what they give. As Mr. Ruskin says—

"It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man, to make money the chief object of his thoughts; as physically impossible as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So, all healthy-minded people like making money, ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it; but the main object of their life is not money, it is something better than money. . . . But in every nation there are a vast class who are ill-educated, cowardly, and more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly the fee is first and the work second, as with brave people the work is first and the fee second. And this is no small distinction. It is the whole distinction in a man; distinction between life and death *in* him, between heaven and hell *for* him. You cannot serve two masters; you *must* serve one or the other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the devil, and not only the devil, but the lowest of devils, the least erected fiend that fell."

These are words on which many of us may reflect with profit; and again—

"People are perpetually squabbling about what will be best to do, or easiest to do, or advisablest to do, or profitablest to do; but they never, so far as I hear them talk, even ask what it is *just* to do. And it is the law of heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise and easy, unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it. That is the one thing constantly reiterated by our Master, the order of all others that is given oftenest; 'do justice and judgment.' That's your Bible order, that's the 'service of God;' not praying nor psalm-singing. You are told, indeed, to sing psalms when you are merry, and to pray when you need anything; and by the perversion of the evil spirit, we get to think that praying and psalm-singing are 'service.' If a child finds itself in want of anything, and runs in and asks its father for it, does it call that doing its father a service? If it begs for a toy or a piece of cake, does it call that serving its father? Thus, with God, is prayer, and He likes to hear it; He likes you to ask Him for cake when you want it; but He doesn't call that 'serving Him.' Begging is not serving; God likes mere beggars as little as you do; He likes honest servants, not beggars. So when a child loves its father very much, and is very happy, it may sing some little songs about him, but it doesn't call that serving its father; neither is singing songs about God, serving God. It is enjoying ourselves, if it is any-

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thing; most probably it is nothing; but if it is anything, it is serving ourselves, not God. And yet we are impudent enough to call our beggings and chantings, 'divine service;' we say 'divine service will be "performed"' (that's our word—the form of it gone through) 'at eleven o'clock.' Alas, unless we perform divine service in every willing act of life, we never perform it at all. The one divine work, the one ordered sacrifice, is to do justice; and it is the last we are ever inclined to do."

In the lecture on Traffic, Mr. Ruskin has a great deal to say upon his old principle, that good taste is not only an essentially moral quality, a part and an index of morality, but that it is the only morality; but we have not space to give the extracts we should like, or to describe the exquisite satire contained in Mr. Ruskin's suggestions for the building of the Bradford Exchange, for we must pass on to quote some remarks especially directed to women in his lecture on War.

"Pray, mothers and maidens, for your young soldiers in the bloom of their pride; pray for them, while the only dangers round them are in their own wayward wills; watch you, and pray, when they have to face, not death, but temptation. But it is this fortitude also for which there is the crowning reward. Believe me, the whole course and character of your lovers' lives is in your hands; what you would have them be, they shall be, if you not only desire to have so; for they are but mirrors in which you will see yourselves imaged. If you are frivolous, they will be so also; if you have no understanding of the scope of their duty, they also will forget it; they will listen—they *can* listen—to no other interpretation of it than that uttered from your lips. Bid them be brave, they will be brave for you; bid them be cowards, and how noble soever they be, they will quail for you. Bid them be wise, and they will be wise for you; mock at their counsel, and they will be fools for you; such and so absolute is your rule over them. You fancy, perhaps, as you have been told so often, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. Ah, no! the true rule is just the reverse of that; a true wife, in her husband's house, is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth; from her, through all the world's clamour, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace."

Let women pause as they read this, and ask themselves how far their lives and aspirations fit them for this office. But again; Mr. Ruskin appeals to women to use their influence to promote peace, and charges them with caring more for the china on their drawing-room table, than for all the ravages of war; and that unless they have some special heart interest of their own at peril in the contest, they shut out the sounds of mourning and misery, and "are happy and talk wittily among themselves;" and however self-sacrificing for those they love, "are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of their own immediate circles." We fear this reproach is deserved, but on the very day we read this chapter of Mr. Ruskin's, the 2nd of June, we read the following notice in the *Times*, which we quote at large for the double purpose of showing that there are some women whose hearts beat more largely, and that Mr. Ruskin does not deserve the contumely heaped

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upon him in a weekly contemporary for his assertion that women not only have an influence even in matters of this nature, but that they are bound to use it.

"Three of the five Royal ladies to whose good offices the world was to a great extent indebted for the preservation of peace in the Gastein days, as well as six weeks ago, when Prussia offered to disarm, have, in the eleventh hour, resumed the gracious work of pacific mediation. The "Archduchess-mother" of Austria, the Queen Dowager of Prussia, and the Queen of Saxony, three sisters whom a prescient Providence has placed on and near the thrones engaged in this ominous controversy, spare no efforts to prevent the actual occurrence of a rupture which would be equally fatal to either of the three dynasties with whom they are connected. The female triple alliance is inspired by conservative motives, and appeals to the absolutistic idiosyncrasies of the several sovereigns, whose pride and mutual hatred they are anxious to soften. If—their plausible argument runs at Berlin as well as at Vienna and Dresden—you, our beloved relations, should allow yourselves to be hurried away by your jealousy of each other, it is not you, but democracy, that will reap the benefit of the end. What impression these friendly remonstrances are destined to produce upon the grim and irritated Royal personages to whom they are addressed it is of course impossible to foresee, but if peace is preserved it will be partly due to the indefatigable assiduity of these beneficent ladies and the conclusive reasons they urge.

"Two other fair mediators at the Prussian Court, who six weeks ago made common cause with them, have since suspended their well-meaning exertions, and now let things take their course, without any more interference on their part. Being liberally inclined they possess no influence at a time when dynastic hauteur has risen to such a pitch as to contemplate war, unsupported by popular sympathy. Still, war is not certain. At this moment the three conservative Queens are trying to induce the Emperor of Austria to adjourn all violent intentions until after the Paris conference has pronounced upon the question of the Duchies. To the King of Prussia they hope to prove the necessity of making all things square with the Kaiser, or else submitting to the arbitrament of the Congress, even though it may be to the effect that the succession in Holstein is to be settled by the Bund, and the future of Schleswig, which forms no part of the confederacy, regulated by the oracular verdict of *le suffrage universel*. The nearer it comes the more the King of Prussia shrinks from the horrors of a German war; yet it is questionable whether his military *point d'honneur* will allow him to accept the terms of Austria or the conference so unconditionally as to leave the Kaiser no pretext for entering upon hostilities. Speaking of woman's influence upon politics, Queen Olga of Wurtemberg, the sister of the Czar, has, on her journey from St. Petersburgh to Stuttgard, just arrived at Vienna, to communicate to the Kaiser the serious apprehensions the Russian Court would entertain for the quiet of Europe were Austria to act rashly in the present unprecedented state of continental affairs."

But how can the women of England answer the charge with which this lecture concludes. "You are now," Mr. Ruskin says—

"Shrieking with one voice, you and your clergymen together, because you hear of your Bibles being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfil a single downright precept of the book, that you are so careful for its credit, and just because you don't care to obey its whole words, that you are so particular about the letters of them. The Bible tells you to dress plainly, and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to have pity on the poor, and you crush them under your carriage wheels; the Bible tells you to

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do judgment and justice, and you do not know, nor care to know, so much as what the Bible word 'justice' means. Do but learn so much of God's truth as that comes to, know what He means when He tells you to be just, and teach your sons that their bravery is but a fool's boast, and their deeds but a firebrand's tossing, unless they are indeed just men and perfect in the fear of God; and you will soon have no more war, unless it be indeed such as is willed by Him, of whom, though Prince of Peace, it is also written, 'In righteousness He doth judge and make war.'"

Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden. By Margaret Howitt. [Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.]—In October, 1863, Miss Margaret Howitt arrived in Stockholm to spend a year with Fredrika Bremer, and now that death has "separated the past from the present," to contribute her share towards the biography of one she looks upon as a representative woman, is regarded as a duty, and Mrs. Howitt, who writes the preface, informs us that, in Sweden—

"Miss Bremer ranked very high as an author, and her fellow countrymen and women prided themselves on her great and deserved celebrity, but she yet took still higher rank as a reformer and philanthropist. How universally she was appealed to in every benevolent undertaking, how, if she were not the originator of such, she was the active co-operator, will be seen from the following pages. She was especially the helper of her own sex, and, setting aside all questions of women's rights, was the means of effecting a real emancipation of her countrywomen, by convincing wise, liberal-minded, and powerful men of the necessity for the reforms which she advocated. For children also she was an indefatigable labourer, and was felt and acknowledged to be the centre around which moved every effort for their well-being, whether physical or moral."

After having won for herself both fame and independence, Miss Bremer appears to have devoted herself, with considerable energy, to advocating the liberation of women from the legal and educational restrictions which limit their opportunities and usefulness. About ten years ago she published a novel entitled "Hertha," written not simply from an artistic impulse, but in order to show the working of the Swedish laws regarding women. An excitement of a very unpleasing nature followed the publication of this book, and Miss Howitt informs us that the authoress was thankful to be away in Switzerland, so great was the displeasure of her countrymen; but she regarded it "as the throes of the great new birth for the women of her country," and at least it made people think and talk, and some few liberal-minded professors acknowledged the truth of Miss Bremer's teaching, "but felt themselves trammelled by custom, and uncertain whether Swedish women would respond to any efforts which might be made for their higher intellectual development." Miss Bremer had not long to wait to see the first-fruits of her labours; a seminarium was opened, and professors found to give lectures in many courses of instruction hitherto regarded as beyond the comprehension of women; and before the end of three years, the king and his ministers came forward with funds, and a female educational Institute was established in which Miss Bremer saw the realisation

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of her hopes, and she felt "that it was worth while passing through the sorrow of 'Hertha,' to witness such noble results, far more momentous to the well-being of generations yet to come than even the most universally praised of all her literary works."

It is pleasant to read of the Stockholm school of design, with its 775 male, and its 475 female students, with its drawing, modelling, painting, architecture, geometry, china painting, lithography, and French and English lessons; and of Miss Bremer surrounded by Fröken Esselde and other friends, working out the question of woman's true sphere in Sweden, forwarding every effort for her higher development, and watching with sympathy the efforts made in England by Miss Parkes and others.

"Of a truth," remarks Miss Howitt, "we Englishwomen ought to mind what we are about, for everything we do is imitated. Fröken Esselde intends to open a bureau in Stockholm for the purpose of employing women as law copyists, because Miss Rye has done the same. She is thankful that women may be employed as organists, and promotes the instruction of young women as telegraphists. Whatever England does in this important direction will be done by Sweden, for there, as with us, are innumerable women, of all classes, even the highest, who are destitute."

Among the incidents of Miss Bremer's childhood, we are told that she composed an opera at the age of twelve, "a wonderful little play, full of shepherds and shepherdesses, and amazing events."

"It was performed in state in the upper dining-room, and went off with *éclat*. One thing, however, was wanting to the young authoress and composer, the applause and admiration of her parents. They said nothing, and poor Fredrika went to bed disconsolate. It struck her, however, that surely between themselves the parents would pass some judgment on her work, and whether it were favourable or not, she must learn it. She knew that it was not right to listen; nevertheless she rose from her little bed, and stole on tiptoe along a little side passage to the door of her parents' chamber. She placed her ear at the keyhole and listened breathlessly. 'Fredrika,' yes, she caught her own name, and trembling with excitement, heard her mother say:—

"'I never knew such a wonderful child as our Fredrika; we may look for something extraordinary in her as a woman.'"

Miss Bremer had a singular persuasion that her life would close before the end of three years from the period of Miss Howitt's visit; not from any fear of death or depression of spirits, but from a dream which had made such a deep impression upon her, that she endeavoured in all things "to set her house in order," and to finish the work she had in hand. Far happier than most workers—

"She had been permitted to see all her noblest aspirations crowned with success; young, vigorous, pureminded women, her own spiritual daughters, were growing up around her to carry on her work, calmly and wisely to realise every dream of her ardent and philanthropic mind. Never surely was a human life more fully crowned with success. Scarcely had she a cherished desire, whether as regarded individuals, classes, or nations, especially Sweden and America—those two countries to which her heart's love was given—of which she was not permitted to see the accomplishment,

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Her very soul sang a *Te Deum Laudamus* over the view of peace and the extinction of slavery in America, also over the important changes introduced early in last December in the representation of her own beloved country, and that the king had lately declared, 'education to be the only means by which a sure foundation can be laid for the welfare of a country;' an opinion supported by his ministers, especially by her enlightened friend, De Geer. She saw Swedish women calmly and wisely vindicating their own rights as human beings to a more independent life, and bravely earning their own bread in many a new occupation, as law-copyists in Fröken Esselde's bureau, as telegraphists. She saw the asylum for *pauvres honteuses* established in a new and more suitable house, capable of accommodating ten additional inmates, thirty in all, and this principally by her own persuasive pen."

Miss Bremer had especially wished to spend her Christmas at Aosta, and she celebrated Christmas eve with thirty poor children belonging to the estate, danced with them round the tree, and gladdened them with presents. Music followed, after which Miss Bremer read two of Hans Andersen's stories; the next day she went to church, and took cold in coming out, and on the fifth day she expired, having testified to those around by the broken sentences she occasionally uttered, of her inward peace and trust in God.

Miss Howitt's book not only contains the record of Miss Bremer's private life, but is of interest from the description given of Swedish life.

Self Help. By Samuel Smiles. [John Murray.]—We gladly welcome a new and revised edition of this well-known work, which can never cease to influence and elevate its readers. Dr. Johnson used to say, there was no man whose biography he would not like to be acquainted with, for the rudest mortal has seen and known experimentally something which, could he tell it, the wisest would willingly hear; and certainly a book "containing the lives of true men is full of precious seed." It is impossible to read the history of men who, by their own individual efforts, have won their way to the highest positions without feeling stimulated to higher aims in life, for "contact with the good never fails to impart good, and we carry away with us some of the blessing, as travellers' garments retain the odour of the flowers and shrubs through which they have passed."

Such lives as Mr. Smiles records show us the value of persevering application and energy, and prove that it is will—force of purpose—which enables a man to do or be what he sets his mind on being or doing, and forcibly illustrate Napoleon's favourite maxim—"The truest wisdom is a resolute determination." But above all we are taught the value of character, and see that the real men of mark and influence are men of moral excellence.

"That which raises a country, that which strengthens a country, and that which dignifies a country—that spreads her power, creates her moral influence, and makes her respected and submitted to, bends the breast of millions, and bows down the pride

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of nations to her; this aristocracy is not an aristocracy of blood, not an aristocracy of fashion, not an aristocracy of talent only—it is an aristocracy of character that is the true heraldry of man."

"Self Help" is a book which no one can read without feeling a fresh incentive to resolute working, a stronger impulse towards self-culture, and a higher confidence in the value of human effort. We recommend it to all who desire to invigorate their resolutions and elevate their aims in life.

The Beautiful in Nature and Art. By Mrs. Ellis, author of "The Women of England." [Hurst & Blackett.]—This book is well adapted for the class Mrs. Ellis especially seeks to influence. She does not attempt to propound new theories, but merely writes as she would talk on "a summer's evening in a garden amongst young friends—students, but still novices in art." And Mrs. Ellis speaks "as one having authority;" for not only has a long experience at Rawdon House shown her how necessary it is to provide ordinary minds with food for thought, but her own true feeling for the beautiful in nature and art enables her to speak with a loving appreciation which cannot fail to commend itself to her readers. We are glad to see the frequent quotations from Mr. Ruskin's works, and even wish that in chapter xii., "Learning to Draw," Mrs. Ellis had availed herself more extensively of his "Elements of Drawing." The chapter on "Lady's Work," contains many admirable suggestions, especially with reference to the arrangement of flowers, the laying out of a garden, and making a house look really inviting and agreeable. Mrs. Ellis does not seek to interfere with any department in which fashion takes the place of taste, for, as she sarcastically observes, "Ladies are generally well trained in these matters, in a school which differs widely from the school of art."

Temple Bar. June No. [Richard Bentley.]—Contains a miserable and we fear a not unfaithful picture of the state of "Frenchwomen under the Empire."

The writer considers that M. Dupin in his recent attack on "the unbridled luxury of women," has failed to make the distinction between the *luxe effréne* of the *grand monde*, and the *luxe effronté* of the *demi monde*, but he admits that in outward appearance it is really difficult to draw the line.

"The reckless mania for dress, which just now rages with the fury of an epidemic among the women of France, is even more glaring by the seaside than in Paris. There the one end and object of life appears to be to surpass all others, not only in costliness, but in originality of attire. The most fantastic fashions are flaunted through the narrow, dirty streets of dreary little bathing villages; while the richest silks and satins of the most delicate hue are trailed over the moist sands, or exposed to the burning sun on the terrace of the *établissement*, their speedy destruction furnish-

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ing a welcome though unneeded excuse for some fresh and still more startling novelty. If rich people alone indulged in such follies, it would be a less serious, if still a very regretable matter; but the evil is rapidly spreading downwards to the lower strata of society, in spite of the opposition it there encounters on the part, not only of husbands and fathers, but also of youthful aspirants to connubial bliss. Not many months ago an open air meeting was held at Marseilles, at which some hundreds of young men pledged themselves not to change their condition until women had come to their senses, and learned to be more moderate in their personal expenditure. But it is clear that the remedy must come from the same quarter whence the distemper first broke out. Notwithstanding the pure and simple elegance of her present style of dress, and while entertaining sincere and profound respect for her many virtues, no one can deny the fact that the Empress Eugénie is answerable for much of the wild extravagance that is rendering the women of France an object of mingled ridicule and terror to their own countrymen. Her Imperial Majesty cannot be held altogether guiltless of having given the first impulse to the present inordinate passion for brave apparel and outward adorning of the person, and, therefore, to her does it belong to check the further spread of the fatal and outrageous folly by discountenancing its indulgence within the walls of her palace. The disorder has now grown to such a height that the most disastrous results must ensue to the national character, if prompt measures be not adopted for its immediate mitigation, and eventual subjection to the rules of good taste and common sense. It were vain to attempt to legislate against it, for sumptuary laws in the nineteenth century would certainly be an anachronism and an egregious blunder. Equally vain is the idea of writing it down, unless women in "good society" can first be persuaded to read something more serious than a Journal of Fashions, or the last novel by George Sand. As for poor M. Dupin, all that he has yet succeeded in doing is in furnishing the design of an additional costume, and in raising a good-natured laugh at his own expense, as even the fair objects of his vituperation admit, with a smile, that he is—'very amusing.'"

The French writers agree in asserting that female education is either totally neglected, or shamefully misconducted. M. Pelletan says that the question between man and woman does not turn on their relative superiority or inferiority, but upon the special calling of the latter; this he defines by proclaiming a young girl's vocation to be to please; a woman's to love; a mother's to rear her babe; and a grandmother's to go to confession and to entertain company. M. Michelet affirms that French girls of the better classes are inspired by their mothers with notions long since exploded among men, and says that the education they receive is *negative et sterilisante*, not only as regards the worldly and precocious maidens who become women without ever being girls, but as regards those also who have enjoyed national or adventitious advantages over their fellows, but are nevertheless as "devoid of colour and vitality as plants cultivated in a dark cellar."

Smart Sayings of Great Personages. [Darton & Co.] This book is full of witty anecdotes, and would deserve a more dignified title if it included many such sayings as John Foster's on Pleasure, which may be found at p. 9.

"All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain. The difference between false

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pleasure and true pleasure is just this; for the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, after you enjoy it."

The Prince's Progress, and other Poems. By Christina Rossetti. [Macmillan.]—Miss Rossetti has already won a reputation which will be certainly increased by the publication of the present volume. She has a large measure of imagination and originality, a very considerable power of expression, and her art, like her brother's, is inspired rather by the spirit of the fourteenth than the present century. The Prince's Progress is a very suggestive allegory, and contains some exquisite stanzas. There are several smaller poems which we should like to quote, "Songs in a Cornfield," for instance; but space fails us, so we can only recommend our readers to purchase the book for themselves. It is enriched by two first-rate illustrations, by Dante Rossetti. The six kneeling girls in the frontispiece are most lovely in attitude and feeling, and the care with which the whole is done is a great contrast to most of the illustrations we see. It is in such small designs as these that the public alone see Mr. Rossetti's works, which are quite unique. It is not easy to say what he might have done for the school which he has inspired and led, more than any other painter of the day, had he exhibited his paintings, which are now only known to the fortunate few admitted to his studio. Without seeing them, the pre-Raphaelite movement cannot be thoroughly understood, even by those who most keenly appreciate the works of the painters who have been influenced and inspired by Mr. Rossetti.

We have also received *Wayside Flora, or Gleanings from Rock and Field towards Rome.* By Nona Bellairs. [Smith & Elder.]—A pretty little book, not at all too technical, giving a pleasing account of Italian flowers, and a journey to Rome; also from the same publishers *An Old Debt*, the monthly contribution towards the shilling standard authors' series, a reprint of an article from the *Homœopathic Review*, by James Moore, on the "Success of Homœopathy in the Cattle Plague," and Part I. of the Cheap Edition of *Hood's Poems*, edited by Samuel Lucas. [Moxon & Co.]

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THE

VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1866.

CONFLICTING OPINIONS ON THE FRANCHISE FOR WOMEN.

We do not ourselves at present feel very much troubled about political rights for women, believing that other questions (as for instance that of education) have necessarily a prior claim; but as the petition presented to the House of Commons by Mr. John Stuart Mill on Tuesday, June 12th, praying for a "return of the number of freeholders, householders, and others in England and Wales who, fulfilling the conditions of property or rental prescribed by law as the qualification for the electoral franchise, are excluded from the franchise by reason of their sex,"—has brought up a fresh discussion of the question, we think a retrospective glance at the current arguments lately used for and against the admission of women to political power, likely to prove interesting and profitable.

In the first place, we may remark that in this, as in most questions, the very opposite difficulties are suggested by the several objectors.

"Women should not be allowed votes," one cries, "because, through partiality, they would for the most part coincide with their husbands."

Before we can acknowledge that, just as members of a different class and rank adopt the opinions current in it, so wives have a tendency to adopt their husbands' views on political as well as other subjects; that in fact we are all more or less influenced by the circumstances and people which surround us, but that opinions may be sincere although adopted from partiality, and sincere opinions, however acquired, are entitled to consideration—we hear on the other hand that such a measure would be productive of "very mischievous domestic influences;" that "family divisions would be fomented, not by genuine differences of conviction, but by the strife of opposing personal influences; women's votes would be battled for between their husbands and their sons and

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their priests or favourite physicians, political daughters pulled by their fathers and lovers in opposite directions, and weighing the merits of a political question as a mere law-suit of filial piety *versus* warmer yearnings."

The *Saturday Review*, taking up the argument from another point, remarks that the married part of the fair sex gets a due share in the business of electoral corruption under existing arrangements, and the *Spectator* stigmatises the present political influence of women, as "thoroughly bad, unreal, tawdry, and dressy."

There is truth in both assertions. It is true that women, without possessing political power or responsibility, already exercise a considerable amount of influence in that direction, and, unfortunately, no one dare say that, in general, the influence is of a high and noble character. While we do not wonder that thoughtful men feel it undesirable to extend this influence, we marvel that they do not more plainly trace the evil to its real source; the plain sense, plain thinking, and high feeling they demand will never be manifested until women influence men by other things than personal persuasions, petty services, and manœuvres. They may as well look for figs on thorns and grapes on thistles, as expect an influence to be of an elevated kind which has to assert itself in this manner; and though women cannot be excused for not seeking higher aims and principles than those which now actuate them, they are by no means the only persons to blame in this matter.

But to return to the *Saturday Review;* we learn from the article entitled "Woman's Rights," that it is not easy to hear of women voting without a smile, and to show the upholders of the right the point of the joke, is considered a necessary but difficult task, Providence having armed the introducers of new schemes with a good thick skin, as impenetrable to humour as the hide of an rhinocerus to small shot. But as the employment of ridicule against any crotchet is regarded by the fanatic as a sin, the writer benevolently consents to explain in the following words what there is in the claims of the advocates of women's rights which does not generally strike reasonable people as absurd.

"It is undeniable that an improved treatment of women has been the natural result of improved civilisation, and that even the lowest ranks are gradually becoming ashamed of the simple government by physical force which was once universal. Before long, it will very generally be thought improper to knock down a wife with a poker. Nor would it be easy to deny that the social position of women is capable of a good deal of improvement. Women, for example, in the higher classes scarcely receive anything like a serious education. They are taught a certain number of arts for catching husbands, but an infinitesimal quantity of solid knowledge; and they especially have no training to correspond to the intellectual gymnastics practised by their brothers at the universities. Whenever female education is seriously improved, their relations to society must be somewhat modified. It is probable enough that they will show capabilities which are now manifested only in exceptional cases, and that they will be able to enter certain paths which are at present closed to them. No

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one will pretend to deny that, under the present constitution of society, a good deal of power runs to waste which we may in time learn to employ more effectively. Perhaps it may appear, though the question is as yet undecided, that women may be the equals of men in some departments of life in which their inferiority has been hitherto assumed. Every legitimate attempt to cultivate their talents to better purpose, or to find new employment for those which they plainly possess, is deserving of all encouragement, and some of these attempts may probably prove successful."

But to "jump" from these harmless conclusions to "political privileges" for women is more than the writer can undertake, and, using a metaphor which friends and foes alike have called to their aid in this discussion, he doubts whether plunging women into the midst of electioneering squabbles will prove the best way of inducing a taste for politics any more than throwing people into deep water is the best method of teaching them to swim. The probable result of such a course, then, becomes a matter of speculation, and the writer ventures upon one or two "guesses," and we presume it is in this part of his investigation that the "*point of the joke*" transpires. We confess ourselves unable to seize it, though we have a vague idea that the remarks about the "new set of agitators on whom the popular preacher of the district would exercise such a tremendous influence," and the very suggestion of the "female edition of the Nottingham lambs" were intended as the "effective ridicule which should winnow sense from nonsense."

It is with a sense of relief that we turn to the grave and thoughtful consideration which this subject in a measure receives in the *Spectator* of the 9th of June. After remarking that among the signatures appended to the petition are the names of several able politicians of the feminine gender, it observes:—

"The petition shows in its very brevity, and in the practical nature of the plan which is put forward as the basis of its demand, a certain political capacity in those, whoever they may be, who prepared it. It sets forth simply that as 'it has been laid down by high authorities that the possession of property in this country carries with it the right to vote in the election of representatives in Parliament, it is an evident anomaly that some holders of property are allowed to use this right, while others, forming no less a constituent part of the nation, and equally qualified by law to hold property, are not able to exercise this privilege;' further, 'that the participation of women in the government is constitutional, as women have always been held capable of sovereignty, and are eligible for various public offices.' Now, this is a very business-like sort of petition, and says more for the political gifts of the women—if women they were—who drew it up, than any document on women's rights which we have had the fortune to read. For it shows a practical knowledge of the open points in the British intellect, of the vulnerable points in British prejudice, and of the political value of reserve, which are almost the only kinds of knowledge for which women seldom get credit, and perhaps even seldomer deserve it. Indeed, great as the tact of women in securing a practical end undoubtedly is, that tact is chiefly a form of delicate moral sympathy with others which detects at once the most easy and pleasant approaches to their feelings, and perceives, in order to avoid, the certain means of causing pain and giving offence. There is nothing, however, of which women have

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less than what may be called purely intellectual tact; that is, a quick appreciation of the relative value and adaptation of particular lines of reasoning to the conditions of individual or class intellects. As reasoners, women rather have a disposition to attack others on the ground on which they are least likely to make any way, just as nervous persons harp involuntarily on the most painful subjects. From the same deficiency in the political habit of adapting intellectual considerations to the particular service required of them, women seldom show a wise intellectual reserve, by keeping back arguments which, whether strong or weak, are not appropriate to the occasion and the audience, as they certainly would almost instinctively keep back modes of urging a practical request likely to alarm pride, or pique vanity, or excite jealousy. The political cast of intellect which reasons boldly and broadly, but appreciates with a nice discrimination the sort of premises which are most likely to be conceded, the sort of illustrations which are most likely to be effective, and the arguments which, however sound, it is better not to advance because they will contribute, not to produce conviction, but to awaken vague uneasiness and mistrust, has certainly hitherto not often belonged to women."

But while ready to recognise the "good judgment and wise reserve" of this particular petition, the *Spectator* requires that in politics the proof of ability to exercise a salutary influence should precede any concession of right.

"The French maxim, 'Le droit dérive de la capacité,' has a special application to this subject. We ourselves know a few women—say twenty—who have more political capacity than the average man of the same class; but you cannot ask for a change of system, and demand a great change in the legislation, for a body of probably at most four or five thousand women, out of the whole female population of the United Kingdom. No one would think of demanding the franchise for working men, if it were estimated that about four or five thousand working men at most have any independent political convictions of their own and the wish to express them. It would be said immediately, and very justly—'De minimis non curat lex.' The effect of giving power to 99 women who have no political nature, and no political wishes, and no political insight, for the sake of one who has (and that is probably a far too favourable computation), would be exceedingly bad. You would add indefinitely to the use of illegitimate influences in politics—of influences not the less corrupt because they are not corrupted by the mixture of selfish, but of unselfish motives. Nothing is worse than to introduce a large class of persons into the sphere of politics who are confessedly interested in politics for non-political reasons, who are mere arenas for the play of conflicting moral pressures, and who help, therefore, to extend and justify the notion, already too prevalent, that the application of motives apart from convictions is quite as legitimate in politics as the attempt to modify convictions. To manufacture afresh a large number of spurious personal grounds of political action, when such personal grounds abound far too much already, to multiply modes of expressing anger and love, spite and gratitude, injured or gratified vanity, by political actions—would be to debase politics gratuitously for the sake of an infinitesimal number of honest new voters. Family divisions fomented, not by genuine differences of conviction, but by the strife of opposing personal influences, women's votes battled for between their husbands and their sons, and their priests or favourite physicians; political daughters pulled by their fathers and their lovers in opposite directions, and weighing the merits of a political question as a mere law-suit of filial piety *versus* warmer yearnings—these are not images pleasant to the imagination, or likely to be welcomed for the sake of any very minute political benefit. We think the nation would say, and say very justly, to the petitioners—'Give us some evidence that ordinary women's political

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capacities are, if not already respectable, at least likely to become so, and, so far as they go, to be generally diffused among the class you propose to enfranchise, before we listen to such a prayer as yours. It is true that to bestow a trust is itself an education, but then there should be some general degree of proved capacity for the education, before even an education is begun. We give no votes to the agricultural labourers as yet, because there is no such proved capacity for political education, and yet they have certainly more capacity for political self-dependence, for taking a view of their own, however ignorant, and holding to it for its own sake, than the great mass of women, who, with infinitely more intelligence, have also infinitely more disposition to let personal motives absorb and swallow up political motives altogether. Show us that you can feel a general interest in politics, that you can, not one or two of you, but in some numbers, take up and carry through with sobriety and patience a political movement, before you again ask us to create a vast mass of spurious political and very mischievous domestic influences, for the sake of a very small and almost inappreciable number of wholesome political influences.' That would be, we take it, a very sound answer to the prayer of the women's petition, and we are inclined to think a challenge not likely to be successfully accepted for another generation or two at least."

In short, the writer demands that women should give a proof of possessing political capacities before they ask to be allowed to exercise them. We reply, that the occasion must develope the power. Let us take one instance from the limited field for action hitherto occupied by women. When the ladies of England heard of the sufferings of their countrymen in the hospitals at Scutari, how easy it would have been to check their efforts for the alleviation of that suffering by demanding a proof of their capacity to perform what they were anxious to undertake. Fortunately they were not pursued with a cruel demand for evidence before there was any possible opportunity of giving it. The result was a widely extended benefit, which all England would have been sorry to miss, alike for the knowledge of what her women can do as for the relief brought to her suffering army. Not only did a few ladies, with inadequate means at their disposal, bring peace and help in the midst of evils which had paralyzed the exertions of generals and statesmen, but the Secretary of War had to acknowledge how much he was indebted to a woman's aid and management in difficulties relating to the transport as well as the hospital arrangements of the army—difficulties which men had not been able to surmount. No example more fully demonstrates the truth of Mrs. Jameson's opinion, that until we carry out the principle of combining in due proportion the masculine and feminine element in all our social efforts, whatever their purpose —educational, sanitary, charitable, penal—they will never prosper or be fulfilled, but will fail or be perverted, in so far as we neglect or ignore it.

But the unsound doctrine is followed by a still more unfair illustration, taken from the conference which recently met in New York, in defence of women's rights, in which there was an absence of common sense, and a greater amount of rhapsodical talk than is ever likely to be encountered from women on this side of the Atlantic. It is but just to

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give those who have been moving in the matter here credit for a discrimination and a practical mode of procedure in which so many American women have unfortunately shown themselves ridiculously deficient. They have simply claimed the common rights of citizenship in a country which boasts that all its inhabitants are equal in the eye of the law, and no one can either charge them with exaggeration, or of endeavouring to make known their grievance in any other than a temperate and quiet manner.

The entire article provoked a spirited reply from Miss Cobbe in the next number, which we shall quote in full, as containing the opinions of one who has taken a prominent part in the matter, and who has secured her right to an attentive hearing.

"[To the Editor of the 'Spectator.']

"Sir,—Visiting some time ago the vast subterranean cave of Adelsberg, I lingered for some moments beside the famous river which has no outlet into the upper world of lights, but runs its whole course

'In caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.'

In this river (as all the world knows) dwells the *Proteus anguineus*, a creature who, by long habitation of darkness, has lost the power of vision, and displays only the rudiments of the organs of sight. The poor animals of this singular species are smooth to the touch and rather colourless, but extremely *soft*, and, on the whole, inoffensive.

"The destiny of these little eels was, I confess, painfully recalled to my mind by reading your article of last Saturday on 'The Women's Petition.' I could not refrain from picturing to myself a few audacious ones among them striving to wriggle out of their Styx (through some *Mill*-race, perhaps, or other available medium), while a stern *Spectator* sat by on the bank, and pushed them back as far as he was able underground, remarking solemnly, '*Le droit dérive de la capacité!* You have lived so long in darkness, you stupid fishes, that you cannot use your eyes at all, so do not attempt to push yourselves where you or your fry might possibly learn to use them hereafter. Till you "*show us that you can feel a general interest*" in the course of the Danube and the Vistula, you must go back to your underground river.'

"Is it possible, Mr. Editor, that you do not see that the object of the petitioners whom you compliment as 'able politicians of the feminine gender,' is precisely to cultivate among their sisters that 'capacity' on which *you* hold that rights are founded, and which *they* believe the exercise of political duties can alone call forth. Women have, indeed, special reasons for desiring direct representation to protect their interests in the many cases wherein they have suffered, like the interests of all other unrepresented classes living under a representative government. We have not to look further than two pages back of the *Spectator* from the article on the 'Petition' to read the admission that 'the sum of human misery in the shape of poverty artificially inflicted on women is very great.' Few there are who do not know cases of other misery also 'artificially inflicted on women' in matters nearer to their hearts than their pecuniary interests. But any amendment of the laws affecting either their property or their conjugal or parental rights which may hereafter be obtained, through the exercise of the franchise, must be secondary to the benefit which would accrue to them from the exercise itself, and from the sense it would awaken of graver duties and nobler interests than those in which alone they are now permitted to share beyond th

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threshold of their homes, namely, the grand duty of morning visits, the supreme interest of croquet.

"The sad truths you tell of the narrowness of the views of women and their tendency to place personal favour before justice are precisely the reasons which determine their friends to seek to open for them a wider horizon, and to engage them in nobler and more impersonal interests. Your assertion, that agricultural labourers have 'certainly more capacity for political self-dependence, for taking a view of their own, however ignorant, than the great mass of women,' appears to me open to some question. A large acquaintance with carters, ploughmen, mowers, and even with under-gardeners and wood-rangers, has hardly impressed me with much confidence in their 'capacity for political self-dependence,' seeing that the existence of such parties as Liberals and Conservatives, and of such cities as London and Paris, appeared generally involved in their minds in a certain haze unfavourable to 'political self-dependence.' I may remark, however, that in bringing the 'mass of women' into comparison with the above carters and ploughmen, you rather transgress the bounds of the argument. No one has asked for votes for the 'mass of women,' or for married women at all. Single women possessing houses or estates are those for whom the franchise is claimed, and *these* women, ranging from the small shopkeeper to Miss Burdett Coutts, are, I conceive, generally quite equal to bear comparison with the ploughman and carter, or even with the speedily enfranchised blacksmith and bricklayer. In my own circle I could count a few quite as well informed and as conscientious as the majority of masons and cab-drivers. Nay, it seems to me possible that deeper scrutiny might prove that it would be the soundest of all possible policy, while a mass of uneducated *male* votes is being poured into the scales of the Constitution, to balance them by the admission of the votes of a class having much greater educational and moral advantages, namely, those of single women of property.

"Women have been taught to consider politics as altogether beyond their sphere, as matters in which no change of circumstance could give them legitimate influence; men, even the poorest, are taught to view them as their honourable work, or at least as a work to which a rise in condition would introduce them. The marvel is, these things being so, *not* that so few women care for politics, but that so many take an intelligent interest in them while thousands of men regard them with indifference. I should be ready to wager that among the most constant readers of the *Spectator*, for instance, there were to be found at least as many ladies as gentlemen. But however this may be, I must venture to present one petition more at the conclusion of this long letter; it is, that even if, on fair review, you remain of opinion that we women are generally altogether ignorant and deficient in political capacity, you will still treat us on some other principle than that of the traditional schoolmaster, who strictly forbade his boys to enter the water till they could prove beforehand their *capacity* to swim.—I am, &c.,

"FRANCES POWER COBBE."

A very clever comment is appended to this letter, and we are forced to confess the Editor of the *Spectator* has somewhat the best of the argument when he remarks, that while he never heard of any boy learning to swim without going into the water, Miss Cobbe has "learnt politics without political power."

In the *Spectator* of June 23, Miss Ellen Drewry asks, "Why the tests of capacity should not be identical for men and women?" She would have the whole question placed on its only proper basis, that of pure justice, since, unless the property qualification is a purely arbitrary

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one, based on no principle whatever, it yet remains to be shown why the principle which applies to men possessing certain incomes should not apply to women in the same position. Miss Drewry cannot see anything to fear in the experiment, and observes, that if women used no independent judgment in the use of their votes, nothing would be effected but a slight numerical increase of all parties, whilst if, on the other hand, they did exercise political self-dependence, they would, at once, by that very fact, according to the opinion expressed by the *Spectator*, earn a right to whatever political influence they might be able to obtain. In any case she considers "the great good would be accomplished of granting to women one more of the many privileges by which, and by which alone, they can hope to throw off that narrowness and feebleness of character which is the result, not of natural constitution, but of a long-continued dependence and inactivity."

A letter signed "An Englishwoman" appeared in the same number of the *Spectator*, in which the writer sets forth another view of this question, and takes such exception to Miss Cobbe's assertions in the one already quoted as to elicit a reply. The "Englishwoman" has since published a rejoinder in which her "blind and soft" theory is considerably modified; we find no difficulty in agreeing with her in thinking it possible for women to fulfil some of the highest duties in life, and yet be more or less entirely unversed in politics. This is the case with many a hard-working literary or professional man, and such arguments only show that there will be a corresponding number (or it may be a greater proportion) of women who will not care to use the political power Mr. Mill wishes to obtain for them.

But we must place the three letters in their entirety before our readers, in order to enable them to judge fairly of the controversy, so far as it has been carried on in the public papers.

"[To the Editor of the 'Spectator.']

"Sir,—As one of that (still numerous) class of Englishwomen who, though considerably interested in politics, have *not* felt called on to sign the Women's Petition, will you allow me to protest against an assertion in Miss Cobbe's clever and amusing letter to you on that subject? Strangely, never was said anything much more unjust by the most illiberal censor of our sex than is said by this undoubtedly sincere and earnest champion, when she declares that the primary benefit to be desired and expected from the exercise of the franchise by women is, 'the sense it would awaken of graver duties and nobler interests than those in which alone they are now permitted to share beyond the threshold of their homes,—namely, the grand duty of morning visits and the supreme interest of croquet.'

"Without more than a passing reference to the large number of women in these times who, as governesses, artists, authors, &c., may surely be said to have graver duties, higher interests, than these in life, is it not a sufficient answer to this wholesale charge against modern English womanhood to recall the fact of the hundreds, nay thousands of helpers, of varying degrees of social ranks, who are busy to-day 'beyond the threshold of their homes,' visiting, consoling, assisting the poor, the diseased, the

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depraved, in their own wretched homes and in the workhouses, teaching and counselling the ignorant of all ages in schools and 'mission-rooms;'—finally, as nurses in hospitals and elsewhere, entering into high, because utterly unselfish interests, fulfilling brave duties with a courage, intelligence, and devotion that those who should best know will tell you is peculiarly characteristic of these 'unprofessional' nurses?

"This class of quiet, educated women workers is almost the creation of the last twenty years, and it is one that we thankfully believe and trust is continually increasing. That comparatively few of its members are very zealous for the attainment of the franchise is a consideration the significance of which I leave to others to interpret, but I feel sure that fact will not preclude Miss Cobbe from cordially acknowledging the value of their work, the dignity of their pursuits.

"Is it too much to suppose, even, that a large proportion of women exist in all classes who, it may be freely granted *are* 'blind' and 'soft' with regard to political matters as the little eels of the sunless river, yet nevertheless are far-sighted enough, helpful enough, and strong enough, to fill a very arduous and inestimably important place in the business of life?

"Apart from this supposition (which I admit is with me a belief), I feel perplexed by the conflicting arguments of its own advocates on this question of the women's franchise. Is it only because I have lived so long in the dark that I am unable to see the consistency of the two points so stringently urged,—(1) that we are so well fitted to exercise political power that we ought to have it; (2) that we can never learn its fit exercise until we possess it?—I am, &c.,

"AN ENGLISHWOMAN."

"[TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'SPECTATOR.']

"SIR—I must apologise for trespassing once more on your kindness to allow me to offer a brief response to the challenge of 'An Englishwoman' in the last *Spectator*. I am the more anxious to do so because her letter embodies in very striking shape the delusion which prevents numbers of my countrywomen, with the best intentions in the world, from effecting any real good by their self-sacrificing labours. The 'Englishwoman' says that 'the supposition is with her a belief that women may be blind and soft with regard to political matters, yet nevertheless far-sighted enough, helpful enough, and strong enough to fill an inestimably important place in the business of visiting the poor, teaching the ignorant, and nursing the sick in hospitals and workhouses.'

"Now, sir, the little acquaintance I have been able to obtain with these great branches of female duty has impressed me deeply with the necessity which exists for our being not 'blind and soft,' but extremely wide awake and clear-headed if we would not make woman's mission to the poor the source of unnumbered evils and disorders. Not a step can be taken (so it appears, at least, to me) in the effort to ameliorate the condition of the lower classes, without coming across questions of political economy which to ignore is simply to do mischief to our neighbours for the edification of our own souls. Everywhere men are aware of the tendency of women to act on impulses of momentary pity regardless of future results, and the consequence is that, with all their sense of the value of female assistance, they generally shrink from accepting it whenever it is possible that they may dispense therewith. Many a good and earnest woman (sad as it is to confess it) had *better* keep to her 'morning visits and her croquet,' so far as the public good is concerned, than pauperise half a parish or demoralise a charitable institution, as she must almost inevitably do, if she devotes herself to philanthropy while 'blind and soft' to those political and economic principles concerned in the treatment of poverty. On the other hand, I believe that those women who have laboured at once to study the true laws of charity, and practically to apply them in the streets and lanes, the workhouses and hospitals of our cities,

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are also the women who feel most strongly that the root of the evils they labour to alleviate can only be effectually reached by public measures, and that in the passing of such measures they desire to have a voice. Had all women who possess the right to vote for poor-law guardians conscientiously exercised that right, and duly influenced their representatives, it may be questioned whether they might not have saved more suffering than all their charitable visits on the 'blind-and-soft' theory have been able to relieve.

"FRANCES POWER COBBE."

"[TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'SPECTATOR.']

"SIR—I am as unwilling as unfitted to enter into anything resembling controversy with your gifted correspondent Miss Cobbe, yet reply seems called for by her earnest and forcible remarks on the 'delusion' she believes so many of our countrywomen share with myself, in thinking it possible for women to fulfil some of the highest duties in life, and yet be, more or less, entirely unversed in 'politics.'

"But surely it is possible? May not any ordinary experience be confidently called on to furnish examples in point? Nor does it by any means follow that these duties are done without regard to principles, which, greater than any sciences, are at the root of all. As the often quoted 'Bourgeois' spoke prose without knowing it, so do numbers of clear-headed, right-minded women daily and hourly practise principles of political economy without knowing more of the science than its name. When it is urged that this 'delusion' of ours prevents so many, 'with the best intentions in the world from effecting any real good by their self-sacrificing labours,' is not the mistake made of concluding that because a woman must have some sense who understands politics, therefore no woman who does not understand politics has any sense? This, as it appears to us, precisely touches the difference existing in this respect between average women and average men—a difference that, whether or not arising from unlikeness of nature or of education, is certainly fostered by the necessarily different conditions of their lives.

"In these days it must be quite superfluous to deprecate adherence to certain old-fashioned doctrines which denounced every kind of recondite study, but especially politics, as not only unnecessary but eminently undesirable for the feminine mind and character. In these days we have learned to feel cordial admiration and respect for so many richly-endowed women, who prove how possible it is to combine high intellectual culture with the most womanly sweetness and dutifulness, that it must be a narrow and tenacious prejudice indeed which can find any ground for its lingering hold. Nevertheless, should it not be remembered that these exceptional women, as regards their intellectual aspirations and capacities, can be no real representatives of that 'average' which has to be taken into account when whole classes are in question? —I am, sir, &c.,

"AN ENGLISHWOMAN."

The question has a much longer course to run before it is finally settled, and we shall watch the controversy with great interest, recording from time to time whatever of importance appears on the subject. At present it is evident that a wide difference of opinion exists among the most thoughtful and cultivated minds both of men and women. Probably this diversity will continue to the end. In all questions involving wide interests and considerable social changes it is inevitable that this should be the case. But the agitation of such questions is in itself

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productive of good, connected as they are with so much that is of vital importance to society, demanding ever and anon careful and serious reconsideration, and the thoughtfulness which is aroused by the mere discussion of a point can scarcely fail to encourage a disposition to render justice. For "evil is wrought by want of thought," even more than "by want of heart."

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THE EXCEPTION PROVES THE RULE.

CAME a tender-hearted maiden, young and fresh as buds in May,
Laughing with a silver joyance, trilling out a cheerful lay,
Bears she on her red lips, parted, smiles that warm dead hearts to life,
Dimmed are not her grey eyes, love-lit, with a shade of earthly strife,
Speaks her heart out in those bright orbs, you can peep and look
within,
See the soul pure, faithful, loving, only with a hint of sin—
Just a fleck to keep her human (else were she divinely good),
Perfect in her imperfection, noblest type of womanhood.
Came she looking with those earnest, those inquiring eyes of hers,
Eyes which speak a spirit language, till the heart within one stirs,
Looking, searching, saying truly, though she spoke not, made no sign,
"I will love you, will you let me?" Then she dropt her hand in mine,
Put her head upon my shoulder, nestled close upon my breast,
Sighed a sigh of peaceful gladness, drooped contentedly to rest;
Thinking, doubtless, little darling, with a child's simplicity,
That it was a *friend's* affection she avowed and claimed from me.
Then a full rich tide of crimson—as when dawn to daylight slips—
Bathed her lovely face in glory, and she yielded me her lips.
What is every rare exotic, golden fruitage of the South,
To those trembling, luscious kisses, hanging on that tender mouth?
What is there on earth so costly, what is there in life so sweet
As the fervent pure affection she has pourèd at my feet?
She is but a tiny blossom, I am fading, past my prime,
She has yet to learn of sadness, I am seared by fate and time,
She can give a heart, a fresh one, all unsullied virgin ore,
I can but return one shattered, broken, even giv'n before.
Shall I bid her not to linger, bid her leave that resting-place,
Bid her to unclasp her fingers, suffer not her soft embrace?
Shall I tell her seek another, tell her I must live alone—
Shall I give away this rosebud, or retain her for my own?
Fingers now so softly lissome, toying with fast-thinning hair,
Might not ever list to linger, smoothing every line of care,
Eyes that shine with loving lustre, might for others sparkling glow,
I, who now am all her pleasure, might become her keenest woe.
Youth would mate with youth in spirit, wearying of age and me,
She would keep her vows, I doubt not, but a death in life 'twould be.
Spring and autumn do not mingle, glorious summer comes between,
Faded leaves that tell of winter should not twine with budding green;

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So I mooded, prudence argued, wisdom cried aloud in scorn—
"I was choosing for my dotage, of all ills a venomed thorn,
It would enter in my spirit, stab and poison all my life,
If I dared to take my darling for no plaything, but a wife."
Such were world-wise calculations, such the food experience gave,
Till one morn she came unto me with the smile the angels have
Then I felt it might be folly—wisdom even said unwise—
But I'd risk a life of sorrow for the love of those dear eyes.
Thus I soothed my fearful doubtings, told her how I was beguiled,
That I loved her, and would call her by a dearer name than "child."
So she wed me—while I'm writing I've her boy upon my knee,
And, good-sooth, I could not tell you which is happiest of the three!
Loudly laughed the world against me, sneering a derisive "Fool!"
She has lived all down, and shown them that—"The exception proves the rule."

AGNES STONEHEWER.

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COLONEL RANNOCH.

CHAPTER XIV.

"FIRE, EARTH, WATER."

READER, do you remember the fire in Tooley Street? How, towards the close of a broiling hot summer day, just as the parched air became tolerable, a whisper came up from the city way, that a great fire was raging down by London Bridge; and, looking eastwards over the house tops and chimney pots, you saw a red and lurid cloud; hanging like a canopy over the place, then came the stream of eager sight-seekers, women fastening their cloaks or bonnets as they ran on, dragging tiny children, or, worse still, carrying babies; men hustling the women and children aside, and not only foot passengers or the blear-eyed, slouching, ragged folk who hide away near the great streets and squares, but cabs and hansoms rattling along; then, as the consternation spread, there came private carriages, out from which looked fair faces crowned with flowers and jewels, all eager for the show, and infinitely more interested than they had been at the ball, dinner-party, or opera, the jewels and flowers had been put on to honour; the Strand was crowded; Fleet Street was only managed at a walking pace, and, by the time you reached Cheapside, the crowd had become a dense moving mass; and the air, redolent with vile smells, words, and sights, must have been a curious contrast to the adventurous west end damsels.

My companion and myself had been fortunate in our hansom, the driver of which knew the water side well, and speedily shooting down a narrow lane, got away from the mob of carriages to streets into which, as yet, no wheels had found their way, where, giving and getting any amount of bad language, he pushed his horse on, until half choked with the gusts of air charged with melted burning tallow, sickened by every form of oath poured out in every tone of voice, until the lurid light grew red and yellow, and a sudden turn brought us into what might very aptly be compared to the jaws of hell.

Crowding on the walls, glaring from the windows, stooping down from the very roofs, were hideous, eager faces, distorted by the vague light into something far beyond the deformity caused by crime, suffering, hunger and excitement; and all the while, rolling sullenly along, licking the black, shining walls, gurgling under or through the arched openings, went the Thames, reflecting the angry flames, and bearing away on its turpid breast mimic islands of burning oil, spreading fear and consternation as it went.

As Major Shirley elbowed his way through the crowd rushing towards

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the Cathedral, he bethought him of that summer night, how he had left his club, and joined the crush wending its way to the great sight of the night; how, wedged in and almost suffocated, he had come face to face with the man to whose charge he had laid his sister's wrongs and misery; and how, even although he was within an arm's length, the distance was as impracticable as if it had been a thousand miles, and, having to see for a brief space, and shout out a demand for the man to stop and confront him—which the other, of course, had no inclination to do—there was nothing further to be done; the crowd carried him on, and Shirley saw no more of the man. He thought of him now, and looked around, half anticipating to see him again; the face he did see arrested his attention almost as strongly; it was that of the black-bearded, hairy-visaged man who, answering to the name of Kells, had grappled with Kealder in the lodging-house, and to whom Kealder owed the ugly gash on his ribs.

The man was close at hand, and evidently more than half drunk—his hair pushed away from his face, his eyes protruding, and a dark red flush upon his countenance.

"An ugly customer," thought Frank, "and one I'd rather not meet alone.

There was no further opportunity for investigation, the crowd pushed on into the close, and with the burning mass before him, Frank forgot his ugly neighbour, and stood awe-stricken and confounded.

The fine old cathedral, the glory of the county and the pride of Challoner, was doomed. Fire-engines laboured in vain; the tiny jets of water fell unheeded upon the vast body of devouring flame, which roared and flashed as if in very triumph, curling out of the windows, greedily licking the matchless tracery, until the hot stone crackled and crumbled down, and monk and nun, gnome and satyr, lay charred and level in the burning dust.

A detachment of soldiers had been marched down from the barracks, and did good service in manning the engines. The police force were busy keeping the crowd back, while a picked body of police and soldiers made repeated efforts to reach the vestry where lay the plate. But every effort proved fruitless, and it became evident that no human power could do more.

"Leave it all in God's hands now," said the bishop, who, with his hat off and long white hair streaming in the wind, had been busy directing, ordering, and animating the men; "we have done what was in our power;" then, even as he spoke, a cry was raised that the spire was falling, and backwards crushed the shrieking frightened mob.

Suddenly, with a crash like thunder, the spire fell or rather sank, throwing up a fountain of sparks that seemed to reach to heaven itself; a deep silence fell upon the crowd, broken by a low shuddering sigh or

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sob of suppressed emotion, so low that the tremulous tone of an old man's curse upon the perpetrators of the evil deed, spoken somewhere in the middle of the close, was distinctly audible.

The flames, partially extinguished by the enormous body of stone which had spread itself over them, sprang forth again, and the fire, having it all its own way, roared and rioted at will.

The dim dawn of a winter morning, struggling through the mist and gloom, found the fire still burning and the crowd still gazing; and the close of the winter day left four blackened walls and a smouldering mountain of embers, where but eight-and-forty hours before had towered one of England's glories.

One question was on every lip—how had the fire originated? And one answer was universal—it was the work of an incendiary.

For three or four weeks Challoner was full of eager sight-seers; the railway ran excursion trains during that time, and more people rushed to stare at the smoked ruins than ever came to look at the cathedral in its days of perfection.

Everybody was on the *qui vive*, conjectures as to the possible perpetrators were many, detectives came and garrisoned the town, immense rewards were offered, but still there came no token; and as time went on, the town began to shake off the gloom, and some few of the inhabitants issued cards for dinner parties; parties at which however very little was talked of but the one subject of the fire, which it would seem had driven the murder completely out of mind, although there was a settled conviction in the minds of more than one person, that when the murder came to light, so also would the fire.

A dinner party at the Deanery broke the spell; the colonel was there, and the two majors, the Rhodee party, Mrs. Glanley and her daughters, and Jim Glanley—who, although on the point of starting homewards any hour these last three days, was still at the Friars—besides these, were two or three clergymen and a few young ladies to tea; altogether a nice little party, with people who wanted to meet each other, but over whom, in spite of good company, good dinner, and good wine, there hung a cloud. The men looked grumpy and talked of the frost and fire, the women of the murder and the loss of the dear old cathedral—and all were evidently not sorry when the move to the drawing-room was made; then the Dean, telling the men to look after themselves and order more wine when they wanted it, threw a red and yellow silk handkerchief over his face, put his feet on the hob, and went to sleep, from which nap he woke as the butler announced coffee served.

Jim Glanley had been dipping more heavily into the Dean's famous claret than was altogether good for him; he had been trying the very unsatisfactory experiment of drinking down conscience, and not feeling quite in a state to face Mrs. Clive, had betaken himself

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to the doorstep to cool his head and heart, from which point of observation he ascended to the drawing-room, bearing the welcome news of a "decided thaw."

"So it is," echoed Tym Clifton, three seconds after, having taken a sniff of the night air meanwhile. "So it is. We'll draw the 'High Gorse' the day after tomorrow, if this breeze holds."

Suddenly the thaw seemed to extend itself to the drawing-room, the cloud dispersed, people paired off comfortably, talk became general. Jim found himself, as he generally did now, close by Mrs. Clive; and Colonel Rannoch, having turned over the leaves of a song for Ellice, saw no reason why he should do the same duty for the next performer, but following Miss Glanley into a bay window half full of flowers, was soon much more pleasantly employed describing his Highland home and the old laird. So after all the night passed over more agreeably than the dinner had led any one to expect.

Tym Clifton, eager to inhale the south-west wind, hurried his party away; and Jim, who had ceased making any effort to keep out of danger, went home inside the brougham with Mrs. Clive.

The thaw was not fictitious; the south wind lasted all next day, and although dirty white lines marked the hedges, and here and there a ridge of snow blocked up a gateway or gap, the meet at the High Gorse showed every hunting man within reach, and a good many hunting women, too, to say nothing of vehicles of all sorts and sizes. Ellice Glanley and her sister were out, as a matter of course, with Colonel Rannoch in close attendance; he seemed to have got over his professed dislike to ladies in the hunting field, and Ellice, it would appear, was nothing loath to accept his attendance, in spite of all she had cried out against her mother.

There was no long delay at the cover-side, the "toot, toot," of the horn, the clear tally-ho followed by the prolonged "gone away," rang out before the hounds were well into the furze; then came the answering "music of the chase," and topping the bank one by one, almost in a body the gallant pack dashed out into the fallow.

"The best line in the country," shouted Tym; "but 'ware the ditches."

And away they went, spinning along into the flat. In spite of the master's well-meant warning to beware of the ditches, the straggling condition of the field, the riderless horses, and the compact half-dozen well ahead, very soon showed that, after all, the first day after the thaw had its disadvantages.

After floundering along a bottomless lane, Ellice had taken to the fields, and presently came up with Colonel Rannoch—whose horse, jumping short, had rolled over into a snow-wreath, an ugly situation for our hero, especially under the eyes of Miss Glanley; nevertheless

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the colonel accepted the alternative, and bore his discomfiture with great equanimity.

"You are hopelessly thrown out, I am afraid," said Ellice; "but I do not think they'll run much further; the fox is making to earth—beside those craggs you see beyond the valley, and if we gallop down the hill-side, we shall just catch them as they turn."

Ellice was right—they reached the field just as she had said, and come in to see the hounds pulled up in front of a steep crag, half-way up which lay the earths.

Tym Clifton was savage. A man had been sent over to stop the earths, but there was no sign of his presence; the truth was, he had fallen in with some friends, and grown oblivious.

All the rating on earth would not unearth the fox, so Tym, wisely reserving his blessing for a more favourable time, when the delinquent was there to hear, trotted off to a near cover, consisting of a newly-planted brush-wood overhanging a mill-pond, formed by damming back a noisy little stream.

Here the stragglers began to show again, and the longer the delay, the denser grew the bespattered and worse-for-wear looking crowd, presenting a very different appearance to that of the morning.

The hounds were drawing the brushwood, and gathering along the side of the mill-pond stood the crowd, the outsiders gradually edging those nearest the water into rather dangerous proximity—for the banks being slippery and rotten, afforded very precarious footing—and, warmed, too, by their gallop, the horses did not relish standing.

The horse Ellice rode, never very patient, was to-day unusually teasing; he kept sidling about, and slipping and recovering himself, until taking an opportunity, when his mistress had a lighter hand on the bridle, made a plunge forward, lost his footing in the wet clay, and before any one could interpose, both horse and rider were immersed in the water.

I daresay some of my readers may have seen the consternation that follows immediately upon an accident. I saw an incident precisely similar to that I have been describing, occur, and shall not easily forget the looks of horror and perplexity which fell upon the lookers-on, as with a slip and a scream the horse and lady were launched into the pond; half-a-dozen men, in her case, as in Miss Glanley's, jumped from their horses, and one made matters more complicated by riding into the water.

Some cried to tie whip-lashes together, and so make a rope; some said there was a strong under-current drawing down to the sluice; and between them there was some cause to fear that before real assistance could be given, Ellice would be in danger.

Ellice held on to the crutch and mane for a minute or two. Colonel

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Rannoch had been the first to spring from his horse, but Jim Glanley was close to the bank further up, and in the water before the Colonel; and if Jim had not been a strong, as well as good swimmer, he would have had to call for help himself; top-boots and breeches are not good for swimming in, still he managed to strike out. Dragged down by the weight of her habit, it was all Ellice could do to hang on to the plunging, frightened horse.

"Let go, Elly!" shouted her brother, coming up with his mouth full of muddy water.

"No, no!" cried half-a-dozen more. "No, no! hold on or you'll get amongst the brute's legs."

And Ellice held on; twining the fingers of one hand into the mane, and pulling vigorously at the bridle with the other, in the hope of turning the horse's head; but this she would have had no power to effect had not Jim's hand grasped the reins, and by a strong wrench arrested the frightened horse's attention; then plunging round together they reached the shore. Ellice bore herself bravely; with white face and chattering teeth, she tried to laugh at her escapade, making light of the danger. Colonel Rannoch was about the last to offer his congratulations. He was angry with Jim, who had snatched his chance of doing Ellice a service out of his hand. In the first moment of danger Ellice had fancied Rannoch would rush to her help; and the trouble and annoyance of her accident was far eclipsed by the fear lest, by coming to her aid, he would give a tone of romance to the accident, and subject her to all manner of annoyance in after days.

And yet when Rannoch had not come, Ellice was disappointed, and thought ungratefully that she would rather Jim had let the colonel pull her out.

"As we are both wet, Elly," put in Jim, cutting short the fine speeches that were being made, "I think we'd be wise to canter up to Roodee and get a change."

And his sister, nothing loth to get away, gladly acquiesced.

Mrs. Clive had driven home after the first find; accordingly Elly got a change of garments and was comfortably drinking tea in Mrs. Clive's dressing-room, when Nora and Colonel Rannoch rode up to the house.

I could not get him to go on," whispered Nora, meaning the colonel. "They found almost directly you left, but he would stay with me, and volunteered to ride round here. I think he is horribly vexed that he did not get in before Jim."

"It's a mercy he did not," said Ellice; "there's nothing in being pulled out by one's brother, but if Colonel Rannoch had done it people would have said he'd saved my life, and I daresay persuaded me the same. Poor old Jim thinks nothing of it, and the accident will soon

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be forgotten. Now then, ride on and tell mamma; if she hears of it she will be in such a fuss."

"How will you come home?"

"Alice will lend me a habit, and Jim will bring me home; or rather I will bring Jim home."

Was it the fire, beside which she was sitting upon a low stool, that threw such a glow over Mrs. Clive's face?

"Then we might all ride home together."

"No, dear. I'd rather you went on, I am not inclined to talk to anyone but Jim, and I've a great deal to say to him."

Again the same glow came over Mrs. Clive's face; Ellice saw it, and it did not make her more merciful; it confirmed all her suspicions.

"I must get him out of her way," thought Ellice; adding, woman-like "she's leading him on, poor fellow." Just as if Mr. Glanley was not old enough to walk alone, or at all likely to wait to be led! But then Ellice was his sister, and thought nobody like Jim, and Ellice did not love Mrs. Clive, so she sent Nora and the colonel home, meaning to take Jim as her own escort, but in this she was mistaken; Mr. Clifton would not listen to a word of her moving that night; she looked ill, feverish, all sorts of things; so he said, and instead of letting her put on Mrs. Clive's habit and carry off Jim out of Mrs. Clive's way, Ellice was sent to bed and notes despatched to Mrs. Glanley and the doctor, the last being a wise precaution and by no means unnecessary, as by morning Ellice was in a raging fever.

Poor Tym Clifton was beside himself with fear; he wanted to send for half the medical men in London; and, something after the manner of Mr. Palliser, thought there must be safety in a multitude of counsellors, always providing those counsellors were doctors.

Mrs. Glanley came out to nurse her daughter, Jim Glanley wrote to his wife excusing his return on the same plea, and Colonel Rannoch, who had found out something when he saw Ellice in the water, haunted Roodee and waylaid the doctor every morning until every man in the barracks considered the colonel booked; and every tea-table in Challoner had its own version of the accident, the rescue, and the colonel's attention; and in the middle of it all Mr. Kealder came back to finish training the Liverpool horse.

CHAPTER XV.

BY THE FIRELIGHT.

ELLICE was quite tired of being ill, and had vehemently declared herself convalescent; but overruled by the doctor, her mother, and Tym Clifton, she had done violence to her own feelings, and stayed in the

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room allotted to her as a dressing-room, where, as a privileged old friend, Tym was admitted every evening for a quarter of an hour—a fact which I fancy accounted in some measure for the peristency with which Mr. Clifton determined that she was not able to leave her room, knowing that once the cage-door was open the bird would find its wings, and Tym had learnt to like these short visits too much to lose them if he could help it.

But Ellice, finding remonstrance of no avail, took the law in her own hands; so when her mother had driven into Challoner, taking with her Nora and Mrs. Clive, and when the gentlemen were all out hunting, she came downstairs, and stealing into the small drawing-room usually occupied by Clifton himself, and thus less likely to be invaded, she pulled a great lounging chair up to the hearth, and sat down in her favourite attitude, her long white fingers laced round her knee.

Ellice had grown tired of her thoughts upstairs, but she did not seem at all averse to thinking now, for although the table was covered with books and papers she did not touch one, and sat staring into the glowing coals, with a pleasant half-serious, half-hopeful expression on her face.

And as she was sitting thus the door opened, and Mr. Kealder came in. He had no idea the room was occcupied, and was whistling the last two bars of Ellice's favourite song, "Too Late." Ellice looked up—no woman is angry at finding either her songs or her words remembered.

"You here, Miss Glanley?" exclaimed Kealder, coming forward. "They told me you were not to come down for several days."

"You see I've stolen a march upon them; I came into Mr. Clifton's room to escape—"

"Does that mean a hint that I must go?"

"No, not exactly; I have been so much by myself that it is quite a relief to have some one to talk to. You've been in Paris since I saw you?"

"No, only London; I got as far as Dover on my way to Paris, and there met the man I was going across to see, so saved my time and pocket;" as Kealder spoke he sat down upon a low chair at the other side of the hearth, facing Ellice. "I am glad to see you are not much the worse for your accident—I heard of it in London."

"Yes, I daresay—everybody made such a fuss; if you'll kindly say no more about it, you'll oblige me; I have heard of nothing else since it happened, and there is no knowing when I shall hear the last of it, or when its consequences will be over."

Kealder looked a little more keenly at her, and wished the light had been steadier, for firelight is scarcely a safe light to read by, let the subject be in a book or on a human face.

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"You have escaped our great catastrophe," went on Ellice.

"And I am almost glad of it, Miss Glanley; I am not fond of witnessing the ruin of anything I admire. You will miss it more than most people."

Ellice opened her eyes a little wider, and asked why.

"It was so beautiful," said Kealder, evasively; he meant to tell her how he had heard her singing in the cathedral, but the conversation had reached the point rather too soon, he had scarcely broken the ice yet.

"But why should I feel it so much?" persisted Ellice, whose curiosity had been excited by his manner of speech; "you mean something you don't tell me; why am I to regret the dear old cathedral more than others?"

"You will be angry if I tell you."

"No, I wont; why should I be angry?"

"You were in the organ-loft the afternoon before the fire."

A blush rose to Ellice's face; she knew what he was going to say, and was angry that her secret, as she thought it, had been discovered.

"Yes, I was; and it was too bad of the old man telling."

"He did not tell me, I heard for myself—surely," and as he spoke Kealder leant forward and dropped his voice, "you do not think that a voice is forgotten sooner than a face," then getting up, he walked over to the window looking along the drive; he had no intention of having his great move check-mated—he meant to throw himself upon Ellice's mercy, by telling her the story, in part at least, of his life; but it would not do to have Mrs. Glanley walking in in the middle of it, so he looked along the avenue and managed, before he came back, to close the blind; then stood with his back against the chimney-piece, looking down at Ellice who, half buried in the cushions of the chair, half hid in a cloud of blue gauze, was watching the leaping flames, and thinking that she had perhaps better have stayed in her room. It was getting late; her mother would be coming; the men might come in from hunting any moment, and here she would be found down stairs without leave, *tête-a-tête* with Mr. Kealder. A fortnight ago Ellice would rather have enjoyed the fact, but it was not so now; if her illness had done nothing else, it had given her time to think. She had thought a good deal of Mr. Kealder—almost as much as of Angus Rannoch, and the result was, that she would rather not be found alone with him. Still she was not going to run away, and after all it was very pleasant, sitting in an easy chair by a bright fire, without other light than the flames, with a winter wind soughing amongst the trees, and a man willing to talk and able to interest standing on the hearth.

It was very comfortable, and Ellice, feeling quite equal to the occasion,

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did not see why she should mar the enjoyment, so she looked pleasantly up, dropping the screen she held into her lap.

"You like this part of the world, I think, Mr. Kealder?"

"Yes; how can you ask it? The world has not been an over pleasant world to me," he paused; it was not so easy to rush into his story—easy enough when once the beginning was made, but difficult to get the start over—and Ellice put in—

"I suppose no one thinks it altogether a pleasant world—but, like the weather, if each of us had it exactly as we wished, it would be worse than ever."

"Tym Clifton would make a better world of it if he had the management," said Mr. Kealder, still trying to get at his story; "he's the frankest, kindest fellow I ever met with, as witness his friendship to myself," and Mr. Kealder, who had hit the right line at last, went on hurriedly. "What other man would have taken a fellow he picked up at a gambling-table on trust? You think you know Clifton, Miss Glanley, but you don't half know him or his goodness. My own father I never knew, but if I'd had such a father, or even friend, as Tym Clifton in earlier times, I'd have been a very different man. I never saw either father or mother, or knew any better care than a large school, where I stayed, holidays and all. I got tired of that and ran away, but in spite of my precautions I was traced; I would not go back, so they put me into a ship going to South America, there I ran away again, and joined the Mexican army. I tired of that, too, and after three years went up to the North, and got a commission in the Frontier Police corps. I went with my company across to Columbia, and stayed there, quitting the service to settle; but very soon I fell in with some men going to the diggings, and joined them; there we had a run of luck, and as I was leaving, with a supply of gold-dust, one of the gang tried to murder me—he did succeed in robbing me, and I had to go back. I was still more in luck, and left the place a rich man. I came home to England, and went to the old school, determined to find out why I had been kept in the dark as to my father and family. The place was shut up. Nobody knew where the doctor had gone, so I paid a man on the spot to keep a look-out, and went down to Brighton. There I married. A month after, my wife left me."

Ellice had lifted up the hand-screen again.

"I might have expected as much; we had married in defiance of my wife's aunt, who had charge of her, and who had taken an unaccountable dislike to me—don't think me conceited when I say unaccountable, for at that time, excepting the mystery about my birth, there was nothing to be brought up against me; I had money enough, and she had a fortune of her own. We were very much in love with each other, of course, so we laughed at the old lady, and got married without leave;

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she never saw either of us, but it came out that there was some cause for her dislike towards myself, and that, by one of those extraordinary coincidences one sometimes meets with, I had actually come in contact with my own mother. She had been divorced from my father years before, and married again, but the likeness, name, and story supplied the clue, and unnatural as it seems, the hatred she felt for my father, who had really wronged her deeply, became something almost maniacal towards me. I heard all this by a letter from my father, who it seemed had never altogether lost sight of me; he told me my true name and birth; then, also, the reasons for his concealment of both; he had rendered himself liable to death, according to the law of the country, and only by great tact and luck had he been able to keep clear of the law. A very strong reason, you see, Miss Glanley, for his and my mother's dislike to have a successor in the person of a son.

"This story, coming just at the time I was smarting under the other blow, finished the business. It is very easy to go down-hill, once a man's head is turned that way, and my course proved no exception. I was blind, mad—anything, and went headlong. I came to my senses in a miserable lodging in London. I cannot tell you, nor would you understand, the horrors of the life that followed. I was penniless, and desperate. I was shown papers and letters proving that I had forged my mother's name, that she held the evidence over me, threatening me with exposure if I ever took the name I'd a right to bear, or let the world know my story. I was a coward then, and accepted what I thought my fate. After a year of misery and crime in London, I went over to Germany, and having luck at play, got together enough money to keep me decently again; and I was just thinking of going out and joining the confederates, when Tym Clifton came to Baden. I made his acquaintance at some races, for amongst other ways of living I'd taken to acting jockey; he liked my style of riding, I liked him for a dozen different reasons, and so we struck up a friendship. He asked me over here. And I accepted, conditionally that he should repeat it after hearing the story I've told you."

"You told Mr. Clifton?" said Ellice, eagerly; the screen had dropped; and in the firelight her face looked flushed and excited, with something very like tears in her eyes.

"I told Tym, and he not only repeated the invitation, but offered me a home whenever I wanted one; you see now, why I have such good cause to say few know his real worth."

"He is a good man, Mr. Kealder, and can act upon his own judgment;" then there was a pause, Kealder, having shot his bolt, was waiting to see the result, and Ellice, touched by the strange story, was wondering what she could say; she liked Mr. Kealder all the better for his confidence, it was rather a relief than otherwise to hear he had a

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wife, especially as the conditions regarding the wife authorised commiseration as regarded himself. Ellice was satisfied, too, with her own penetration, and being proved right as regarded Mr. Kealder's mystery, she was by no means inclined to like him less because his confession justified her penetration. Like many women whose characters are of a strong and self-reliant cast, Ellice held female friendships in great contempt; she had no bosom friend; Nora and she talked over the fireside in their dressing-gowns, and sometimes laughed over and at the sweet speeches unsuspecting partners had indulged in, but there was none of that mawkish confidence and interchange of secrets which generally characterises young ladies' friendships. If anyone, Jim had been her real confidant, but, since his marriage, he had been little at home, he had his own affairs to tell, and there seemed no time or room for any other cares; therefore, when Mr. Kealder had made his confession, and put himself, as it were, at her mercy, Ellice began to acknowledge to herself that she had thought a good deal more than she was aware of concerning Mr. Kealder, and that it was rather a comfort to know that, as he had a wife, he could not misinterpret her feelings.

Ellice never thought of what the world would interpret, or that only she and Tym Clifton knowing the true state of the case, it was more than likely the world would consider itself justified in talking, but then Ellice never did think of the world, or turn one inch out of her course in consequence.

"I am glad you have trusted me," she said at last, "and I hope now we shall be good friends."

Kealder's face brightened, the trial was over; he had won the first move, it remained for time to show what his next play should be; in the meantime he was wise enough to let well alone; fortune, too, favoured him in this respect, his quick ear caught the sound of wheels—

"I ought to be ashamed of myself for keeping you talking so long," and he stood up.

Ellice heard the carriage, too, as he spoke, and was no more desirous than himself that her mother and Mrs. Clive should come in upon them.

"I am not tired; thank you for trusting me," and she put out her hand; Kealder, bending down, kissed it—

"God bless you, for a true-hearted woman."

Ellice was taken by surprise, but she was not sorry, even then, that he had taken her into his confidence.

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CHAPTER XVI.

"I WOULD DO ANYTHING TO SAVE HIM."

"WE must get home directly, now you are better," said Mrs. Glanley, when the lady portion of the party were in the drawing-room after dinner.

"I suppose we must, Christmas is very near."

"Yes, and I've asked Lady Emily to come."

Ellice looked up quickly, first at Mrs. Clive, whose face was deadly white.

"Did Jim tell you to ask her?"

"Not exactly, but he said he would come if she would, and you know it is pleasant to have a little family meeting at these times."

The truth was Mrs. Glanley wanted Lady Emily to help her in furthering the objects she had set her heart upon.

"Then, Alice, you must get Mr. Clifton to give a ball," said Nora, "he has promised one ever so long, and with you here he could do it so well."

"I'll ask him if you like, dear, but I won't be here." Alice's voice shook, and her face flushed painfully.

"Not here?" cried Nora. "Oh, Alice! I thought you were to stay a long time."

"So I thought until lately, very lately," she repeated, trying to speak quietly; "but our plans are altered. I shall join Mr. Clive next week. I—that is, he—"

And here the voice, kept up with so much strain, gave way, and, by a hasty escape from the drawing-room, Alice sought to hide the fact of her agitation and tears.

Mrs. Glanley looked shocked. Mrs. Clive had committed a breach of good breeding in not controlling herself, and Mrs. Glanley improved the opportunity by saying—

"Poor thing, she's not happy, but how foolish to show it; there's nothing shows good breeding so much as the way a woman commands herself. Alice married Mr. Clive entirely from affection, he was a capital match for her, and even if she is not quite so happy as she expected, she might pretend to be. Only look at the difference between herself and Emily!"

Here Ellice closed her book with a bang, and threw it across the sofa.

"Really, mamma, you are too bad," she cried, her eyes sparkling and the angry blood colouring her forehead and neck; "you know right well why Alice married that brute of a husband; and I can tell you, if you don't know it already, that she loves Jim as well as ever;

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that's why she's going away, and I like her ten times better than ever I did till she said it."

And Ellice, carrying her head up, walked off after Mrs. Clive, whose bedroom door, as is the fashion with ladies when they want to have a "good cry," was locked.

"Will you let me come in, dear?" pleaded Ellice; and after a little pause the lock shot back and the door opened.

"Will you let me come and sit with you, Alice? I want so much to be quiet."

As Ellice made up this fib she crossed the room and settled herself by the fire.

"You came downstairs too soon, dear."

"Oh no, I am strong enough in body; mamma tires me. I—dearest Alice, I want to talk to you," and she went down upon her knees beside Mrs. Clive, clasping her round the waist. "I've been very cross with you, I did not know you rightly; and—and oh, Alice, I do so love my brother! I know he is wretched, and I know that he loves—"

"Hush, hush, for mercy's sake!" wailed Alice, putting her hands over her ears. "I must not hear—you must not say it!"

"Alice, what nonsense! Listen quietly—I am only a woman like yourself; I am not going to preach or lecture you; I have never been tried as you have, or, God knows, I might be worse; I certainly could not do as you did a week ago—I could not be hour after hour with a man I loved, and act a part as you did; it was a mercy you could, for Jim would have done anything; I do not know how it was no one saw his madness."

"Clive did," whispered Alice, shuddering.

"Your husband, Alice?" and Jim's sister grew pale now; she had no suspicion of this, watching Clive as she had done, she thought she must have seen any symptoms of the kind.

"Yes, yes, he knows; but he does not care yet, only if it suits him he will speak of it; he is a bad man, Ellice; you do not know, I could not tell you, all he is. I wish I were dead. A hundred times a day I wish I were dead!" and Alice sobbed piteously. "I dread going to the Larches—and a short time ago I thought it was the only bright spot on earth. I thought if I could only be near—only see him now and then—only know what he was doing. I had heard that his wife was not a very nice woman, but I had no thought that things were so bad; I could have borne my own lot if he had been happy, or even content, but to see him, as he is, killing himself—changed so awfully! He will die, Ellice; he cannot live the way he is going on, and it will be all my doing. I do not know sometimes whether I ought not to go away with him, and try to save him even now. He would do anything for me; and what am I?—a miserable,

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false, lying wife even now—it would not be a worse sin to give up the acting, and try to undo some of my wickedness. If I could only give him an hour's happiness—if I could only stop him in his horrible downhill road I would not care for myself, or what became of me—I could not be more wicked than I am now—I could not be more miserable!"

While Alice had run on, sobbing and speaking by turns, saying what was in her heart, Ellice had kept her face buried in her dress, thinking that had she indeed been so tried, she, too, might have said, or felt at any rate, what Alice did; yet, however she might have acted, being one of the principals, it was very clear, being only a looker-on, how she ought to act. She had not come to preach, so she had said, and yet something very like a sermon had become incumbent upon her.

Alice was desperate; and she, with her cooler judgment, must point out the folly and certain destruction which such an act as that meditated by Alice must entail, not upon herself, Ellice knew well enough such an argument would be worse than vain, but upon the man she was sacrificing herself with the delusion of saving. Accordingly Ellice let the tears take their own course for a while, then, lifting up her face, she kissed Alice, and began her sermon—

"My poor Alice, you would only make the ruin more complete; as long as Jim has a regard for his position, as long as he is capable of keeping up the semblance of a good name, as long as he can keep his wife and his home; he is not altogether lost or hopeless. If you do what you said just now, you will rob him of the only safeguard left him; you will drag him down at once; no love will ever make up to a man for sacrificing his honour. You must teach him to feel this, Alice; you only can; teach him by your own suffering—martyrdom, if you like to call it as I would—that there is a love higher and stronger than that which only seeks selfish gratification; he may not understand you at first, but if you are steadfast he will learn to know the truth, and your strength will, in time, give him strength. I will help you, Alice; I will go to Sledmere, and stay there as long as there is any danger. I will love you dearly, and stand by you through anything, if you are true to yourself and Jim, as I count truth—but I will never forgive you if you destroy my brother!"

"I will try, dear, so help me God. I will try to obey you," and Alice clung to her friend's neck, laying her cheek against hers. "Oh, if I could only help him, it would be something to live for; if he ever doubts me, will you tell him, Ellice, will you tell him just what you've told me, and what I said first? He will believe you. How can I thank you, dear; I was so frightened of you when I saw you knew my secret, and now you have come to save us; I think I shall be better and

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happier now; you will tell me anything you think of about him; you will not despise me because I may not always satisfy you? I am not like you, dear, all my strength is put on; you were quite right about the acting, and I must go on acting, until the end."

Mrs. Glanley took her daughters home next day, and Tym wandered disconsolate about the desolate house, thinking that, after all, the blessings of bachelor life were mythical, that there was worse slavery than the chains enforced by a wife, and that Campbell was right when he said—

> "The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
> And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled."

"Here's to our departed guests," said Tym, as he lifted his first glass of port to his lips.

"The ladies, God bless 'em!" responded Kealder, pledging him; "it's a dull house, after all, Clifton, a home without a wife; why don't you succumb, and introduce petticoat government?"

"If I were twenty years younger I don't say but what I'd be inclined to take your advice; I am too old now; I don't fancy an old woman, and a young one would not fancy an old man—ah, there goes the bell; that's Clive; ring, like a good fellow, and we'll have up a devilled bone for him, and if you don't object I'll leave you to play host; I am hardly in tune to-night for the poet's views of life. I'll go and have a talk to Alice, poor little soul. By-the-by, that's hardly an example in support of your matrimonial advice."

"What said the great doctor?" laughed Kealder. "I think it runs—'marriage is the best state for man in general, and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.'"

"He must have had a devilish bad opinion of himself, then, though one cannot accuse him of modesty. Ah, Clive, how are you? I've ordered a bone up, you and Kealder must polish off the wine by yourselves to-night, I've some business; good-night."

And Tym walked off, but not before he had seen enough of Mr. Clive's face to show that that gentleman's temper, or head, perhaps both, were out of sorts, and make him still more gentle with Alice.

All this time no light had been cast upon the double mystery of the murder and fire. Detectives came and detectives went, but nothing transpired; rewards, printed in large lerters, decorated the walls of the town, and enriched the collectors of waste paper, but no one claimed the rewards. Mysterious strangers, supposed to be members of a special force, appeared; the newspapers were filled with letters containing suggestions; the workmen employed to clear away the ruins, in the hope of getting at the plate, had been kept worked early and late.

At last the ashes, stones, and molten lead gave way; the vault, then

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the chest, was laid bare, but the plate was gone. Charred and blacked as the strong wood was, the marks of crowbar and wedge were still traceable; and it became evident that the cathedral had been sacrificed to cover robbery.

The only persons to whom this discovery brought any relief were the detective force. The usual haunts of men fitted for such work, and the breaking-up houses for their plunder were well known hunting-grounds, and Challoner was soon cleared of the extra members of the force, whose energies were concentrated in the more likely direction.

Christmas was close at hand, and with it came a succession of dinner parties and family gatherings. Lady Emily, much to her husband's wonder, consented to come. Mrs. Glanley, who in her heart stood a little in awe of her aristocratic daughter-in-law, made vast preparations for her fit entertainment; and meantime Colonel Rannoch had become a daily visitor. Still Mrs. Glanley was not content; Ellice was only civil to him, and continued her flirtation, as her mother was pleased to call it, with Mr. Kealder. People, however, did not think so much of it as Mrs. Glanley did; the fact that the colonel was an elegible match was not to be hid; nobody knew anything of Kealder, everybody knew Rannoch of Rannoch was a gentleman, so everybody gave Ellice credit for equal discrimination, and it was whispered, and then spoken, that Miss Glanley had made up her mind at last.

Tym Clifton was not long in hearing the gossip, and the immediate result was rather startling. A dinner party at the palace happening that evening, Mr. Clifton had an opportunity of judging for himself, and as Rannoch took Ellice down to dinner, and Ellice was in a good humour at the prospect of having Jim at the "Friars" next day, there seemed more ground than Tym liked for the gossip.

Although Tym had spoken lightly of age and matrimony when Mr. Kealder chaffed him, he had not been able to think so of it; nor was he better contented when, after sending away his dinner almost untouched he found Ellice in the drawing-room still monopolised by Rannoch. Tym was an old master of hounds, and knew how to make a cast better than most people, so he kept his eye upon the colonel, and at last, much to his satisfaction, saw that gentleman leave his seat.

Tym was across the room in an instant, and had slipped into the vacant chair almost before he was aware of it himself.

"You have never given me a chance of saying a word to you, Miss Ellice," he began, getting hot, and half wishing the colonel back again. "I have so much to say to you, too."

Here, looking up, he caught Kealder's eye. "By Jove!" he thought, "he'll see what I am doing," then aloud, for Tym was desperate now—

"It's very warm in this room; will you let me take you into the conservatory? Do, Ellice, I want to consult you about something."

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"I am afraid you'll think me an old fool, Ellice," said Tym, as they walked along the white marble pathway, under the cool green plants. "I don't think I should have risked your good opinion, but for something I heard yesterday. I heard you were engaged to Colonel Rannoch. Is it true, Ellice?"

Tym stood still and dropped Ellice's hand from his arm, as he leant his back against a pillar, and looked at her face, his own growing pale and eager.

A deep blush rushed over her brow and neck, but her eyes met Tym's, rather angrily perhaps, for, old friend as he was, she did not see by what right he put such a question.

"No, Mr. Clifton, I am not. I did not think you were given to gossip. Now, perhaps, you'll tell me why you asked what, from anyone else, I should call a most impertinent question?"

For answer, Tym gave a tremendous gulp; and, flushing up to the roots of his hair, he seized both her hands, crushing her fan to splinters in his grasp.

"Why, Ellice, why? BecauseI l ove you—because I begrudge every word or look you give to another man—because, knowing how much older I am, I am jealous of every younger man—because, seeing you remain unmarried, I have thought you unlike other girls, who rush headlong into matrimony for the sake of the name—because, having you at Roodee, has made the contrast unbearable. No, dearest, do not take your hands away. I had no hope; I have none now; but I must tell you, I never made love to a woman in my life, and now—my God, Ellice, what is it? are you ill?"

He threw his arms round her only in time; Miss Glanley had fainted.

(To be continued.)

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A PICTURE OF MAGYAR RURAL LIFE.

From the Hungarian of Alexander Petöfi.

SIR JOHN BOWRING proposes to publish a translation of poems selected from the works of the great Hungarian popular bard, Alexander Petöfi. Among the Magyar people it would be difficult to find an individual to whom they are not familiar as "household words," and they have been versified in most of the languages of Europe. Burns had never so strong a hold on the Scotch peasantry, nor Béranger on the French people, as Petöfi established and still maintains among every class of his fellow-countrymen. There is some difficulty in choosing from the multifarious outpourings of this wonderful genius specimens enough to exhibit truly and worthily the almost infinite variety of thought and feeling which found expression from his pen. His history was as romantic as his genius was prolific. Born in the lowliest obscurity—passing through every stage of want and woe—he reached the very highest position of social and political influence—and died at the age of 26, fighting by the side of Bem, for the redemption of his country.

At the request of Sir John Bowring we insert the following poem as a specimen of Petöfi's style :—

A NAP LAMENT.

Evening.

SUN 'neath the hill,
The cottage still;
The night-winds move,
The clouds above;
The moonlight grey,
With mournful ray,
Looks down on ruins
Like fancy, down,
Nor heeds the doings
That stir the town.
By rustic welcome
Youths, maids, invited
Their tales to tell, come
With hearts delighted;
I hear them singing
Far o'er the vales;

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And heaven is ringing
With echoes sweet,
From nightingales
In their retreat.
From garden near
Flute notes I hear;
The peasant blows
The evening fire,
And as it glows
And rises higher,
Lightens the thatch;
I sit and watch
Beyond the eaves
The steeds, the beeves,
That crop their food
Or chew the cud;
While on the ground
The dews abound,
But now they come
For shelter home.
The garden-latch
The peasants lift,
As lightning swift,
And on the watch
For entrance, see
How cheerily
Appears the youth;
What smiles, what greetings—
The kiss of truth,
And kiss-repeating;
So must it be
When he and she
In mutual bliss
Shall woo and kiss;
Without annoy
Give, take the joy,
Ere time devours
The golden hours,
For joys will fly!
Oh would that I
Those joys could share
Enchanted here!

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A DAY'S DRIVE FROM WORTHING.

BRANCHING off the road leading from Worthing to Shoreham, you get into the country of the Downs, and after a drive of about five miles through picturesque and well-wooded lanes, cross the River Adur, and come upon one of those ruined baronial castles of which Sussex folks are wont to boast.

Although there is no certain data to be found relative to the formation of Bramber, some historians assert it to have been the residence of the South Saxon Kings—one thing, however, is certain, and that is the fact of its being a place of sufficient strength and wealth to render it an acceptable gift from Henry II. to William de Braose, one of the most powerful among the Norman Barons, and one of the lords marchers in South Wales. Of its relative importance, in comparison with the forty-one manors which accompanied the gift, we can best judge from the circumstance that the baron fixed upon it as his residence.

Little personal interest attaches to the first three proprietors, but such cannot be said of the fourth William, who, in the stormy reign of John, rendered himself notorious by one of those wholesale slaughters that make our blood run cold.

He held a feast in the Abergavenny Castle, to which he invited the Welsh nobles and gentry in the neighbourhood. He proposed to the assembled chiefs to bind themselves by oath not to carry any kind of weapon; this was indignantly refused, and immediately De Braose gave a signal, his soldiers rushed into the banquetting-hall, and massacred every Welshman. Not content with this, he went to the castle of Seisyllt ab Dyvnwal, and murdered his son, set fire to his house, and carried his wife off to Abergavenny.

Such a piece of cruelty, though unheeded by his compeers, did not escape Divine retribution. Misfortune followed his footsteps; falling under royal displeasure, his estate was confiscated. His wife and children fled to Wales, but were there captured, and we find, by Miss Strickland's "Queens of England," "were starved to death in old Windsor Castle."

The estates were restored to the Braose family by King John, who found it better to make friends than retain enemies, and finally became the Norfolk property by the marriage of Aliva, heiress of the last baron, since which time it ceased to be a family residence, and was finally destroyed at the reign of the Commonwealth.

The ruins now remaining are more imposing than picturesque, originally defended by walls about eight feet thick, of which considerable

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portions still stand. The entrance is marked by a Norman tower of great strength; and in the centre, a high mound is all that is left to tell of the keep.

The views from the walls are very beautiful on the south east; the moat, now dry and filled with a luxuriant growth of shrubs and trees, beyond which stretches a richly cultivated country, bounded by the blue sea line; on the east the winding stream of the Adur; and further away you catch a glimpse of the Devil's Dyke and Chanbury Hill.

Close by the entrance to the castle stands the church—Saxon in architecture, and covered with ivy. The tide of restoration has not yet affected Bramber, and one can scarcely desire a change—the quaint, old, dim, and well-kept little building telling of the many generations of worshippers who have here begun the song of praise they are now singing eternally in the immediate presence of the Almighty.

During some improvements of the causeway, the foundations of an ancient bridge were discovered at Bramber; the lower courses of stone were laid in bituminous cement, similar to that made use of by the Romans in making their baths, the arches and under-arches were Sussex marble, as also were the piers, and from the nature of the stone used, it had evidently been transported from a distance, being of a different nature to that found within some miles of the place; the remains of the chapel could be distinctly traced upon the battlements of the bridge.

I could learn very little of any interest about this discovery while on the spot; though I have since been told that an account is to be found among the Sussex Architectural Society's papers.

The rustics of these parts live in blissful ignorance and disregard of antiquarial interests; and a hale smock-frocked octogenarian who joined me in my walk from Bramber to Steyning, where my "trap" awaited me, gave me to understand that he had a very poor opinion of "the furrineers who be stirring up the stoons, and stickin' their spades in to the old walls, preachin' and cryin' hup the old tumblin' down plaices, whereas I be mortal fond of a good 'stantial sort of house, I be."

Steyning, in the stable of whose hostelry of the "White Horse," my driver had located his hack, is as God-forgotten a little spot as you could well see; and yet in Doomsday Book it ranks before either Bath, Southampton, or Northampton; and although, in those days, it boasted a harbour and priory, both have disappeared.

New Shoreham is now the nearest port, and the parish church stands upon the site of the priory. Steyning derives its name from its proximity to the Roman "via Stane," which leads from Arundale to Dorking; and although traces of its Saxon occupancy may be gathered, as far as the fifth century, it is doubtful that any number of dwellings existed until

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the advent of St. Cuthman, the popular legend relative to whom tells how this holy man, afterwards titular saint of Steyning, was left, by his father's death, penniless, and, moreover, with the sole care of his aged and infirm mother; anxious to try his fortune in other parts, Cuthman determined to set forth, taking his mother with him, and for this purpose constructed a sort of barrow or cart, which he dragged along wherever he went; numberless were the difficulties, not to say dangers that beset his path; wolves prowled round him, and even dared the charmed circle made by his staff; robbers seized upon him, and once nearly beat him to death, because he had not anything to repay them for the trouble they had been at in catching him.

At last he reached Steyning, and there his barrow broke down, this he took as an omen intimating it to be the Divine will that he should here stop; and accordingly, nothing doubting, the good son built a hut to shelter his mother and himself.

He was kindly received by the few inhabitants of the country, all of whom were heathens, a fact which touched his compassion and induced him to set about erecting a church, or place of teaching and worship in which they could meet and he could instruct them.

Here St. Cuthman was buried, as, also, was Ethelwolf, the father of King Alfred. Steyning was bequeathed by Alfred to his nephew, Ethelwold, but reverted to the crown by his rebellion and death, and was, finally, bestowed upon the Abbey of Fecamp, in Normandy, by Edward the Confessor, a grant confirmed by the Conqueror.

The present church is the choir of the ancient one, a square tower being added during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The exterior of this fine old building gives very little token of the beauty to be found inside; at the east end is an arch thirty-eight feet in height; the cleristory has four handsome circular-headed windows on either side, with pilasters and running moulding; no two arches in the church have their ornamentation alike, the arches being of eight or ten sorts of mouldings, exhibiting every style of Saxon and Norman variety. Many elaborate descriptions of this church, no doubt, exist; the best, however, of which I have heard, is that given by Britton in his "Architectural Antiquities."

I am not aware that Bramber and Steyning are entered as among the objects of interest to be seen from Worthing, but I can assure my friends that I found it one of the pleasantest and most interesting day's excursions, and heartily recommend any one, fortunate enough to find themselves in these parts, to try the *tap* of the "White Horse," at Steyning, and ruralise among the traces of old times to be found both there and at Bramber.

J. D. Fenton.

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THE CIVIL AND POLITICAL STATUS OF THE FEMALE SEX,

FROM THE TIME OF THE ROMANS UNTIL THE PRESENT DAY.

Translated from the French of Professor Edouard Laboulaye.

BOOK IV.

THE FEUDAL EPOCH.

PART IV.

THE LAW OF INHERITANCE AND MARRIAGE IN THE COUNTRIES WHICH CONTINUED TO USE THE ROMAN LAW.

CHAPTER I.

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

THE foundation of Southern law is the Roman law, in the form of a custom, and mixed with Teutonic and feudal dispositions; it is these alterations of the Roman principle that I shall now dwell upon by preference.

In the Theodosian Code, which, at the time of the Frankish conquest, was the law of Gaul, the paternal inheritance was divided equally between brothers and sisters, without distinction or preference of sex. This equal distribution was preserved in the law of the Visigoths, who were more imbued with Roman ideas than the Franks. The *Breviarium* of Alaric, the King of the Visigoths, and the *Forum Judicum*, maintained Roman principles; that is to say, unity of patrimony, equality between heirs of the same degree. But when Feudalism, which was in germ in the Gothic customs, had developed itself in the South of France and the North of Spain, the right of primogeniture and the exclusion of daughters cropped up as a necessary consequence of the feudal organization of society.

Nevertheless, in the beginning it was not the custom which excluded the daughter; a will in which the father regulated the future devolution of his property was needed to exclude her. Examples of such testaments are not rare. Don Vaissette, in his "History of Languedoc," gives us several of them, such as that of Bernard Aton, Viscount de Beziers, in the year 1129, in which the eldest son is charged with endowing and establishing in marriage his sister. The testament of William VII., the lord of Montpellier, of the year 1172, shows us the feudal spirit in all its rigour. To the eldest son the barony, to the brothers a life pension in money, to the daughters a mere dowry. If the eldest son dies, the next one takes his place, but if all the

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male children die without posterity, Guy, the brother of William, will inherit in preference to William's daughters.

So rigorous an exclusion was, however, exceptional; and generally speaking, in the deeds which Don Vaissette has handed down, the daughters have a share in the paternal estate, but there is always an important privilege of first choice for the males, who necessarily were favoured in the social organization of that epoch.

In the fifteenth century, in the "great family" movement which took place throughout all Europe, on the decline of feudalism, the Provençals demanded of their sovereign that, "for the preservation of noble and other families," the appanaged daughter should not be able to recur to the inheritance, and this prayer was granted. A century before the Provençal petition, the Arragonese nobles and burghers had obtained the same privilege from King James II. Feudalism had struck its roots even into Arragon, and this transforming movement, which shook all Europe, penetrated still further, and even into the heart of Castile.

At Marseilles, Toulouse, and Bordeaux also, the appanaged daughter was excluded by her brothers; but at Bordeaux, by a curious eccentricity, it was only the daughter who was married in the town who was excluded; the exclusion was a privilege accorded to the burghers in 1205 by King John of England, and confirmed by Philip the Fair in 1295. On obtaining it, the burghers of Bordeaux believed themselves to be transformed into gentlemen; this was the desire and pretension characteristic of the age.

The fief, after it had been accepted in the South of France, was, in spite of the Roman law, rapidly changed into a pure patrimony; but notwithstanding, females never succeeded thereto except in default of males of the same degree; in this respect, the customs of the south resembled those of the north, but they differed from the latter by regarding with greater favour the rights of kinship, in what concerned the succession of the mother to her children. The distinction of lines, though admitted in some statutes, never went so far as in the north; and, for example, the lord's right never overrode the sacred privilege of blood. The mother succeeded to the paternal fief when her son left no children, and in default both of paternal heirs and the mother, the succession devolved upon the maternal collaterals. In short, the southern law wished to retain heritages in the same family, but not to favour the lord; it was aristocratic rather than feudal.

Let us speak now of the laws relating to marriage.

Down to the fourteenth century we meet in the deeds of the south with the *donatio nocis causâ* ("wedding present") such as the Roman law had instituted it. Formulas thereof abound in the collection of Don Vaissette, and this custom had endured almost until our time. But

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alongside of the Roman customs we see the Teutonic customs creeping in; and as the dower strongly resembles the wedding present, they are confounded one with the other; and in the marriage contract of William VII., the lord of Montpellier, and Matilda of Burgundy, dated 1156, the two terms are used interchangeably.

This confusion of the Roman and Teutonic customs, a confusion which existed in Italy as well as in the South of France, generated a mixed institution which was known under the title of "augmentation of the marriage portion." Like the wedding present and the dower, the augmentation is a benefit in case of survivorship, which is extinguished if the wife dies first, but it differs from the wedding present and resembles the dower, in that it is independent of the amount of the marriage portion, and that it may be given even to the woman who has received no portion.

However, there is a great diversity in the customs in relation to the character of this benefaction. In the Lyonnais, the Forez, and the Beaujolais, the "augmentation," like the wedding present, is graduated on the amount of the portion; it is a half when the marriage portion consists of money, a third when it consists of real estate. Like the wedding present, again, it is increased during marriage, if there devolves any estate upon the wife. On the other hand, at Toulouse, in Savoy, Dauphiné, and Auvergne, "augmentation" is a real dower of the half or the third of the husband's fortune, and, like the dower, it reverts to the children. In the Bugey it is a *morgengabe*, which only belongs to the virgin; a widow, on her second marriage, is not entitled to it.

During the marriage, the property of the couple was governed by the rules of the Roman Law. The husband was the sole master of the profits of the wife's estate, and had no right to the acquired property; she was obliged to satisfy herself with the "rings and jewels," a sort of *gerade* or privileged succession which was granted to the wife over the property of the predeceased husband. But, on the other hand, the wife was the absolute mistress of her paraphernalia; she could give them away or sell them without needing the consent of her husband, just as under the Roman law relating to the wedding present.

This system had more than one inconvenience; on the one hand, the inalienability of the marriage portion locked up a large amount of property, which was prejudicial to the general welfare, though advantageous to the wife; on the other hand, the wife often paid dearly for this protection of the law, since it was impossible for her to dispose of her estate, even for her evident advantage. Add to this, that her power over the paraphernalia rendered the wife independent of her husband, a situation which was quite incompatible with the husband's authority. Lastly, the wife had no interest in the household; uninterested as she was in the chances of good and evil fortune, what

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did her husband's affairs matter to her? Her sole business was the preservation of her own estate, whatever might happen, a selfish idea, the development of which was fostered by the law.

Community of estate is a more natural system, and one which harmonises better with the relations which ought to subsist between a married pair. The interest with which both regard the common stock, the absence of opposing interests, the assurance of an equal future, are the best guarantees for the prosperity of the family; the education, and the establishing of the children are also objects of common interest, and a powerful inducement to concord. It is not the same with the separate estate system, where the difference of fortune may be a cause of perpetual misunderstanding between the husband and wife. The advantages of a community of estate are, moreover, so evident that at the time of the discussion of the civil code, those even who preferred the separate estate system, demanded its modification by including therein the acquired estates.

To the reader of the discussions which preceded the settlement of the civil code, it is always a cause of astonishment to see with what energy the Southern deputies opposed the community of estate system, as if it had been a second crusade of the North against the South. Accordingly, the Montpellier bench of judges protested against it in this revolutionary strain—

"This is an apple of discord which the North of France wishes to throw into the midst of the South—an apple which the barbaric Franks gathered, doubtless, in the forests of Germany, and which those barbarians brought with them into Gaul in the midst of the tumult of victory and the licence of the camps."

Being thus confronted with the opposition of a people who clung to a legal system under the empire of which it had lived for 1800 years, the code came to a compromise. It made the community of estate the general rule for marriages, and, as an exception, allowed the separate estate system to prevail when there was an express stipulation to that effect between the husband and wife. Whenever the code shall be revised, the inalienability of the marriage portion will, doubtless, be suppressed, as one of those remainders which are at variance with the manners and ideas of modern civilisation.

CHAPTER II.

THE CITIES OF ITALY.

THERE were in Italy two different systems of law, the one feudal, and similar to the French customs, which reigned supreme in Naples, and which left deep traces in Piedmont and Savoy; the other, a compound of Roman and Lombard law, which, under different modifications,

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governed the majority of Italian cities; I spoke of the first when treating of feudalism, it is with the second that I am now going to deal.

It is in the ancient statutes, which are dated between the peace of Constance (1183) and the end of the thirteenth century, that the juxtaposition of the Roman and Lombard law is particularly evident. Subsequently the fusion became more complete, and there was formed a custom *sui generis*, in which, nevertheless, the Roman element predominated.

With the exception of the statutes of Milan, where the Salic law reigned in all its severity, and where women were excluded so long as there were any male relatives, the common law of the first Italian customs was the Lombard law; under it, sisters were excluded only by their brothers, the former having a right to a portion which stood as the equivalent of a fixed share.

This exclusion was maintained and extended at the time of the second edition of the customs; it chimed too well with the pride of the many rival cities whose motto was the following—"A house in the city is as good as a castle outside," and nothing was more natural than to apply to successions the feudal law, or, according to the pretension of Count Verri, the primitive laws of Rome. Says he, speaking of the statutes of Milan and this exclusion of women—

"All which demonstrates that our ancestors bestowed very great care on preserving the rights of the agnates on the father's side, according to the ancient law of the Twelve Tables, which was eventually altered by Justinian, than which certainly nothing could be conceived more useful, suitable, or commendable for conserving and increasing the splendour of families, for enriching them, or for impelling citizens in the pursuits of war and peace."

The exclusion was general. We find it in the North and in the South, at Turin, Vercelli, Pavia, Ostia, Padua, Piacenza, Florence, Venice, Pisa, Mantua, Bergamo, Bologna, Tivoli, Rome, and Velletri, and always grounded on the necessity of benefiting the males, who make the greatness of a family. Often, therefore, in fear of seeing fortunes conveyed to rival cities, the daughter is forbidden to inherit, or, at least, as at Pesaro and Senigaglia, it is required from the alien who marries a citizeness, that he come and settle down in the city, or else that he abandon the marriage portion. To sum up, in all these statutes we may find the expression of a deep jealousy towards neighbours, and a minute attention paid to concentrating in a small number of patrician families all the property of the territory. The female sex is sacrificed to this political vanity, and the reward of this sacrifice is a marriage portion; the proportion of which, in comparison with the inheritance which is denied to them, the law omits to determine.

When the greatness of the Italian cities had vanished, the condition of women was not ameliorated; the aristocratic spirit, the immense

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extension of entails, strict settlements and renunciations by deed, maintained the inferiority of the female sex down to the period of the French Revolution. It is our laws which, transplanted to Italy, uprooted this abuse, and left there the germs of equality.

The right of the mother to succeed to her children was naturally affected by the preference for the paternal agnates. Sometimes she was banished completely from her children's succession, as at Lucca, where the preference for the agnates was carried to its utmost limits; more frequently a determinate share was given to the mother, as at Mantua, Rome, and Vicenza; the ancient statute of Pisa, which preserved the Roman law, gave her her children's property, but for life only. It runs as follows—

"Concerning the mother, let this be observed, that so long as she lives, and does not marry again, she may have a life estate in the property of her son who has died intestate, or of her daughter who has died childless, to the same extent as, under the Roman law, she would inherit from her son or daughter dying intestate."

The condition of widowhood, imposed by the statute of Pisa, crops up in almost all the Italian statutes; everywhere, under the influence of canonical doctrines, a second marriage was regarded with disfavour. At Pisa, for instance, if the mother married a second time without the consent of the agnates, her daughters, of whom she was the guardian, were taken away from her, for on this question of guardianship the principles of the Roman law in its latest phase were generally accepted. The Roman law was even surpassed in some cases; other women who were neither mothers nor grandmothers were allowed to be guardians; only a male relative was added to them to superintend the property of the minor. This peculiar privilege is also to be found in the statutes of Pisa.

For the benefactions which precede marriage, there is a strong resemblance between the Italian cities and those of the South of France. In the first place, we see the wedding present, and the Lombard *meta* and *morgengabe*, subsisting side by side; Verona, for instance, whose statutes date from the commencement of the thirteenth century, shows us these institutions, admitted on an equal footing. At Milan, as at Pisa, the widow's fourth is a customary dower out of the fourth part of her husband's estate, the influence of Frankish and Lombard customs had given the victory to Teutonic law, in those places; everywhere else the Roman law had the upper hand, and of the enervated Lombard law there remained scarcely a vestige.

It was also the Roman law which alone regulated the administration of property, during wedlock; the marriage portion, the paraphernalia, the legal incumbrance on real estate are generally accepted institutions, but in consequence of the patrician spirit which rules in all these cities, the law showed itself disposed to extend the husband's power; thus, for

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instance, at Vicenza, if the woman does not establish for herself a marriage portion, all her property is regarded as such; this question, which was the subject of a long controversy, in our countries, of the written law, was only definitively decided in this sense in the eighteenth century.

In the same spirit, the statutes of Vicenza ruled that the wife could not dispose of her paraphernalia without her husband's assent, and, generally speaking, she was not allowed to sign a bond without the same assent. In this case, two agnates were often joined to the husband, a feature which recalls the *advocatus* or *vogt*, of the German customs. At Pesaro, not only was the obligation entered into by the wife without her husband's consent null and void, but the notary was fined who countersigned and received such a contract. Forli added that the wife's oath could not validate the contract—a prudent precaution—for the Canonists eluded all prohibitions by means of this formality. Says Coquille :—

"The Ultramontane doctors went wrong, through over deference to the Canonists, who say that the oath binds whenever it can be obeyed without peril to the soul. But in France we measure the accessory oath by the same standard with which we measure the principal contract, to which it is appendant; and thus say Decius and Oldrade, who contend that the oath cannot increase the value and force of the obligation, but that it binds the conscience more strongly, on the religious ground."

The prohibition of donations between husband and wife was as rigorous as in the Roman law; at Pisa the donation could not exceed £15, annual revenue; at Rome even the oath did not validate the donation, and the husband could only give to his wife the wedding-ring, while he himself might not be enriched with her diamonds, "because he ought to be without such things." At Mantua, the donation was not valid, even when the husband confirmed it on his death-bed. Says the Mantuan statute :—"Since husbands and wives are easily induced, by importunate means, to give each other presents, and persons, when disturbed by the contemplation of death, forget what they would do if they were well and sound, we ordain that donations made between husband and wife be not confirmed on the death of the donor, if he or she pre-deceases, nor have the effect of law."

The statute of Venice, not less jealously, makes over to the husband the donations given to the wife, during marriage, in order to guard, in this way, against any possible frauds.

At Gaeta the wife could not receive for her kiss, *pro basatico*, more than three livres; at Pesaro the wedding present could not exceed the fourth part of the dowry. That was a Teutonic custom; but a custom which was neither Teutonic nor Roman was that of Velletri, which, with a view to evade trusts for the benefit of the wife, forbade even

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strangers to make a present to the wife, and inflicted a fine of 10 livres on those who did so.

On the death of the husband, the wife's only right, in general, was to the return of her dowry, and to the "augmentation" when the custom gave it her; in several towns she had also a right to the rings and jewels (*corredi*), a foreign word, which is derived from, or cognate to, the *rhedo* of Saxon law, and the *gerade* of the German compilers of customs. But this benefaction, in case of survival, is of little value; at Gaeta, for instance, its value might not exceed 20 ounces. At Pisa, when the jewels given by the bridegroom exceeded 40 solidi, an express declaration that they were intended to be given to the bride was needed to detach them from the husband's general estate. Besides, what the wife was permitted to carry away, as belonging to her person, was next to nothing—a few garments, a feather-bed and mattrass, four rings and no more, however many she may have used, this was her whole stock. The husband's creditors had no lien on the *corredi*.

To sum up, the further we advance from the Barbarian conquest, the more do the Roman doctrines gain the ascendancy in the Peninsula, in respect to the administration of property during wedlock. In the vigorous shoots of its second vegetation, the Roman law completely overrode the Lombard laws, which were, however, the most frankly Teutonic among all the Barbarian customs.

CHAPTER III.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

LET us now study those Spanish laws which are so little known and are yet so curious; there we shall find again two rival systems, the Roman and the Teutonic; the former governing the law of succession, the latter governing marriage; but, singular fact, a fusion was never effected between these two systems, and, up to the last moment, they impinged on each other in the most contrasting manner. The *Fuero juzgo*, the spirit of which is entirely Roman, remained the base of the Spanish and Portuguese systems of law, and yet alongside of it were developed the Fueros of the towns—customs in which the Barbarian doctrines and ideas were preserved, a fact which has made M. Guizot say that the companions of Pelagius—the refugees in the mountains of Asturias—were obliged, to a certain extent, to become Germans again.

In the thirteenth centuty the *siete partidas* restored the Roman traditions; under Philip II. the *recopilacion* came to complete the triumph of the legislation of Justinian; and nevertheless, by that peculiar vitality which characterises Spanish municipalities, the Fueros resisted

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the kingly will and the influence of jurists who were imbued with with Roman ideas. The Teutonic customs have held their ground down to our time with remarkable persistency; the *Fueros* have been defended by Spaniards with an energy which sufficiently proves how much they reverenced that Palladium of civil, not less than of political, liberty.

The Spanish family is connected by its legislation with the Roman and Teutonic family; the power of the father is, as in the south of France and Italy, the power of the *pater familias*. Arragon alone, a country which is frankly Teutonic and feudal, is exceptional in this respect. However, this paternal power was much mitigated by the influence of the Romanists of Bologna, who introduced into Spain the "novelties of the Justinian code" as Marina calls them, and, under the reign of Isabella the laws of *Toro* correcting the Roman principles adopted by the *siete partidas*, allowed the unemancipated daughter to make a will as well as the emancipated one. Marriage emancipates in the *Fueros* as well as in the Portuguese ordinances.

But the energy of the paternal power was preserved in the right which the father has to give his daughter in marriage, whether she likes it or no; a rigorous right, which recals both the *patria potestas*, and the *Lombard mund*. But, in Spain, the father's prerogative did not descend to the brothers, as it did in the Lombard laws, and the *Fuero real* expressly stipulates for the woman's privilege in this particular, provided that she does not seek to marry below her station. Analogously, the widow of whatever age, and the daughter thirty years old, might marry without their father's consent, and in that event did not forfeit their right to their share in his property.

As a matter of fact, the father generally portioned his daughter, but the *siete partidas*, which were copied from the Roman laws, were the first which made a legal obligation of this usage. The mother, who, in the Roman system of law, was not under this necessity, was also dispensed therefrom by the *siete partidas*, unless when she was a Jewess, a Moor, or a heretic, and her daughter a Christian.

The dowry, which was liable to redistribution in the laws of Toro, when it exceeded the disposable share, that is to say, the fourth or fifth part of the testator's property, is limited by the *recopilacion*, and cannot exceed the amount of the annual income of the father. It is a sumptuary law more than the manifestation of a prejudice against the sex, for, if I except some Arragonese laws, which are an exception to the rest of the legislation of Spain, I see that an entire equality always prevails between the rights of the daughters and the sons. The Roman law is the basis of the law of succession in the *Fuero real*, as in the *siete partidas*, in the laws of Toro adopted by the *recopilacion*, and the Portuguese *ordenacoes*. All these codes, copied as they are from the

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118th Novella, trench singularly upon the *Fueros* of the towns, all of which are faithful to Teutonic ideas, and distinguish the succession to personal property from that to real; a distinction which leads in legislation to some of the effects of our ancient rule, *paterna paternis materna maternis.*

But this distinction between two kinds of estates is far from entailing the results which we have discovered in feudal legislations; the daughter is not excluded by her brother, and she has, as well as he, the right of redemption in case of a sale prejudicial to her reversion (*retrait lignager*). In a word, it is the maintenance of heritages in the family which the *Fuero* aims at, without attaching to this maintenance any idea of privilege and aristocracy; and the proof is, that, content with hindering the heritage from departing from the line, the law assures to the surviving ascendant, a life estate in the property which came to the child from the other line. In these two points, the equality of children and the wise preservation of the rights of the ascendant, the Spanish law is distinguished most creditably from the English, German, and French systems.

The admission of women on a footing of equality necessarily favoured the mother's rights; accordingly, we find that the laws of Toro give to the mother a right, equal to that of the father, in the children's estate, and that they prefer both father and mother to the brothers.

Alongside of the inheritance of the family real estate, which was divided according to the equal principles of the Roman laws, we find, as a souvenir of Teutonic customs, a privileged personal succession, in a word, the *gerade* or *heergerade.* Accordingly the statute of Alcala gives, to the son, the arms and the war-horse of the father, to the daughter, the vestments of the mother.

A similar privileged succession is established for the survivor of the husband and wife; and the *Fuero viejo* seems to have borrowed from the same sources as the *Sachsenspiegel*, or the most ancient custom of Brittany.

"Estoes fuero de Castilla: Que si un caballero e dueña son casados en uno, e se muere la dueña, e partier el cavallero con suos fijos del mueble, puede sacar el cavallero de mejoria suo cavallo, e suas bestias e, suas armas de fuste e de fierro. E si murier el cavallero, puede sacar la dueña fastra tres pares de paños de mejoria, si los ovier, e sua mula ensillada, e enfrenada, si lo ovier, et suo lecho con suo guarnimiento, el mejor que ovier, e una bestia para acemila, la mejor que ovier."

The daughter's rights received a grave shock on the introduction of majorats * and entails, which about the fourteenth century invaded Spanish jurisprudence in the suite of Italian lawyers. These institu-

* An inalienable landed estate, attached to the possession of a title of nobility, and passing with this title to the natural or adopted heir of the titulary.—TRANSLATOR.

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tions, which were opposed to the spirit of the municipal Fueros, were welcomed with a certain degree of favour in several provinces of Spain—in Arragon and Castile for instance—and the middle class demanded to profit by this privilege which was granted originally to the noblesse alone, but this privilege was an exception, and although majorats were favoured by the laws of Toro, warmly upheld by the jurists, nay, more, in harmony with the tendencies of the age, they yet did so much violence to the genius of the Spanish customs, that from their establishment down to our day, there has been an uninterrupted succession of complaints against this evil institution. If in all countries entails have embarrased and impeded systems of law, by contravening the inclination of sentiments which are the most natural to the heart of man, what must they have been in Spain, where the equality of women had been the undisputed rule for 1,000 years? Naturally there arose a struggle, from the first day, between the Romanists and the Jurists, who were faithful to the ancient Spanish spirit, and (who would believe it?) it took more than 300 years to decide the point, whether, if the feminine line was called in, in default of the masculine lines, the nearest male in the feminine line ought to inherit in preference to the female heir of the same degree. Such case would never have arisen under our customs, any more than this other difficulty, which was solved by a Pragmatic of 1615, according to which Philip III. called the woman who was nearest of kin to succeed to the majorat, without distinction of line. These majorats are in every respect pernicious, and 80 years ago,* Campomenes demanded the abolition of these locked-up properties which have ruined the Peninsula. To do this, Spain has only to be true to herself, and to repudiate a foreign jurisprudence, in order to return to those ancient customs which made her prosperity for several centuries.

Let us now examine the legislation relating to marriage; we shall there again discover Teutonic customs treading on Roman usages.

Marriage was preceded by a present from the husband (*arras*). The amount of this dower is, in the Gothic law, the tenth part of the husband's property; this proportion remained in the customs of Castile and Leon. Marca has given us the donation made by Raymond de Béranger, the Count of Barcelona, to his wife, Isabelle; this donation was of the tenth, and was made, says the count "in accordance with the prescriptions of the Gothic law."

The Fueros generally show themselves more severe; the Fuero of Cuença fixes the dower at 20 gold maravedis, in which it is followed by the Customs of Baeza and Plasencia; the Fuero of Salamanca allows the husband to bestow 30 gold maravedis, and to emply 20 maravedis more as the trousseau. Oviedo and Caceres set no limit to the gene-

* Written 24 years ago.—TRANSLATOR.

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rosity of the husband, a fact which is quite exceptional among the Spanish Fueros. According to the ordinance of the *cortes* of Najera, the noble may give to his wife for her dower a third of his family estates. Her life estate in these is forfeited only in case of her gross misconduct or second marriage. If the husband's relatives re-enter upon the heritage they must pay to the widow an indemnity of 500 solidi. Moreover, it is permissible for the bridegroom to give to his betrothed a present of personalty which might not exceed 1,000 maravedis. In Navarre, the *arras* may not exceed the eighth of the husband's property; this restriction is due to aristocratic tendencies.

The *Fuero real* reproduced the provision of the Gothic law which forbade the husband to give more than the tenth; this tenth is a life estate when there is issue of the marriage, barring the fourth part of the same, which the wife could dispose of absolutely, but when the spouses have no children, this tithe is a property of which the wife can dispose as she pleases. To evade the prohibition of the Gothic custom, the spouses had recourse to the oath, the grand device of the age for violating with impunity the intentions of the legislator; but the laws of Toro, renewing a disposition of the *Fuero real*, threatened with loss of position the notary who was sufficiently daring to receive such an act, in violation, as it was, of the prohibitions of the law.

In Arragon the dower took a quite chivalric physiognomy; the husband was bound to give to his wife three heritages; if a baron, three castles; if a knight, three houses, three fields, or three vineyards. Beside this noble dower there was a yeoman's dower for the free woman, of 50 solidi at least, and a villein's dower, which consisted of the enjoyment of a cottage with its enclosure, and the two best beasts of labour with their harness, for the villein's wife. This dower was lost if there were any issue, for, in that case, the wife had a privileged succession (*préciput*) which stood her instead of dower—another point in which the Spanish custom was allied to Teutonic usages.

All these dowers are life-estates, but nevertheless there were three cases in which the noble widow might dispose of each of those heritages, (1) for the benefit of one of her sons, (2) as a bequest to a church where her husband is buried; (3) to make an equal division of her dower between her children. Charles V. limited these dowers in the interest of the aristocracy, and the first eight Arragonese families were forbidden to encumber their majorats with a dower exceeding 12,000 ducats in value.

After these *arras*, which recall, in so many particulars, the Teutonic dower, comes another institution of the same character—I mean the community of acquisitions. There are already some traces of this in the Gothic law, which divides the acquisitions between the husband and wife in the proportion of their original contribution to the common

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stock, but this institution was more widely organised in the eleventh century, and it became the custom to give to the wife, whatever her dowry, half of the acquisitions made during marriage. This community of acquisitions reappears in the Customs of Alcala, Fuentes, Caceres, Baeza, in the Fueros of Aragon, and the dispositions of those customs have been adopted in almost identical terms by the *Fuero viejo* and the *Fuero real.*

The *recopilacion* was compelled to respect this custom, although it could not dissemble its discontent at seeing the wife become the partner and associate of her husband. One would say that some Roman jurist, who was jealous of the Teutonic law, had exhaled his animosity in the draft of the royal law.

A very singular custom, to find an analogy to which we must travel as far as the Customs of Westphalia, made the common estate between the couple depend upon the existence of children born of the marriage, and, in that case, there is absolute community of all properties; if at the time of the dissolution of the marriage there are no children, each of the twain receives back his or her contribution. This custom is the privilege of the Biscayans.

Beside the community of acquisitions is sometimes to be found the mutual gift, a contract by which the enjoyment of all the conjugal property was assured to the survivor of the twain, on the condition that the survivor would not marry a second time.

This agreement, however, must be public and solemn, and one custom even requires, in order to its validity, the consent of all the heirs of the spouses—"Let it be ratified by all heirs, so that not one be absent; for, if any one is lacking, or any one of those present veto it, it shall be accounted null and void."

Contrasting with this Teutonic favour, one sees Roman severity. The donations between husband and wife, though permitted in Catalonia and Arragon, are prohibited in most of the *Fueros*, unless the heirs consent thereto; for the Spanish law only made this prohibition in the interest of families, wherein it differs from the Roman law, which most unjustly made of this prohibition a measure of the public weal.

These brusque contrasts harmonise with the Spanish character; in legislation, as in the arts, it accommodates itself to these decided contrarieties. This facility of admitting side by side different institutions, without endeavouring to amalgamate them, and without being disturbed by their evident contradictions, is what gives to the Spanish nation a stamp which resembles that of no other ancient or modern nation.

In Portugal, a thoroughly Latin country, the system adopted for the property of husband and wife is universal community of goods. An old Portuguese jurist, Velasquez, alleges in behalf of this system a

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naïve reason, and with it I shall conclude the exposition of the curious laws of the Peninsula.

"In order that there may not be daily broils in the same house, between the couple, caused by, 'This is mine—that is yours,' as happens in those places where a law of this kind does not prevail."

I will permit myself one concluding reflection, on terminating this analysis of Spanish legislation. Montesquieu did not spare these customs; but, speaking frankly, may we not say that this great man was deceived, and that he stopped short at the preamble, instead of penetrating into the interior of a code, which, in the wisdom of its dispositions, is in no wise inferior to that of Justinian. Of all the laws of the middle ages, are not the Spanish ones the most equitable—the most humane in relation to our subject? Are they not the ones in which woman has earliest occupied the place which belongs to her in civilisation? that in which the interest of families has been the least sacrificed? that in which equality has reigned the soonest? Finally, when all the barbarian customs have failed to outlive the first centuries of the conquest, is it not remarkable that one code alone—that of the Visigoths—descended to the present time, insensibly modifying itself, and gradually developing the germ of all that it contained of what is good and humane in its original ordinances?

I leave the reader to develop these reflections. I shall be content if I have been able to suspend a prejudice fatal to the study of this noble system of law, which hitherto has been condemned in ignorance. It is pleasant to cite a great authority in support of one's ignorance; but I venture to say that, on the first perusal of Spanish custom, these errors will be dissipated. No, that unfortunate nation is not a commonplace people, and its laws preserve more than one vestige of its past grandeur.

PART V.

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

I DESIRED, with more courage than power, to describe the condition of women, from the time of the Romans down to the present day. To find out this condition I have searched into the laws of succession, which are an exact thermometer of the civilisation of every epoch, for at every epoch the organisation of the family has influenced the constitution of the state, in the same way as the political constitution has often been aided by the laws of property in modifying the organisation of the family, and assuring, through a change of manners, the triumph of new ideas. I have shown that in Rome the interest of women was sacrificed to the grandeur of the aristocracy, until the emperors had espoused the cause of the weaker side, and until Justinian penetrated, by

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Christian principles, had put the rights of blood unconditionally in the ascendant. Among the Germans, as in the Feudal *régime*, these rights of blood were not always respected, but the exclusion of women was less rigorous and less absolute than at Rome, and they were almost always partially compensated by some present of personal property for what they were excluded from having on military grounds.

In the towns of France and Germany, in the opulent cities of Italy and the south of France, the right of women was again sacrificed to the pride of a new patriciate or to the vanity of the *bourgeoisie;* entails and majorats retarded for several centuries an emancipation which the progress of intelligence ought, methinks, to have brought about at an earlier date. These entails, which have covered Europe with reversions (*main-mortes*) and created an idle nobility, penetrated even into Spain, which was the only country where women had kept that rank which Justinian assigns to them with such evident equity.

What is the moral of these different laws? After so long a course what conclusion are we to draw from all these hard-won facts? I cannot select a graver and nobler passage to sum up the considerations that I have presented to the reader than one taken from Portalis's *Exposé des Motifs du Code Civil.* What voice has a better right to be heard than that of him who established civil equality in our laws?

"The right to inherit is a social institution, but all that relates to the mode of partitioning the property is only a political or civil right.

"The political law, which does not stop to consider the interest of individuals when it is preoccupied with a more general interest, is governed rather by reasons of state than by principles of equity. The civil law, on the contrary, whose principal office is to regulate rights between individuals, inclines rather towards equity than towards reasons of state.

"The first regulations of the Romans concerning successions were directed by political law; therefore these regulations contain much that shocks our sense of justice. There was an equal partition of lands,* and statesmen desired to perpetuate this equality as much as possible; therefore, daughters who were destined to pass, by marriage into other families, could get nothing from their own families; even an only daughter did not inherit. These regulations are unjust and revolting when they are judged according to a civilian's standard.

"Political reasons they were also which inspired our ancient French customs, which all bore relation to the spirit of the monarchy—the

* This opinion, which we believe to be erroneous, had been enunciated by several *savans* and adopted by Montesquieu. But an historical error does not detract from the accuracy of the reasoning.

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monarchy which everywhere propped up distinctions, privileges, and preferences.

"The later laws of Rome, which were garnered up in the compilation of Justinian, were drawn entirely with a view to natural equity. The father's and mother's inheritance devolved, in equal shares, on all the children, without distinction of sex, and, in default of children, upon the next of kin.

"Unless a nation finds, in its peculiar situation, powerful motives for following political considerations, it will do well to follow civil considerations, which shock no one; which prevent rivalries and hatreds in families; which propagate the spirit of fraternity and justice; and which strengthen the general harmony of society."

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FEMALE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

THE second Annual Meeting of the subscribers and friends of this Society was held at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, June 25, at three o'clock. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and there were also present upon the platform, Lord Houghton, Dr. William Farr (Somerset House), Dr. Edmunds, Dr. Murphy, Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D., Rev. W. D. Corken (of Bermondsey), Rev. W. W. Wastell, Henry Carre Tucker, Esq., C.B., George Burney, Esq., F. A. New, Esq., C. H. Elt, Esq., George Wilson, Esq., H. C. Stephens, Esq., &c. There was a large proportion of ladies in the assembly.

Letters of approval, regrets of absence, &c., had been received from William Ewart, Esq., M.P., H. Fawcett, Esq., M.P., Thomas Hughes, Esq., M.P., Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart. (enclosing £10), H. Bonham-Carter, Esq., Dr. G. D. Longstaff, Dr. Hardwicke, Dr. Searle, Winwood Reade, Esq., Dr. Croft, Arthur Trevelyan, Esq., J.P., the Rev. Newman Hall, Captain Charlton N. Tucker (enclosing donation of £21, in addition to subscription of £10 10*s.*), annual subscription of £10 10*s.* from Mrs. Stephens, one guinea from Mrs. Bayley, of Cambridge Square, one guinea from the Rev. — Rooke, of Brentford.

The following report was read :—

"Your Committee are able to report with considerable satisfaction upon the operations and progress of the Female Medical Society during the last year. More than 50,000 pamphlets, reports, and other papers, have been circulated, 30,000 of which have been sent by post; and a considerable impression has been produced upon the mind of the general public. The objects of the Society were but recently looked upon with little respect or sympathy, but a great and increasing change is now perceiveable in this respect. The introductory address delivered by Dr. Edmunds at the commencement of the last session was reported at considerable length in the *Times* and the other daily papers, and it became the subject of leading articles in the *Star* and *Standard*, and of notice in various journals. In that address a long series of statistics was brought forward which showed conclusively that the mortality in childbirth among patients attended by even the present uneducated midwives, was less than half that which occurs among patients attended by medical gentlemen in general practice. This startling and to many persons almost incredible disparity in the mortality of mothers was explained by the light of the undoubted fact that 'puerperal fever' is often produced among lying-in patients by the accidental conveyance of infection from other contagious patients, and the corollary was put

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prominently forward that midwifery should be separated from the general practice of medicine and surgery; and that, as a general rule, this branch of medicine should be left in the hands of properly educated women.

"These views were subsequently summarised in a letter from Dr. Edmunds which appeared in the *Times* of October 10, 1865, and produced a great impression on the public mind. They have since been reproduced in various forms by other journals, and to quote from a leading article which recently appeared in one of the most widely circulated organs of the general press 'have shown that it is not only better for the heart and mind but safer for the body that a woman should be attended in her hour of trial by an educated attendant of her own sex.' But it is only fair to remark that midwifery has devolved upon male general practitioners from the neglect of society in not having provided proper means of instruction for women,—the consequent untrustworthiness, degradation, and comparative extinction of English midwives as a class,—and the evolution from bare necessity of an anomalous social usage. And medical gentlemen, in stopping the gap thus produced, have doubtless done their best to perform with safety duties which are not practically compatible with scientific general practice, and for which the English language has no designation more euphuistic than 'man-midwifery.'

"The *Lancet** strenuously contended against and denied the accuracy of the startling 'statistics of mortality in childbirth' on which these conclusions were based; nevertheless, that deservedly great representative of the medical profession has since † handsomely inserted a leading article containing the following avowal:—

"'We have thought it right to state at once the result of further inquiries which we have made into the questions at issue between Dr. Edmunds and the *Lancet*; and we have ascertained that not only do Dr. Edmunds's arguments appear to have been put forward in good faith, but that *the facts and figures quoted were correctly stated, fairly compared, and drawn from the most authentic sources*. . . . We have no sympathy for the notion of making "lady physicians," but as to the Female Medical College we learn with satisfaction that its present lectures are designed to supplement the practical tuition given at our lying-in-hospitals, and to furnish ladies generally with an opportunity of acquiring the principles of hygiene and preventive medicine, dietetics, and the management of the sick room, and of the ailments peculiar to women and children. . . . The supply of well-educated midwives is undoubtedly less than the demand, and the more actively and successfully that object is pursued the greater will be the benefit to society.'

"Curiously enough, also, the *Medical Times* of last Saturday‡ contains an important leading article on midwives, which fully admits the necessity of the movement in which this Society is now engaged.

* October 14, 21, and 27; November 11, 18, and 25; and December 2, 1865.
† May 26, 1866. ‡ June 23, 1866.

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"We quote the following :—

"'The *Journal de la Société de Statistique de Paris*, for April, contains an article by Dr. Viallet, on "midwives in France and the necessity for opening a school of midwifery in each department," which, very properly, directs attention to an important want in the medical service, particularly of country districts, by the deficiency of well instructed midwives. Unhappily, there can be no doubt whatever that few countries are as well off in that respect as they ought to be, and it is a matter for profound thankfulness that childbirth is not oftener attended with fatal results, considering the very unnatural conditions under which great numbers of mothers bring forth children. *In the rural districts of England the women of the poorer classes are, in a majority of instances, unable to obtain any assistance, at the time of their delivery, from the parish doctor, who is wanted in a hundred opposite ways at once;* and all the necessary requirements are therefore left to be fulfilled by uneducated uninstructed nurses, whose heads are oftentimes full of crotchets very much in opposition to medical science. Taking a series of years, the deaths of mothers from childbirth, &c., have averaged five for every thousand children born alive.'

"The progress of the Society's rudimentary College has been thoroughly satisfactory; the number of students has increased to twenty; the lectureships have hitherto proved almost self-supporting; and the entries of students for the next session are likely to exceed in number those of either of the former years. The reports from Dr. Murphy, Dr. Edmunds, and the Lady Secretary as to the regularity of attendance, general intelligence, and good conduct of the students are so unexceptionable as to amount only to a repetition of those which were printed at length last year. But several of those students who intend to support themselves as accoucheuses have now completed the prescribed course of practical as well as theoretical and general scientific instruction, and, having already commenced practice, a considerable number of lady patients have been referred to their care from the office. No sort of casualty or misfortune has occurred in any case, and a number of letters are at hand for perusal which have since been received from these patients and which, without exception, convey the warmest expressions of thanks to the Society and of satisfaction with the attendance of the ladies. One of the students, to whom a clergyman's wife was referred in this way, has since the attendance been offered a handsome douceur in order to induce her to remove into the lady's neighbourhood. The addresses of accoucheuses who are now settling in various parts of London may be obtained on application at the office, and there is no doubt whatever that this profession will prove a comparatively easy and lucrative employment for intelligent, gentle-handed, and properly educated women, and one to which the public will extend a rapidly increasing patronage.

"At the last Annual Meeting the Society had just removed to 4, Fitzroy Square. This very large and desirable house was taken for the Society in Dr. Edmunds' name; and at that time it had been

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agreed that another Society should, for a few years, make residential use of the principal part of the premises. Unfortunately, however, the Committee, after having held the premises open for three months, were disappointed in regard to the performance of that agreement; and, as the Society's funds would not have justified undertaking the heavy responsibilities connected with the lease, your Committee gladly accepted an arrangement proposed by Dr. Edmunds, viz., that Dr. Edmunds should personally undertake the dilapidations and incoming expenses of the lease, and provide the Society with house-room at an annual rent of £40. Recently, Dr. Edmunds has intimated to the Committee that he is willing to turn the lease over again to the Society, on receipt of his outlay on the premises or at a valuation in the usual way; and at the next Annual Meeting your Committee expect to find the Society in a position to avail itself of this very considerate and obliging offer.

"To gentlemen connected with the general press this movement is under great obligations, and your Committee rely with confidence upon the continued co-operation of those whose duty it is to think for and guide the public.

"An inspection of the subscription list will show that the friends of the Society have largely increased during the past year. Your Committee regret, however, that they are still indebted to their kind treasurer, Mr. George Wilson, for a loan, and they trust that before the year is out this amount will be repaid. Your Committee are also most anxious to increase the interest and usefulness of the lectures by the foundation of a properly illustrative museum, and they would suggest that a 'museum fund' be formed, to which contributions may be specifically devoted. This object would require about £200, and it ought to be accomplished before next October.

"Your Committee would also earnestly solicit, not merely the pecuniary contributions of the friends of the Society, but also their personal influence and active co-operation in promoting its objects. Printed slips for enclosure in letters, and pamplets for circulation, may be obtained gratuitously at the office.

"A balance-sheet of monies received and paid is annexed, but owing, unfortunately, to the absence from England of one of the auditors (Mr. Hemans) and the pressure of public business on the time of Sir John Thwaites the other auditor, the accounts have not been formally audited. It will therefore devolve upon the present meeting to direct their audit by a professional accountant, or to leave them to be formally checked by the auditors elected for the ensuing year.

"4 Fitzroy Square,
June, 1866."

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The balance sheet to Midsummer, 1866, gave—subscriptions and donations, £365 7*s.*; students' fees, £101 6*s.* 6*s.*; balance due to treasurer, £167 7*s.* 11*d.*; total, £634 1*s.* 5*d.* Rent, lady secretary, office expenses, advertising, printing, postage, collector, and interest on loan, £529 1*s.* 5*d.*; lecturer's fees, £105; making a total of £634 1*s.* 5*d.*

(Signed) GEORGE WILSON,
Treasurer.

59 Threadneedle Street, June, 1866.

Mr. George Burney said: My lords, ladies, and gentlemen—It is with peculiar gratification that I rise to propose the adoption of this report. Several gentlemen in conjunction with myself have steadfastly nurtured and nourished this project for a number of years, through good and evil report, and have extreme satisfaction in coming here to-day, and hearing the various matters which have been stated. From a position poor indeed, we are getting to be not so poor, for we have actual results before us. Our project has reached actual fruits, and has done something in the way of filling up the void of the question of the present day—of female employment—and has provided a great want, and that is of qualified accoucheuses. The facts stated in this report are worthy of peculiar notice, and are very satisfactory to ourselves and the public. Not only has the society already provided a goodly number of well qualified lady-midwives for the service of the public, but those who have gone out to practice their new profession have rendered unqualified satisfaction. I am, perhaps, entitled only to a small portion of the gratification this fact affords. My coadjutor from the beginning, Mr. Wilson, has worked harder than I have, and has provided more money; and I must give the praise where it is due. Those who work in this vocation will undoubtedly receive a proper reward for their labour, as we do already by the presence of the honourable gentlemen on the platform. I hope persons of property and influence here, who doubtless have influence over other persons of property, will not forget that the institution is still in debt. It seems natural that these institutions should be in debt at first; but this is one which, when it succeeds, as we mean it eventually to succeed, will become self-supporting. For the present, we only want you to supply us with the means, and what we have done shall be nothing to what we will do in the future. As there are several gentlemen waiting to address the meeting, I beg to conclude by cordially proposing—

"That this report be received and adopted."

Lord Houghton rose to second this resolution, and said: I have been asked to attend this meeting, because I am known to take an interest

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in the question of the employment of women. I think the employment of women in useful occupations is one of the most important questions now being agitated. Education has now become more generally diffused, and education brings certain desires. Now, the first thing a good education brings with it is the desire for an useful and legitimate occupation; and I think none of us can be better employed than in forwarding the interests of institutions for the employment of women. This institution will go far to dispel a prejudice—an unjust prejudice—against women making themselves useful in this branch of the medical profession. Of course, in all these things there will be a low element, which must be got over, of competition. That element of competition can only be got over by exertions on the part of those who compete; and therefore, I would wish all women who come here to think that they are commencing a work which will require serious attention, great labour, and much patience. It will not do for anyone who joins this society to hope to attain their desires without being ready to give proper application. I believe there will be a great number of women who will obtain from this society useful employment. As a trustee of the "Nightingale Fund," I may say Miss Nightingale takes great interest in this society. As she has shown us a glorious example of what a woman can do by loving and courageous exertions—what difficulties she can surmount—what fame she can acquire (though that was not wanted by her), I say we have a good example before us. A woman need only act in that spirit, and she will reap the highest reward. I believe it will require only a very few examples of intelligent women, modestly, and at the same time courageously, pursuing a course which may at first expose them to ridicule, to show that the objects of this society will confer a great benefit, not only upon women, but upon society in general. I believe, too, you will find that every woman and individual engaged in this cause will help to dispel the prejudice upon the subject of the general employment of women. That prejudice has sprung up from a feeling which is most honourable—that the women of this country being the subjects of idolatrous regard and chivalrous feeling, there is a disinclination on the part of many men to see women employed in any unwomanly occupation. But the indulgence of mere prejudice on this point would retard the advances of civilization, and would be to follow the example of the Eastern world, and to shut our women up in harems, instead of making them the partners of our lives and our sympathetic companions in the business of our lives. I am glad to see the society has prospered and that it is now well founded, and I will do all I can to help it.

The motion was then formally put to the meeting, and carried.

The Rev. Jabez Burns said, he was exceedingly glad to see his lordship in the chair, likewise that the resolution just carried had been

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moved by gentlemen who had clearly spoken as to its importance and value. If he were inclined to skeletonise at all upon the second resolution, it would be something after this manner; but, first, he would read that resolution—

"That midwifery, as an important branch of medical practice, constitutes a lucrative profession, for which women ought to have proper means of instruction, and in which it is highly desirable that women should be employed."

Now there was, in the first place, a necessity presented to their notice—a necessity for the employment of women—which was increasing every day. He found, in all voluntary societies for the promotion of benevolent objects, that women were the most able, intelligent, and indefatigable labourers, and that they acted more efficiently and were more reliable than men. There was a delicacy, a consistency, a warm-heartedness about a woman, which constituted her one of the most philanthropic creatures. The necessity mentioned in the resolution was twofold: first of all, for the employment of women; then, in a higher and more useful sphere than hitherto. He could not conceive any sphere more useful than the one the society contemplated, where woman, by her gentleness and Christian feelings, might be a ministering angel, and might be the means of doing good to body and mind. He believed women could readily be educated to make them capable for the work. Then, as to the morality of the question, let anybody read the papers which the society had circulated by thousands, and if they were not convinced by the arguments it would be from some remarkable obtuseness. Socially and morally there was an absolute necessity for a society of the kind. In that society they had the remedy required. There was a large amount of dormant lady energy and talent, and the operation of the society would develop and bring out that talent and energy. They had begun the educational machinery to make the material efficient, and they must now fully organise and perfect that machinery. He could not but compliment the committee on the style as well as the substance of the report. It was a model report. He had read that part with great satisfaction where it said that "no casualty or misfortune had occurred in any case" undertaken by the students. He congratulated the meeting upon the general progress the report presented, and hoped they would succeed still more as the institution became public. He had felt no difficulty in announcing the society to the people of his Church. If the Christian public were once informed of the importance of the society he believed they would respond. It would be necessary for old friends to stand by the society, and for new ones to be brought to it; and he urgently appealed to the meeting that they would solicit the aid of their connexions, and get the society out of debt, and then it would be out of danger. As a Christian minister he wished the society every success.

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Mr. C. H. Elt, in seconding the resolution, said they were neither introducing a novelty nor opposing the medical profession; they were simply following up old paths. They only expected the practice of female medical practitioners to extend to women and children. The consort of George III. was never attended by an accoucheur, but by a midwife; and other examples could be given showing it was customary to employ midwives in olden times. They never thought now of putting the lives of their friends in the hands of male nurses, yet quite as much depended upon the nurse as the physician. If, therefore, women could be trained as nurses, there must be an abundance of them capable of filling that higher position which this society wished them to take, and it was imperative that women, as well as men, should be provided with proper instruction.

The resolution was then put and carried.

Dr. Murphy moved:—

"That no sufficient system of instruction in midwifery and the accessory branches of medical science has hitherto been accessible to women in England—that the present utterly unregulated state of female practitioners in midwifery is repulsive to educated women and degrading to this important vocation—that great public inconvenience, and frequent loss of life, now occurs for want of a properly qualified and sufficiently numerous class of midwives."

He felt, speaking from the practical experience which he had acquired in lecturing to male students at University College for so many years, that the ladies of the college were equal and able to do anything in which a sound practical knowledge of midwifery was required, and it was a matter of great disappointment with him that there were no possible means for them to get legal evidence of their competency. The only examination before them was that of the Apothecaries' Company—an examination fit only for the general practitioner. The whole practice of midwifery was at one time in the hands of midwives. The medical profession kept completely away from it, and there were only a few exceptions who studied midwifery in order to assist the midwives. Those gentlemen were called man-midwives, showing the reproach which attached itself to their position. The City of London Hospital was established for the particular purpose of giving midwives a proper education, as anyone could see by looking at the inscription on its walls. But although the public had made various efforts for the education of midwives, they had always been baffled by the apathy and negligence of the profession; and although women could easily get certificates of attendance at a maternity charity, they could get none to prove the competency of their knowledge. The great Maternity Charity of London employed midwives, the Middlesex hospital the same. The public had lost all confidence in the midwife from the ignorance of those who practised, and their low and bad habits. Before

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he had gained the experience he had with that society, he had been inclined to look upon a midwife in the character of Dickens's Mrs. Gamp, but he had been surprised to find that ladies of high intelligence and independence were anxious to attend the lectures of the society for the purpose of learning midwifery and the accessory branches of medicine. When such was the case, why should they not have an authorised medium, where they could undergo examination and obtain a suitable diploma? The College of Physicians was established for the purpose of examining and giving licenses to those who should practise medicine. The College of Surgeons was for those who wished to practise surgery; the Society of Apothecaries for those who desired to practise as an apothecary; but not a single step had been taken to establish a College for Midwifery, and, consequently, any lady desirous of practising midwifery could, under present circumstances, be met by the costermonger's wife on equal terms, and therefore he hoped the society would receive sufficient support to enable it to establish a College of Midwifery for women. The learned gentleman then referred to the many ways in which women are now employed, but thought the instruction that this society provided would have a more powerful and beneficial influence than any other.

Dr. William Farr, of the General Register Office, in seconding the resolution, said that he was glad see the old English word "midwife" was not discarded by the society. The midwife was an Anglo-Saxon institution, descended from the remotest time. The dictionaries told us the word came from "meed" (reward), and "wife," and implied that the wife was to be paid for her work. That was a very proper thing; the labourer was worthy of her hire, and the practice of midwifery was a very legitimate means of gaining a livelihood. It must, however, be frankly admitted that midwifery remained in a very rude state so long as it continued exclusively in the hands of women—old women—whose superstitions were the laughing-stock of the wits and the bane of mothers. In the last century it was taken in hand by men, and by a series of such practitioners as William Hunter, Denman, Davies, Clarke, Ferguson, and a host of practitioners in the present day, including two gentlemen there present—Professor Murphy and Dr. Edmunds—it had become a science. As an art, midwifery was probably the most advanced and useful branch of medicine, and it was now quite in a state in which its practice might easily be taught to well-educated women. In childbirth two lives were at risk, the mother and the child; and sometimes both were lost, when by judicious art both might be saved. In eighteen years (1847-64) no less than 58,001 English women had died in childbirth—18,897 of metria or puerperal fever, and 39,104 of mishaps of various kinds. These figures did not include those other deaths in childbed which occur from non-puerperal causes, as consumption,

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cancer, heart disease, pneumonia, small-pox, scarlet fever, &c., the deaths from such causes being registered under their own proper headings, and apart from the deaths of childbirth. Nothing struck him as more deplorable in nature than the death of a healthy young mother; when the husband was expecting a child, he lost a wife. He had a long list of the deaths of wives of miners, labourers, masons, ministers, and other classes in remote districts of Wales; and similar series of such deaths happened in other districts. He believed that a great majority of the women of the country, and many poor women in towns, got no skilled attendance in their lying-in. He should be glad to see well-instructed women taking up this old business of their sex—not in opposition to medical men, but in concert with them. The College required help at first; and it had deservedly obtained the support of some of the most eminent philanthropists, but women, when successful, would be able and willing to pay for their professional training. The plan of this institution appeared to be well suited to teach the art as well as the science of midwifery, and its indispensable subsidiaries, physiology and hygiene. Doubtless, therefore, when once fairly organised and started, it might be expected to prove self-supporting. He believed that the medical profession, however much they might oppose female doctors, would be glad to see educated young midwives take the place in every district of ignorant old women. There were more than a million children born every year in the United Kingdom, and on them the perpetuity of the English race depended. It was important that they should start well in the world, and vitally important that they should not lose their mothers. He hoped to see the day when less than five women die out of a thousand delivered of children.

The resolution was then carried.

The Rev. W. D. Corken proposed the third resolution—

"That the present meeting pledges itself to use all its influence to promote the objects of the Female Medical Society."

He had no doubt that other clergymen, like the Rev. Dr. Burns, would take the opportunity of announcing the society to their congregations, and recommending its objects. He was sure the time was not far off when the subject would be brought before their warm-hearted and charitable Queen of England, who would give a charter to their institution. Before that meeting he had written notes to all the clergymen and doctors in his district in reference to the society, from many of whom he had received most sympathising replies. One of them said—"It is the best thing I ever heard of; put my name down for a guinea, and if it is any use to double it, I will give it with all my heart." He hoped he had used the practical means recommended by the Rev. Dr. Burns. In conclusion, he begged to say that

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he had the honour of being deputed by the ladies to present a written testimonial of thanks to the committee for their efforts in commencing this College, and to the two professors, Drs. Murphy and Edmunds, for their kind, patient, and efficient instruction.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Turner, and carried unanimously.

The rev. gentleman then read and presented the testimonial.

Dr. Murphy returned thanks in an appropriate speech, and went on to say that after his lectures he generally held an examination, and he desired to give the best two pupils a testimonial each—one to an amateur student, who wished her name not to be published, as having obtained the first prize; the other to Miss Fletcher, as having obtained the second. He hoped that by-and-by more substantial rewards would be forthcoming.

The testimonials having been presented,

Lord Shaftesbury said, he had for many years been engaged with a a society which was trying to find employment for women. There were a great number of considerations to think of. Let them take the census returns of the last ten years and they would find that there were a greater number of women than men, by five or six hundred thousands. Such a fact showed that a large proportion of women were thrown upon their own resources. He thought they all ought to use their energies to obtain an honourable and proper livelihood, and some means ought to be devised for the employment of women in more suitable and more intelligent occupations, and he believed that by encouraging this society they would be doing very much to redress the evil that now existed. But 99 out of every 100 merely out-door occupations were abominations. Evils have crept up in our trading manufactories, but he was glad to find that with respect to our textile manufactories legislation had stepped in and done a great deal of good. The hours of labour for women in these manufactories were between six in the morning and six in the evening, whereas, previously, women were employed until twelve o'clock at night, and sometimes till two o'clock the following morning—thus working eighteen or nineteen hours a day. Everybody knew how women had succeeded in printing, law writing, and book-keeping, and those who had been to Paris, and seen the ladies who preside over the restaurants, must have observed how well they ordered and looked after the waiters, and pleased everyone by their gracious smiles. He was sure this proposition for the employment of women was one to which they might devote their best energies with the greatest success; and, speaking from his knowledge of the populations in large towns and villages, he could answer for the necessity of persons of this description being always at hand. A great deal of life would be spared. Sometimes it happened that a surgeon might have to ride several miles at night to his patient, and then might be wanted else-

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where. He was glad that they kept the objects of the society within the bounds of prudence; that they did not go into the general practice of medicine and surgery. They could not expect the public mind at once to acquiesce with them; their progress would have to be progressive. If they went on in their present prudent and discreet way he had no doubt they would obtain the end they had in view, more so, perhaps, than they now dared to anticipate. He wished Godspeed to all institutions providing employment for women, and especially to this one, because it was directed to a most generous and beneficial result.

Mr. George Burney moved—

"That this meeting hereby express their sympathy with Dr. Edmunds upon the personal annoyance and professional injury which has accrued to him in consequence of his exertions to forward the objects of the Female Medical Society, and they also tender their hearty thanks to him for the ability and success with which he has advocated the claims of these objects upon the general public."

Dr. Edmunds had stood like a good soldier in fighting for the principles of the society. He had consequently incurred a great deal of vituperation, and he had also sustained a great deal of personal loss. The worthy doctor had been the target at which all thrusts had been made. He only reflected and expressed the opinion of the meeting when he said that for the courage, steadfastness, and singleness of purpose with which Dr. Edmunds had combated the mis-conceived ideas of the medical profession, he was entitled to their thanks. Few could have turned the *Lancet*, as he had done, at the point of arms, from an open enemy into a friend. That journal was misguided in the first instance, and he admired its manliness in confessing it.

Mr. F. A. New seconded the resolution, and said he knew of no one who could have acted with so much ability as Dr. Edmunds. He quite agreed with Dr. Farr that the institution must be self-supporting, but it had not only its students indoors to educate, but public opinion out of doors, and that had been done by Dr. Edmunds. He was sure Dr. Edmunds' perseverance would not flag until he saw the society occupying the pinnacle of fame which had been depicted for it that day, and which they all wished it to occupy. As to what Dr. Edmunds had lost, he hoped the future would repay the past, and that the worthy gentleman would be known by future generations as the prime mover of the Female Medical Society.

The resolution was carried with acclamation, and in acknowledging it Dr. Edmunds said that he looked to the future to make amends for any little inconvenience or annoyance he might have suffered in the past, and he felt perfect confidence in the ultimate success and permanency of the work in which they were now engaged. Lord Shaftesbury had told them how large a proportion of our women were thrown upon their

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own resources, and the difficulty with which they found remunerative employment. Dr. Farr had told them that more than a million births take place every year in the United Kingdom, that he believed a great majority of the women of the country, and many poor women in towns, got no skilled attendance in their lying-in, and that on an average five mothers die for every thousand deliveries. Now the Royal Maternity Charity delivered more than 3,000 poor married women at their own homes in the worst parts of London during the year 1865, and 97 per cent. of these deliveries were completed under the unaided superintendence of the ordinary illiterate midwives. Yet among all these cases, only three mothers had died, and their deaths were, without exception, due to previously existing organic disease; therefore, these patients had been delivered with less than one-fifth of that mortality which they had just heard, on the highest possible authority, attended the average of English births. Now, in vindication of a great principle, in defence of those who could not yet help themselves, and in refutation of the falsehoods which had been set abroad as to an alleged fatality in the attendance of midwives, he (Dr. Edmunds) had investigated and published the "Statistics of the Mortality of Women in Childbirth," and the real facts of this matter had gone, not only to every newspaper reader in England, but into every country in the world. He had done this on purpose to demolish the falsehoods with which vested interests had striven to block properly educated women out from the practice of midwifery, as he well knew that, until these falsehoods were exposed, it would have been impossible for other arguments in favour of the objects of this society to have their weight. Some of the gentlemen, finding the tables turned, had adopted the old maxim—"a bad case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney"—but when he saw among the new advocates for this movement, men like Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Houghton, Dr. Farr, the Rev. Dr. Burns, and others, he was rather amused than otherwise at the resentment which, from other quarters, had come in place of argument. But he had never said anything to gratuitously disparage the noble profession to which he belonged, and he believed that all the best men in that profession would range themselves among the supporters of this movement when its objects were correctly understood. This movement would not only save multitudes of lives by the skilled female attendance which it would provide for lying-in women, but it would open up a new employment, unrivalled in scope, variety, or importance, by anything hitherto accessible to women. The attendance upon more than a million births a year—paid, say at an average of only one guinea each—would produce a revenue in comparison with which all other female employments dwindle into insignificance Moreover, the practice of midwifery was, in its very nature, precisely fitted to supplement the present range of female vocations, and it could be

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learnt more easily and more cheaply than dressmaking or any other one of the miserable callings in which educated women of average gifts now struggle against poverty or dependence. And it was not only the easiest, most lucrative, and most womanly section of medical practice, but it was the surest and easiest stepping-stone to such other branches of medicine as it might hereafter prove desirable for women to undertake.

Dr. Edmunds then presented two certificates of honour for the medical class—the first to the lady who received the first certificate for Dr. Murphy's class, and the second to Miss Amelia Ann Bauerman.

The honorary officers were then re-elected, and votes of thanks passed to the noble chairman and the other speakers for their kind attendance.

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CHOLERA: ITS NATURE, CAUSE, AND TREATMENT, SIMPLY, SCIENTIFICALLY, AND PRACTICALLY EXPLAINED.

By C. Searle, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.

Formerly of the H. E. I. C. Madras Medical Establishment. During the Epidemic visitation of the disease in 1830, *Physician in Chief to the principal Cholera Hospital at Warsaw.*

As the successful treatment of this too fatal disease is so largely dependent upon the early treatment of its invasion, it is both right and proper that not only the medical profession should know, but the public also should be made fully acquainted, with what constitute the earliest symptoms of the attack and mode of its invasion, as well as the proper remedies to be resorted to on the occasion; inasmuch that it is to the attention and treatment of these symptoms, when professional assistance is so seldom called for or deemed necessary, that success with any confidence can be anticipated.

The symptoms of cholera, commensurate with the circumstances of the case—the previous state of health and constitution of the individual—the length of exposure to the epidemic or other immediate exciting cause of the attack—its nature and virulence—the state of the atmosphere as to humidity and temperature, and other modifying circumstances—may therefore come on suddenly, or stealthily, and thus may the sufferer be suddenly seized with giddiness and prostration of power, attended with watery purging and oppression about the stomach and bowels; succeeded by vomiting, coldness, and cramps in the extremities. Or these latter classed symptoms, preceded by and coming on insidiously as simple diarrhœa or indigestion, may be progressively developed—involving a period of several hours or some days' duration before they become alarming in their character.

To treat these symptoms successfully, we must have a clear perception of their cause and nature, and this will soon teach us that it is not by arresting the evacuations, which are rather of curative tendency than otherwise, by chalk mixture and opiates, but by removing or superseding their cause that we can hope to benefit the patient. It will, however, be said, that many have recovered who have been so treated; but as the immediate cause is some polluted and malignant condition of the blood, internally engendered by arrest of the secretions or externally derived from the atmosphere, by the inhalation of malaria, or other malign influence in it; or from the stomach by the reception

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into it of unwholesome food or beverage, or rather perhaps by a combination of these causes; and as this really poisoned condition of the blood may be little or much, so may the attack be formidable or otherwise; the recovery taking place in despite of the chalk mixture, or other improper remedy, which has been so frequently vaunted as specific.

The cause, then, it will be perceived, I assume to be a poisoned condition of the blood, operating as a sedative or powerfully depressing agent upon the functions of the several organs of life—through the medium of their capillary or organic structure; by virtue of which, the heart primarily, the great circulating organ of the blood, becomes so enfeebled or reduced in power, that congestive accumulation or stagnation of blood takes place in the veins, and is more especially discernible in those organs or parts the most remote from the heart's influence, and in which accordingly the circulation is the most languid; and as this, from reasons I cannot stop to explain, is unquestionably the veins of the liver, stomach, and bowels (the so-called portal system); hence the symptoms so early experienced of distention and oppression in these organs, attended not unfrequently in the first instance by constipation, but followed soon after by diarrhœa—which is consequent on, or occasioned by, the effusion or oozing out of the serous or watery part of the blood into the bowels, from the engorged or preternaturally distended vessels of these organs. From the same cause, effusion into the stomach, vomiting likewise is so frequent a symptom, and occasionally occurs before, or without diarrhœa. So long as the evacuations from the bowels are fæculent, the disease is called diarrhœa; when they become like rice-water or colourless *cholera*. Now mark, it is the secretion of the liver, bile, that imparts colour to the evacuations, or principally so; hence the evacuations being without colour, evinces that the liver has ceased to fulfil its duty.

And be it observed, that not only the liver, but the kidneys also, are now found to have ceased to fulfil their duties, and there is accordingly an arrest likewise of the secretion of urine. As the liver and kidneys are the principal purifying organs of the blood, and as these have ceased to fulfil their offices, the disease has become now of very formidable magnitude—aggravated seriously by the retention in the blood of those really poisonous elementary constituents of bile and urine which it is the office of these organs to remove, in addition to such other matters, if any, which may be at the same time deteriorating it. More than this, the blood now or soon after becomes so incrassated or thickened by the loss of its serum, that its passage through the capillary or smaller vessels of the lungs and brain is sadly impeded; from which cause, combined with that so large a portion of it has been withdrawn from general circulation—by consequence of the excessive congestive accumulations which have now taken place in the abdomen and venous

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system in general—that little is circulating through the lungs and heart; from which defective aëration of the blood necessarily ensues, with the coldness of the breath, the smallness of the pulse, the lividity of the surface, and general collapse which now follow. It is then to this depressing agency of the contaminated blood, upon the action of the heart principally, and powers of the system generally, to which the symptoms successively arise, and are severally to be referred. And the indication of treatment therefore, holding this in view, obviously is, or principally so, to divest the blood of its poisonous contamination; and as this can only be done through the instrumentality of the natural outlets and purifying organs of the body—the liver, kidneys, and skin—to impart and restore action to these organs is the chief and fundamental object to be pursued in the treatment of the disease, and in every stage of it.

Now, as it is through the blood alone that we can influence these organs, it is obvious that we can only do so by introducing into it some remedy antagonistic in character to that which has occasioned the symptoms of general depression of power and its consequences—congestive fulness of the abdominal veins and arrest of the secretions. Have we such a remedy? Yes, with certainty we have, and that remedy is calomel, the best of the preparations of mercury. Universal experience testifies that a grain or two of calomel will, with almost unerring certainty, under ordinary circumstances, excite the liver and occasion one or more bilious evacuations; and it not only does this, but as its influence is general on the system when received into the blood, it excites all the secretions, and not only these, but the brain, and all the functions. If so, the high stimulating quality of mercury is here apparent; and as such, it is obviously the remedy we require, not only, let me add, in the treatment of the symptoms, when they have assumed the choleraic character from suppressed secretion, but, I repeat, in that also of the stage of oppression and diarrhœa that precedes them; inasmuch that this is but a minor degree of the same affection, having its source in the blood's defectively stimulating healthily exciting quality, as before explained. It will be said, I have no doubt, by many—well, yours is a very pretty theory; but how is it that it has so frequently failed in practice? To which I would reply, for these very plain and obvious reasons, that calomel has seldom been given sufficiently early—that is, before the evacuations have become choleraic or colourless, and then not in sufficiently large doses and with these specific views.

For, be it observed, in the first place, to introduce anything from the stomach into the blood, it must be in a state of solution; fluids only are admitted into the blood-vessels, sucked in, as it were, or imbibed through the coats of the vessels; and secondly, as experiment has

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proved that the power or capacity the vessels have of imbibition, is in the inverse proportion to their fulness; or, in other words, the emptier they are, the more they absorb, and the converse, the fuller they are the less so; and as we have previously pointed out that these vessels are now in that state of preternatural distention or fulness, that the aqueous portion of their contents is exuding or passing through them into the bowels, it necessarily follows that their absorbing power is at a perfect stand-still, or nearly so. In addition to which, as calomel is a very insoluble substance, it is apparent, to benefit the patient, it must be given early, while the vessels possess any power of absorption; and again, in the advanced stage of the disease, in large quantity and frequently, would we hope to get any absorbed into the blood. It is to this circumstance, the non-absorbing power of the stomach and bowels, from distention of their blood-vessels, thus preventing our influencing the system, when the disease has made any progress, and not to the want of a suitable remedy, that I believe the disease has been so lamentably destructive; and this not being so considered or understood, the reason why calomel has not been sufficiently appreciated; or otherwise, when administered, it has too generally been in combination with opium—a remedy which is contra-indicated in this disease, and annuls the benefit which might have been otherwise derived from the calomel had it been given alone. Admitting what I have said to be true,—and let me add, that it is the fruit of my very lengthened experience, which has been great in this disease, and is further supported by the evidence of success which so generally attended the administration of calomel, though seldom given as it should have been, in the treatment of the last epidemic visitation of the disease in England.

It will now be asked, how would I recommend it to be given? Well, then, in the earliest symptoms of the disease, evinced by feelings of languor, oppression in the region of the stomach and liver, and not unfrequently attended by constipation—but whether this be the case or not, let the sufferer take two grains of calomel immediately, * and continue one grain night and morning, till the evacuations it excites, which are often first dark and of green spinach-like character, become abundant and yellow. Should diarrhœa have commenced, let the patient take two grains three times a day; but if of some hours' duration, let the same quantity be taken every three or four hours; or if the evacuations are becoming of the choleraic or rice-water-like character, every hour. Should vomiting take place without diarrhœa,

* As cold, checking the secretion of the skin, is a frequent exciting cause of the disease, it is highly desirable that the sufferer in all cases should immediately repair to a warm bed, and, an hour after taking the calomel, have a cup of weak wine-whey, or a cup of tea with a teaspoonful of brandy in it, repeating it every hour or so to encourage perspiration.

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let the patient take four grains, and an hour after a teaspoonful of the effervescing citrate of magnesia in half a tumblerful of water or half a Seidlitz powder: repeating the calomel whenever rejected, and the saline draughts every hour or so till the bowels are relieved. Of the mode of administration, it is important to notice, that the best and only proper one in the advanced stage of the disease, is to put the calomel in powder on the patient's tongue with a grain or two of salt, directing him to gargle it about the mouth, and then to swallow it, washing it down with a spoonful of water; the object being to diffuse it over a large portion of the stomach's surface. And now with reference to stimulants, seeing that I have directed the calomel to be washed into the stomach with cold water. Of all stimulants, I am of opinion calomel is the most powerful and only proper one, and it will be found that the skin, which before was cold and damp, will become under its influence, that is, when received into the circulation, warm and dry, the pulse increased in force and volume, and the eyes sparkling. As such no other stimulant than calomel is required—seeing how frequently inflammation becomes developed in the the stomach and bowels when the diarrhœa is checked, or is insufficient for the relief of the congested vessels—evinced by pain and heat in the part, with constant desire for cold water. Though my advice is in all cases to attend to and respect the dictates of nature,—that should the patient desire a little wine or weak brandy and water, let him have it, and the same with reference to a few spoonfuls of light broth, arrowroot, or the like as he gets better; but don't give it without it is desired, as the stomach is not in a condition to digest food till the evacuations have become bilious.

Again, the patient must be kept sedulously in the recumbent posture when the disease has made much progress; many a life has been lost by rising to relieve the bowels. In this case, cloths or a blanket should be put beneath the patient, and he should be directed on *no account to restrain for a moment* any desire that may be felt to relieve the bowels, otherwise vomiting would come on, and the calomel will be rejected. Should vomiting nevertheless occur, it is best remedied by keeping the bowels excited, by the occasional use of a clyster, of half a pint of warm gruel in which a teaspoonful of Epsom salt has been dissolved; and to which, if there is much exhaustion, two tablespoonfuls of brandy may be added. We are now alluding to the more advanced stage of the disease; the stomach is not only kept tranquil by the bowels being thus put in motion, but the calomel is then passed along their lengthened surface for absorption, to the benefit of the patient. Should the patient require drink, let him have cold water, two or three tablespoonfuls at a time every half hour or so, but not more, as it might provoke vomiting. Should a craving for cold water, with other symptoms of inflammation, be present, and the evacuations scanty, let

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a teaspoonful of glauber or Epsom salt, or half a Seidlitz powder be dissolved in the water and given occasionally.

Should the patient not come under treatment till the choleraic symptoms, meaning thereby the rice-water-like colourless stools, have set in, the calomel, commensurate with the urgency of the symptoms, should be given in largely increased doses—from six grains to twenty every quarter or half-hour; considering that it is not the quantity of a remedy, but the effect produced which should govern us in its administration. And for reasons I have pointed out—the non-absorbing condition of the stomach and bowels in the advanced stage of the disease, and the little solubility of calomel—it is obvious that we must give much to effect but little; and as such I have often given as much as two or three hundred grains in the above doses without inconvenience of any kind, but with the best effect; and I now believe that I have lost many others because I did not double the quantity. Many have I rescued from the jaws of death by this remedy,—when the skin has been cold and damp, the breath and interior of the mouth cold, the pulse scarcely perceptible, the eyes glazed, and the voice sepulchral. No fear of salivation or other inconvenience need be apprehended, as the presence of calomel in the system becomes immediately manifest by its exciting influence upon the skin, pulse, and countenance, when, nevertheless, it must be continued until both bile and urine are abundantly secreted; when this takes place it may be given in much less quantity, but not before, conjoined with an occasional dose of castor oil or Epsom salts, till the evacuations are of healthy bilious appearance. I have now to add, that with persons of a full habit, or others who may complain of pain in the stomach or head, or oppression of breathing, a free bleeding in the early stage of the disease is an *indispensable requirement;* and with much oppression I have often had to repeat it afterwards even more than once, and have done so with signal benefit, its tendency being to remove congestion, prevent inflammation, and facilitate the absorption of the calomel.

Spasms in the extremities are not unfrequently very painful and troublesome symptoms, dependent, I believe, principally on spinal irritation, or that of the bowels; an occasional clyster, with rubbing and shampooing the parts affected are, I believe, the best remedies. The application of heat or other appliance, save in the early stage, is seldom of any benefit. In the early stage a mustard plaster to the region of the stomach and bowels, or, better, fomentation with hot water, may be also beneficially employed; and an emetic, consisting of a tumblerful of warm water in which a teaspoonful of table-salt is dissolved, repeating it, if necessary, till it operates, where there is much oppression of the stomach or a tendency to sickness, is another very useful remedy.

In conclusion, I have to add, by way of suggestion, addressing

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myself now to the profession exclusively, that seeing the difficulty of introducing calomel into the circulation in the advanced stage of the disease through the ordinary channel of the stomach, and how desirable it is to influence the system by it, if this be, as I sincerely believe it, the only really efficient remedy for the disease, I would beg leave to recommend to their notice what I have frequently before done—its introduction by fumigation, or by that of adding to a clyster a solution of the bichloride, in the quantity of a quarter of a grain, and repeating it every hour; or by giving it with the calomel, in still smaller quantity by the stomach, in doses—say of the eighth part of a grain. The fumigation, I think, might, be readily effected by making a piece of tile or brick red hot, or nearly so, and then dusting over its surface, when placed in a plate beneath the bed-clothes, a mixture of calomel with four times its bulk of fine sand, and allowing the patient, by putting his head beneath the clothes, to inhale its vapour, and repeating it if necessary. This or other mode of accomplishing the object will readily suggest itself to any of my professional readers.

Castor oil and emetics, as remedies in cholera, have lately been very strongly advocated and urged upon the attention of the profession; they are both good to a certain extent, as there can be no doubt that the evacuations attending the disease are rather curative than otherwise, and accordingly these remedies, which have had a full and fair trial long ago in India, were found to be much more successful than those of the opposite class—opium and stimulants—which arrest the evacuations; but, nevertheless, were soon abandoned, as falling very far short of fulfilling the requirements of a successful treatment, as they bear little or no relation to the antecedent condition, or that which occasions not only the diarrhœa, but the arrest of the secretions, the general prostration, and the rest of the phenomena of the disease; but which, if there be truth in what I have said, in relation to calomel as a stimulant, it goes directly and immediately to remove, and thus cure the disease.

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MISCELLANEA.

ADMISSION OF WOMEN TO THE FRANCHISE.—On the 17th, Mr. Mill rose to make the motion of which he had given notice. He said that, after the petition which he had the honour to present, the House would naturally expect to be informed, however briefly, of the nature of the claims set forth in that document, and the circumstances attending its preparation. The petition itself, however, had gone far to furnish an answer to the chief of the arguments which were usually opposed to any proposal for admitting women to the franchise. That petition originated entirely with ladies, and, to the best of his belief, no person of the male sex participated at all in the matter, except in its presentation. This circumstance, coupled with the fact that the large number of signatures appended to the petition had been obtained in a very short space of time, demonstrated that the matter ought to form the subject of the serious consideration of the House. The ladies themselves who had originated the petition had been surprised at the great number of signatures it had obtained. Such being the case, no justification was required for the motion he was about to make. When a complaint was made that certain citizens of this nation, fulfilling all the conditions, and giving all the guarantees which the Constitution and the law required from those who were admitted to a share in deciding by whom they would be governed, were denied this privilege, in consequence of what appeared to them, and what appeared to him, a totally irrelevant circumstance, the least the House could do was to institute an examination as to the number of persons who were affected by this grievance, and what addition would be made to the constituencies if their disability were removed. He would not have attempted more than this during the present session, even if the Reform discussion had not been brought to an abrupt close. The proposal could not be regarded as an endeavour to procure a lowering of the franchise, or an alteration in the distribution of power—indeed, many honourable gentlemen on the Conservative side of the House seemed to think that if women were enfranchised the result would be, if anything, in their favour. The member for the University of Dublin had, in his humorous way, pointed that out, and suggested that he should withdraw the article in question from his political programme. This, however, he could not do, as he was bound to consider the benefit of the community before and above the particular interest of a party, and he was firmly convinced that whatever held out an inducement to one-half of the community to exercise their

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minds, with a sense of responsibility, upon the great social and political questions discussed in Parliament, could not by any possibility be ultimately advantageous to the Conservative or any other cause, except as far as that cause was a good one. He rejoiced to think that many gentlemen on the Conservative side of the House thought the proposal contained in the petition which he had before presented was as truly Conservative as he was sure it was truly Liberal. He had listened with pleasure to the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, when, in his speech on the motion for the second reading of the Franchise Bill, he said he could see no reason why women of independent means should not exercise the elective franchise in a country where they could hold manorial courts and fulfil the duties of the sovereign. Without occupying more of the time of the House, he would be content with moving for a return of the number of freeholders, householders, and others, in England and Wales who, fulfilling the conditions of property, or rental, prescribed by law, as the qualification for the electoral franchise, were excluded from the franchise by reason of their sex.

Mr. Walpole said he would offer no objection to the motion, which was then agreed to.

"WIVES AND MOTHERS.—Mr. Mill's motion on behalf of unenfranchised women reminds us of an article in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review* on female education, which, well written as it undoubtedly is, reads nevertheless as if it were somewhat out of date. After commenting on the fact that several treatises exist which assert that the end and object of the education of women should be to fit them for the duties of maternity, it admits that that is a narrow and incomplete view which limits education to training a woman for a destiny which may never be hers. Still it affirms that 'the stimulus of education is quite out of place among girls, whose sphere is the home circle and whose grace is a sweet retiringness.' And further on Miss Sewell is quoted with approval: 'Girls are to dwell in quiet homes amongst a few friends, to exercise a noiseless influence, to be submissive and retiring.' The impression thus left on the mind is that after all the aim and duty of women's lives should be to become wives and mothers, that their proper sphere is the domestic hearth, and that consequently their education ought to be shaped to these ends exclusively, allowing perhaps a slight margin to furnish them with resignation and strength of mind to bear up against failure; but it is to be distinctly admitted that it is failure, and that a life without a husband and children, and with no domestic circle to speak of, is to all intents and purposes *une vie manquée*. Now, if this is the lesson intended to be conveyed it would have been more suitable for application thirty years ago than at the present moment. Against such teaching it may be urged, as indeed Mr. Mill does urge, that women may justly deny the right of any portion of the species to decide for another portion, or any individual for another individual, what is and what is not their 'proper sphere.' But the matter might be disputed on grounds of a less abstract and lofty but more practical kind. Let us grant, for the sake of the argument, that it is the duty of a woman to become a wife and a mother. Now, if it is right to perform a duty, it must be wrong to neglect to do so, for a duty is not like a privilege, of which we may avail ourselves or not without wickedness. But it is growing daily more difficult to become a wife, and, if we may believe Dr. Farr, to become a mother also. With regard to the first

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point it is demonstrably impossible for all our women, nay for more than two-thirds, or even less, to marry, because there are many more women than men, and there are many men who cannot and many who will not marry; and, as to the second position, Dr. Farr has announced that there are in England and Wales alone more than one million of childless families, while other authorities affirm that our race is so far less prolific than in former times that in our large towns two children to each married couple has come to be about the average number. Decency and good morals alike demand that the more difficult duty of the two should be accomplished first, and that a woman should be a wife before she is a mother. Is it, then, the duty of one-third of our women to achieve impossibilities? Let us see how the matter stands:—

"It is right to perform a duty and wrong to neglect it.

"It is the duty of women to marry and have children.

"But it is impossible that more than two-thirds, or even one-half, should do both.

"Therefore it is the duty of one woman in three, or one in two, to do what we know she cannot do. To stand still on the road of life waiting to be chosen, in the full knowledge (if statistics are worth anything), that only two out of three can be called, may be an edifying spectacle of patience and humility, but not one calculated to promote self-respect, or even ordinary cheerfulness and content, in the breasts of those who expect, and yet expect in vain, the summons to perform that which they are taught to believe is their duty. It may be very good fun for no. 1 and no. 2, but how about no. 3? Christian resignation is an admirable and saintly virtue, but good Pagan self-assertion is worth something after all. Again, in the competition and anxious desire to do her duty woman lays herself open to many disagreeable remarks. If she makes no efforts towards preparation, she is a degraded, frivolous being, wholly unfit for the glorious destiny which might have been hers. If she tries, and tries unsuccessfully, she is taunted with her failure, and blistered by the pity of her companions. If, goaded thereby into unnatural activity, she tries too much or too palpably, she is called unwomanly—unwomanly, for trying to induce some man to assist her to perform her duty, for it comes to that. Poor woman! it is hard. If people were made to answer in the flesh for all that follows from the advice they give and the doctrines they preach, the men who write these things ought to be condemned to marry at least two wives each. We remember hearing the confession of a very charming single woman of middle age that she only realised her degradation when some little chit of eighteen, who had however contrived to do her duty, preceded her down to dinner as a matter of course. It was in vain that we suggested that similar things occur to men equally faultless and unfortunate, as, for instance, to aged officers who see noble or wealthy juniors promoted over their heads. 'But it is our only chance in life,' she rejoined, plaintively, and it was obvious that, however often the circumstance occurred, she would each time 'feel her position,' as the phrase is. If all the women in Great Britain were to rise up daily and affirm with one voice that the aim and end of a man's education ought to be to fit him to become a husband and a father, it is not to be supposed that men would pay any conceivable sort of attention to the announcement. Neither Cambridge nor Oxford, nor any of our public schools, would alter one of their regulations, nor would fathers act differently with regard to their sons than they do now. And if women were a little less impressionable and credulous, it might be better not only for their own peace of mind, but for that of mankind in general. If our race is really degenerating, and continues so to do, and women increasingly outnumber us as their practice is, the time will come, if it has not arrived already, when the difficulties, physical and social, will have to be arranged in their order, and faced, as best we can, thus: Positive, comparative, and superlative. It is difficult to become a mother, but it is more difficult to become a wife, and it is most difficult, if not impossible, to become both; and to vanquish and overcome these

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obstacles will in the future be the vanishing and will-o'-the-wisp-like object which women will only live to pursue. 'It is a fine day, mother,' said a gentleman as he passed a poor Irishwoman who was sucking at her pipe as she sat on a heap of stones by the roadside. 'Ay, dear,' was the reply, 'it is a fine day, but it is a dull world.' And it must be a very dull world to a good many women who have not even the liberty to sit by the roadside on a cool stone heap and smoke out of a cutty pipe. The argument on the other side is that the object of the education of every human being (and this of course includes men and women alike) should be so to cultivate and develop their moral judgment and intellectual powers as to enable them to select their own *rôle* in life and to play it well, whatever it may be. An educated, intelligent, and willing woman can learn to do almost anything with incredible swiftness, and under certain circumstances her natural instincts would aid her. Once a wife and a mother, she would give her mind to the matter; and, other things being equal, cultivated abilities always adapt themselves more quickly to altered conditions and varied duties than those which have remained uncultivated. We say it in no spirit of profane boasting or of masculine vanity, but it is our belief that if all the women in Great Britain were brought up to commerce, or were educated to be professors or governesses, there would always be an ample sufficiency of those who would 'come to call,' ready to become wives and mothers when sought for. It is easy to talk about unsexing women, but nature has kindly made that a more difficult task than theorists generally suppose. Frenchwomen engage in business of all sorts with a courage and sagacity, and degree of administrative ability, which might put many an Englishman to shame; and who that knows them thoroughly, or even superficially, will deny that they are very women even to the tips of their fingers?"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MRS. CARLYLE.—Not long since, there might have been seen a strange crowd outside the shop of a statuary in Regent-street. Some persons, looking in at the window of Mr. Gaffin, the sculptor, and apparently interested in an object displayed there, had attracted persons of a different stamp to stop and look in too. The tablet of plain white marble which Mr. Carlyle has directed to be set up to the memory of his wife, was being shown by the sculptor. This is the husband's affectionate and touching tribute to his wife's memory, and is to be placed beneath the stone which records the death of Mrs. Carlyle's parents at Haddington, Dumfriesshire.

"Here likewise now rests

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801; only child of the above John Welsh and of Grace Welsh, Caplegell, Dumfriesshire, his wife.

"In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

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FEMALE EMIGRATION.—Miss Rye is sending during this month 100 working women to Australia. On the arrival of the girls in Victoria they will be received into excellent barracks, and kept there free of expense until situations are provided for them.

INAUGURATION OF ST. MARY'S DISPENSARY FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.—The dispensary for poor women and children has been opened at 69 Seymour Place, Bryanston Square, in the presence of the general committee, consulting staff, and friends of the institution. After a brief but appropriate form of prayer had been read by the Rev. W. H. Fremantle, the rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, Mr. Russell Gurney said :—

"Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to be here to-day, and to take part in opening an institution of this kind in the parish where my brother worked for so many years. It is an institution which I am sure would have received his most cordial support. There are many reasons for encouraging medical charities. They are, I imagine, peculiarly safe from the hostile criticism which abounds now that we have grown so wise in seeing the mischevous results of many of the good works in which our forefathers delighted. Charity is, in many instances, looked upon with suspicion, and the immediate good is thought to be more than counterbalanced by the less direct evil which may result. But is is not easy to see how such hostile criticism can be applied to medical charities—either hospitals or dispensaries. There is, I believe, great reason to think that dispensaries are, even among medical charities, peculiarly deserving of our support. They meet a want not less real than that which is met in hospitals, but much less obvious. When a man has broken an arm or leg, or received any other severe injury, every one knows that he needs better medical skill and better nursing than he can afford to have at home; so when a man or woman is struck down with some severe disease. But the need is less obvious when he is just beginning to be ill, when, especially in the case of a woman, perhaps the mother of a family, the strength is beginning to fail while the daily round of exhausting toil cannot stop, and when, perhaps, timely counsel and aid and treatment would be sufficient to prevent what might otherwise become life-long mischief. But I confess that there is another and a more special reason for my taking a great interest in St. Mary's Dispensary. It is, I believe, the first institution of the kind which has been placed under womanly management. I should be the last person to disparage either the skill or the kindness of the medical profession. I have had great opportunity of perceiving and appreciating their extraordinary skill and their still more extraordinary kindness. But I do think that there is something wanted which they cannot always supply; that especially where women are the patients, the introduction of thoroughly qualified women into the profession will be a boon which the best men in the profession will be the first to acknowledge and welcome. The poor women and children who visit St. Mary's Dispensary will be treated, I have no doubt, with great skill; they will be treated, I am quite sure, with that kindness and consideration which is so valuable a part of the art of healing."

Dr. Billing said :—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have not very much to add to what my learned friendhas j ust said, and what I have to say must be, I fear, somewhat personal in

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its character. My learned friend has spoken of the woman's element in this dispensary, and I must remind you that not only is the management mainly in the hands of ladies, but that in Miss Garrett we have the first legally qualified female practitioner which England can boast. In America, where they move faster than we do, I am assured that women doctors are establishing themselves fairly in the good opinion of the public; that during the late war there were even women who acted with skill and efficiency as army surgeons. In France and many parts of the continent the practice of midwifery is as a rule in the hands of women, but they are mere midwives, and are prohibited by law from prescribing medicines or acting in any way as physicians. In England we have no such prohibition, and I know of cases in which midwives have done much harm by giving medicines of which they had no proper knowledge. So I consider it very important that the women who enter the profession should do so thoroughly, that they should not profess to take medical supervision unless they have had a complete medical examination and training, and this is what Miss Garrett has had. She has not only gone conscientiously through the five years' course of study laid down by the examining bodies, she has not only passed with credit the examinations for the diploma of L.S.A., but I am able to say from personal knowledge that she would have undoubtedly have obtained the degree of M.D. had she been allowed to present herself for examination at the London University. In explanation of this positive assertion I must ask you to pardon me for being somewhat personal. In my capacity of Examiner in Medicine at the London University I was naturally interested in the application she made for admission to the medical examinations, and hearing that she was studying in the wards of my old hospital, the London, I made it my business to go there and see her. You are probably aware that for the diploma of M.D. the student not only writes answers and goes through a *viva voce* examination, but that he is also taken to the bedside and made to explain case after case to the examiner, and state what treatment he would follow. Now this was the examination I put Miss Garrett through; we went through the ward, and I asked her more than I should generally ask a candidate for the M.D. degree, and I am bound to say that no lord of the creation ever acquitted himself better than she did, and that had I been allowed to examine her for the degree it would have been not only gained, but gained with great credit. We cannot call Miss Garrett a physician-accoucheur, because the College of Physicians also refuses to admit her, but she has the diploma which nine-tenths of the general practitioners hold, the licence of the Society of the Apothecaries, and, what is of more consequence, she has the knowledge which will qualify her to practise with skill and success."

The proceedings ended by the hon. secretary's reading the list of donations and subscriptions. The outlay required for starting the dispensary has been covered by the donations already given, and there is every reason to hope that a sufficient annual income will be forthcoming from subscribers.

Mrs. Russell Gurney, Lady Goldsmid, Professor Fawcett, M.P., Mrs. P. A. Taylor, Rev. J. H. Davies, James Heywood, Esq., F.R.S., and Nathaniel Montefiore, Esq., were among those present at the meeting.

MISS GARRETT, L.S.A.—A Dispensary has been opened for diseases of women and children, which is to be placed under the active medical superintendence of Miss Garrett. In the course of the proceedings

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addresses were delivered by Mr. Russell Gurney and Dr. Billing. So far as they are reported in the brief accounts which have come under our observation, we may express our concurrence in the views expressed. Miss Garrett has surmounted the great difficulties which surround the attainment of a complete medical education for women with singular energy and perseverance, at great cost, and after long years of arduous labour. She passed an excellent examination at the only board which could or would examine her, and she is as well entitled to practise as anyone in the kingdom. The position which she has taken up is entirely exceptional, and corresponds with that which we assigned to her as of necessity. She has settled in a great centre of population, and aspires to a special practice amongst women and children. This we believe to be the only condition under which females can successfully practise medicine. It is one which will always limit their number, for only a few people are fitted for such a position; and the competition which they must undergo in practising a specialty amongst large populations is of a severe kind. There is only room for a few practitioners, and those of the highest qualifications. In this exceptional career Miss Garrett is a pioneer, and is entitled to great credit for her earnestness and energy. How many will or can successfully follow her example, or what would be the likely result of their endeavour to do so, we refrain from prophesying. But we recognise in her efforts a legitimate desire to enlarge the sphere of female usefulness, to add to their means of self-support, to cultivate their mental powers, and to secure for them opportunities of achieving independence, and, perhaps, intellectual distinction —objects in which we heartily sympathise.—*The Lancet*, July 7.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.—An especial good office has been rendered the sick by the Crown Princess suggesting a new kind of pillow to lay wounded limbs upon. Very small bits of paper, torn so as to offer uneven sides, are put into a linen case, and this again into a covering of thin leather. This simple and inexpensive invention, which is said to be cooler than an ordinary pillow, has employed thousands of little hands in schools and families, enormous patience being required to tear up enough of the tiny shreds to make one cushion. An overwhelming majority of Austrians is noticeable in the hospitals of the Prussians, consequent upon the latter remaining masters of the various battle-fields. In their praiseworthy endeavours to provide all necessaries for the hospitals the Government are zealously assisted by the public. Large contributions of money, as well as of every imaginable article of food and clothing required, are continually flowing in to the numerous committees established in the capital as well as the provinces. From the variety and profusion of the gifts supplied by the bene-

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volent, the central depôt at Berlin is a perfect industrial exhibition for the noblest of objects. Imagine thousands of shirts heaped up by the side of hams, jellies, and bandages of all sizes and dimensions. Mountains of lint may be seen in strange, but, alas, but too appropriate, juxtaposition with casks of Cape wine and other restoratives, while stockings and ice, Bibles and combs, plates and tumblers, slippers and novels, are some other of the multifarious ingredients of this incongruous hospital fair. The depôt is superintended by the most aristocratic ladies of Berlin, who carefully sort the goods pouring in, and daily send off chests full of the various articles to the places where they are most wanted. Reckoning the cash and the different commodities together, the voluntary contributions are estimated at £4,000 a day.

THE WOUNDED AUSTRIANS.—The Princess Schwartzenberg has filled her palace in Vienna and all its out-buildings with sick soldiers, to whose relief she, as a sister of charity, devotes her whole time; and the following English ladies, disconnected from all parties, political or religious, uniting in the holy cause of charity, have undertaken to collect funds for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who fall in the war. Messrs. Coutts & Co., and the National Provincial Bank of England, have undertaken to open an account for the fund, under the name of the Austrian Soldiers' Relief Fund. Duchess of Norfolk, Duchess of Buccleuch, Marchioness of Lothian, Marchioness Townsend, Marchioness of Bath, Marchioness Dowager of Bath, Marchioness of Londonderry, Countess of Denbigh, Countess of Newburgh, Countess of Gainsborough, Countess of Portarlington, Sarah Countess of Jersey, Lady Victoria Hope Scott, Lady Edward Howard, Lady Henry Scott, Lady Louisa Fielding, Lady Georgina Fullerton, Lady Mary Hope, Lady Margaret Macdonald, Lady Holland, Lady Herbert of Lea, Baroness Lionel Rothschild, Lady Dalberg Acton, Lady Petre, Lady Gomm, Mrs. Bastard, Mrs. John Townley, Mrs. De la Barre Bodenham, Mrs. Laurie, Mrs. Vivian.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.—The following is a list of pensions granted between June 20, 1865, and June 20, 1866:—

Miss Elizabeth Ann Bisset, £20, in consideration of the literary merit of her father, the late Dr. Bisset.

Dame Clara Bromley, £60, in consideration of the meritorious public services of her late husband, Sir Richard Bromley, K.C.B., and the destitute position in which she is placed.

Mr. Edward Capern, £20, in addition to the pension of £40 which he now holds, bestowed upon him in acknowledgment of his literary merit and failing health.

Dame Elizabeth Eastlake, £300, in consideration of the services rendered by her husband, the late Sir Charles Eastlake, to the Crown, and of his high attainments in art.

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Mrs. Mary Gordon, £50, in consideration of the eminent literary merits of her father, the late Mr. John Wilson, formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University.

Miss Matilda Mary Hays, £100, in consideration of her constant labour of mind, and her distinguished attainments in literature.

Dame Helena Maria Hamilton, widow, and Ellen Eliza Amelia Hamilton, daughter, of the late Sir W. Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, £200, in consideration of the distinguished merits of the said Sir W. Hamilton.

Eliza Montgomery, widow, and Lily Montgomery, daughter, of the late Dr. Montgomery, £100, in consideration of the abilities, learning, and attainments of the said Dr. Montgomery.

Dame Margaret Anne Phipps, £150, in consideration of the long, faithful, and confidential services rendered by her late husband, Sir Charles Phipps, K.C.B., to Her Majesty and the Royal Family.

Miss Eliza Mary Roberts, £200, in consideration of the high mechanical inventions and scientific acquirements of her late father, Mr. Roberts. Total, £1,200.

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LITERATURE.

The Higher Education of Women. By Emily Davies. [Strahan.] In writing on this subject Miss Kavanagh asks—"Is there anything stranger than the education of women? They must not be coquettes, and they are allowed to study all that concerns coquetry, and forbidden knowledge which strengthens virtue and occupies the mind. They are scolded in their youth if they are not neat, if they do not dress well, if they do not mind their dancing. A woman can only dance five or six years, and must spend twelve years in learning it; and this same person, who is bound to have judgment till her death, who must talk till her last sigh, is taught nothing that could make her talk agreeably, or act with more propriety. From the fashion in which great ladies spend their days, one might fancy they were only born to sleep, to get stout, to be beautiful, do nothing, and say foolish things."

Influenced by similar considerations Miss Davies seeks not only to show the unsoundness of the present system but the alterations we are bound to make. In the first place, she argues that, as the Church of England recognises no distinction of sex, and the catechism furnishes no different code of social obligations for men and women, educators have no right to be guided by any other theory. Miss Davies might also have quoted St. Paul, who says—"There is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ;" or Clement of Alexandria, who insisted on the full participation of women in all that becomes a man, and rejecting as heathenish and false the notion of masculine and feminine virtues, required modesty in men and courage in women as a part of their Christian duties.

Miss Davies considers that the educational question depends on the larger question of women's place in the social order.

"Are they to be regarded, and to regard themselves, primarily as children of God, members of Christ, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven—and, secondarily, as wives, mothers, daughters, sisters? Or are the family relationships to overshadow the divine and the social, and to be made the basis of a special moral code, applying to women only? According to the first view, all human duties—everything that is lovely and of good report—all moral virtues and all Christian graces are inculcated and enforced by the highest sanctions. An ascetic contempt for wifely, and motherly, and daughterly ties is no part of the Christian ideal. But the view which teaches women to think of family claims as embracing their whole duty—which bids them choose to serve man rather than God—sets before them a standard of obligation which, in proportion as it is exclusively adhered to, vitiates, not their lives only, but those of the men on whom their influence might be of a far different sort. That such a theory is radically inconsistent with the divine order might easily be shown. That its action on society is profoundly demoralising is a lesson taught by mournful experience."

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After speaking of the fearful dullness and the wearisome inactivity of an English girl's life, Miss Davies tells us that we cannot expect half-educated young women to choose steady work when they have no inducement to overcome natural indolence, or a common-place young woman to work steadily without motive or discipline, any more than a common-place young man. And so the great majority of girls go drifting down the stream, "despising themselves, but listlessly yielding to what seems to be their fate."

But not only do girls shrink from adopting a line of conduct which would lay them open to the reproach of singularity and self-sufficiency, but their parents and friends, instead of helping, are inexcusably ready to throw difficulties in their way. They even consider, as Miss Davies observes, that—

"It is a just cause for surprise and disappointment, that well brought up girls, surrounded with all the comforts of home, should have a wish or a thought beyond its precincts. And perhaps it is only natural that parents should be slow to encourage their daughters in aspiration after any duties and interests besides those of ministering to their comfort and their pleasure. In taking for granted that is the only object, other than that of marriage, for which women were created, they are but adopting the received sentiments of society. No doubt, too, they honestly believe that, in keeping their daughters to themselves till they marry, they are doing the best thing for them, as well as pleasing themselves. If the daughters take a different view, parents think it is because they are young and inexperienced, and incompetent to judge. The fact is, it is the parents who are inexperienced. Their youth was different in a hundred ways from the youth of this generation; and the experience of thirty years is far from being infallible in dealing with the difficulties and perplexities of the present. No doubt young people are ignorant and want guidance. But they should be helped and advised, and not silenced. Parents take upon themselves a heavy responsibility, when they hastily crush the longing after a larger and more purposeful life.

"That such an impulse is worthy of respect cannot be denied. The existence of capacities is in itself an indication that they are intended for some good purpose.

"Conscious power is not a burden, to be borne with patience, but a gift, for the due use of which the possessor rightly feels accountable. To have a soul which can be satisfied with vanities is not eminently virtuous and Christian, but the reverse. To be awake to responsibility, sensitive in conscience, quickly responsive to all kindling influences, is a sign that education has, so far, done a good work. A flowing river is no doubt more troublesome to manage than a tranquil pool; but pools, if let alone too long, are apt to become noxious, as well as useless. The current may require to be wisely directed; but that there should be a current of being, wanting to set itself somewhere, is surely a cause for thankful rejoicing. It is an unfortunate misunderstanding of the true state of the case that makes parents sigh over what might well be their happiness and pride; one more exemplification of the sluggishness which hates nothing so bitterly as to be called upon to think—to consider a new idea—perhaps to go further, and take a step out of the beaten track."

We have not space to follow Miss Davies through an admirable chapter on "things as they might be" (we sincerely hope our readers will do so), but we cannot refrain from drawing special attention to her

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suggestions relative to the introduction of women in factories as directors and overlookers of female labour. We fully agree with her that a higher class of women would be productive of a twofold good; not only would the lower class gain by more direct contact with a "genuine refinement—not too fine to be useful," but the ladies themselves would acquire larger and more living sympathies. Instead of this, the wives and daughters of our manufacturers keep themselves apart from the occupations in which their male relatives are engaged, and, while ready to take advantage of the results of their industry, they are almost ashamed of the source from which they proceed. They strive to ignore their true position, and, straining after a false station, endeavour to act as if they belonged to a different sphere from the men of their own family. The allurements of fashion fill their fancy, without the means of enjoying them possessed by the higher classes. The wives and daughters of our landed gentry have an opportunity of usefulness inseparably interwoven with their position, but the women of the middle ranks, while excluded from the industrial interests of their class, unable by artificial means to acquire the mental culture of the sphere above them, have settled down in a position in which they have neither an habitual occupation nor anything to regard as an habitual duty. Until they cease to despise industrial work, and endeavour, whenever it is possible, to take a part in it, a certain social desertion, a loneliness, will be regarded as characteristic of their lot, and they will remain a prey to the various evils which inevitably arise from a purposeless existence.

Miss Davies' views are urged with great moderation. She demands nothing but a fair field and no favour; her arguments will stand the test of serious thought, and cannot fail to have a wholesome effect wherever they receive impartial consideration. Unfortunately the persons who most need her exhortations are precisely those who will never read her book. They will simply lay it aside as a dry dull little book on a very unpopular subject.

A Brief Essay on the Position of Women. By Mrs. Spear. [Trübner] We are not quite prepared to endorse Mrs. Spear's belief that the appalling sight of the gallows in a Christian land is owing to the exclusion of women from its political councils, although we are quite ready to acknowledge that, as women are amenable to the laws, they ought to be allowed some voice in making them. This essay, however, contains some sensible remarks upon the unnecessary limitations hitherto assigned to the education of girls, and upholds, as the only true rule, the capacity of the individual and the external means within reach. The best part of the *brochure* will be found in the last portion, which consists of some admirably-selected passages, by well-known authors, bearing upon this subject.

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Vignettes. By Bessie R. Parkes. [Strahan.] It has been said that biographies are almost equivalent to gospels—teaching high living, high thinking, and energetic action. This remark may be applied to every one of the twelve sketches Miss Parkes has given us under the somewhat fanciful title of "Vignettes." So vividly does she bring before us the ladies of whom she writes that one cannot but feel animated by a desire to imitate them. There is no connecting link between them, save that it may be truly said of every one of them, "that they did worthy work in the world;" otherwise, as Miss Parkes tells us in the preface, their nationality, creed, habits of mind, and daily pursuits are as various as can well be imagined. The list opens with an account of Madame Swetchnine, which must be read at length to be duly appreciated. Her life is not only rendered interesting by her own personal vicissitudes, but by the glimpse it affords of the thoughts and feelings prevailing among Russian ladies in general. There is one quotation from her letters which particularly strikes us :—

"In order to do something effectually, I need to be absorbed in my work; if I can only devote myself to it by fits and starts, I feel fatigued without pleasure. It is one of the great inconveniences of the life which I lead, for a character like mine, that I have to cut up my day, leaving intervals of idleness. *Sadness nestles in these empty holes and will not be dislodged.*"

Next we read of Jeanne Rendu, known as La Sœur Rosalie, who laboured, during a long life, in the most miserable parts of Paris, and whose "greatest fascination consisted in her doing the commonest duties of life better than anyone else." Madame de Lamartine, Madame Pape-Carpentier, and Madame Luce of Algiers, are followed by the history of Governor Winthrop's wife, and Bianca Melesi Mojon. Once again, too, we find ourselves in the good company of Mrs. Delany; but the most effective sketch is the last—Mrs. Jameson, whose life, as Miss Parkes justly observes, was so valuable to the "social interests of men and women, and to the growth of her own sex in all that is good."

Miss Parkes writes in an agreeable easy style, and, with singular good taste and judgment, has refrained from annoying the reader, as so many writers of memoirs are apt to do, by seeking to "improve each occasion" in order to be edifying. She presents us with the lives and actions of the persons themselves, and leaves them to make their own impression.

The Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc, called the Maid. By Harriet Parr, Author of the "Silver Age," &c. 2 vols. [Smith & Elder.]—A more appropriate motto for a history of the Maid of Orleans than

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the one selected by Miss Parr from a recent work by Mr. Ruskin could not have been chosen :—"The nobleness of life depends on its consistency—clearness of purpose—quiet and ceaseless energy." The elements of a majestic character were certainly possessed by the peasant girl of the forest of Domremy, who felt within her resolution to overcome every opposition, and to lead armies on to battle until her country was cleared of its invaders, and her king crowned at Rheims. Undoubtedly, Jeanne d'Arc presents a character capable of being viewed under a variety of aspects, and with a corresponding variety of emotions. To the baffled English, against whom she fought, she appeared "sent of the devil;" her own soldiers regarded her as a creature more divine than human; "and even in the present day there are many who regard as mere insane delusions Jeanne's belief in the mysterious *voices*" from which she received guidance and counsel. But feelings so deep, and a purpose pursued with such devotedness, must awaken serious emotions in the hearts of others, and can never be an object of mere ridicule. "Enthusiasm," as Mr. Carlyle tells us, "puts on a different shape in every different age; always in some degree sublime, often it is dangerous; its very essence is a tendency to error and exaggeration; yet it is the fundamental quality of strong souls; the true nobility of blood, in which all greatness of thought or action has its rise. *Quicquid vult valdè vult* is ever the first and surest test of mental capability. There is something beautiful and moving in the aspect of a noble enthusiasm, fostered in the secret soul amid obstructions and depressions, and at length bursting forth with an overwhelming force to accomplish its appointed end; the impediments which long hid it are now become testimonies of its power; the very ignorance and meanness and error which still in part adhere to it, increase our sympathy without diminishing our admiration; it seems the triumph, hardly contested, and not wholly carried, but still the triumph, of mind over fate, of human volition over material necessity."

Commencing this history with a picture of the woes and desolations of France at this period, Miss Parr presents Jeanne to us brooding under the fairy-haunted tree, "the beautiful May," on the ancient prophecy, current at this time throughout France, that the kingdom, brought to desolation by a woman, should be restored by a daughter of the people. Although Jeanne possessed great physical strength and an intense love of active sports, she was a "serious, religious, loving little soul," and while sitting in solitude among the sheep she had to tend, she nourished the impulse which led her to believe that "her Lord" called upon her to deliver France.

"A maid from the marches of Lorraine was to save France—never in more need of saving! She mused over the prophecy in whispers to herself. *Would God call*

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her? Would God intrust the glorious task to her? Before her birth her mother had dreamt that she was about to bring forth a warrior. Jeanne let her imagination glow into visions of self-devotion, of mighty deeds of deliverance, until she felt strong to do and suffer—stirred by that divine pity which overcomes doubt, passes by tears, and takes work in hand, looking for no rest and no wage but the final salvation promised to every good and faithful servant of God. The thought that the Almighty would give her the mission took possession of Jeanne, grew into a vivid hope, ripened into a daring expectation. Praying in the church, spinning in the quiet house, wandering in the fields, the shadowy wood, the sunny garden, she nourished it, and cherished it, and fed her soul upon it. She kept her conscience clean, she made her weekly pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Mary at Bermont, her offerings to her dearest saints, St. Katherine the virgin, St. Margaret, armed with the cross, victorious over the dragon. The mediæval sentiment of sanctity and holiness pervaded her whole nature. She fasted often and fasted long. Absorbed and exalted in spirit, mysterious sounds thrilled often in her ears, and one hot summer noon, when she was thirteen years old, being in the garden, meditative and alone, suddenly a great light broke upon her and she heard a *voice* speaking out of it, which answered her secret aspirations, saying—'*Jeanne, be thou a good child, and frequent at church; for the King of Heaven hath chosen thee to restore France.*' Smitten with awe and terror, she fell on her knees and made a vow of virginity to keep so long as it should please God—that vow which the devout men and women of her time believed to be of all services the most holy, of all sacrifices the most acceptable to Heaven."

From that hour Jeanne frequently heard the *voice*, but it was not until she was sixteen that she began to betray that some strange and powerful influence was at work within. Rejecting the efforts of her parents to press a marriage upon her, she felt the time had come when she must undertake her mission. And she went forth in spite of every difficulty, nothing daunted by the ridicule of Baudricourt, the governor of Vaucouleurs, the petty jealousies of the courtiers and captains, or the miserable supineness of the king. The vacillating Charles was continually thwarting and disappointing her, and in the midst even of her triumphs she must have often yearned for rest and peace; but the maid toiled on, her confidence in her good cause never failed her, her countenance was so bright and happy, and her words so brave and confident in God, that the soldiers could not help catching hope from her enthusiasm, and felt themselves invincible, as men under the immediate protection of heaven. The old English courage seemed under a spell, and the men often would not move—"What was the good of fighting against *witchcraft?*"

Miss Parr has written several graceful and finished stories, but she has never produced anything so interesting as this history of Jeanne d'Arc. She has caught the stir and spirit of the times, and throughout she writes with a pathos which speaks without strain or effort. Take, for instance, her description of the march to Orleans:—

"Jeanne d'Arc rode with her knights and the captains, fully armed, and clothed in white, a fine symmetrical figure, admirable in the eyes of the soldiers. She carried

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her lance, and was girt with the sword of St. Katherine de Fierbois. She bore her armour as lightly, and her beautiful white horse—such as only kings and heralds were wont to ride—was as obedient to her as if she had followed war for twenty years. The men thought wonder of it all, though it was, in fact, far more nature and use than marvel. From her infancy, Jeanne had led a free, open-air, active life; had been familiar with the ways and management of animals on a peasant farmstead; was ardent, intrepid, and fearless; was endowed with extraordinary power of body, and strength and grace of limb. And she had a yet greater gift than these, and one even more necessary to fit her for her mission as a leader of men—she had the swift eye-glance of military genius, which seems in an instant to see the thing to be done, and the swift decision of will that does it. In camp, Jeanne was no meek maiden spinning at the wheel. When she laid down the distaff and took up the sword, it was with such stern good heart as makes men, fighting for their country, strike hard, and strike home.

"Before Jeanne was carried her standard, floating resplendent on the fresh April morning. She rode in silence, her eyes resting meditatively upon her *Thesus Maria* ring. Her companions in arms afterwards observed that it was her custom thus to regard it when setting forth on any enterprise. The way must have been all uproarious with the lowing of the oxen, the bleating of the sheep, and the shouts of the drivers; with the tramp of the men-at-arms, and the roll of the heavy wains. There were echoes of the pleasant hills and fields of Domremy in the noisy chorus. Jeanne heard them, and thought of home, of father and mother, of the beautiful May in its glory, of the fountain, and the broad glades of the oak wood. Then rose above the tumult the voices of the priests, chanting their sacred antiphonies; and higher still one *voice*, audible only to one ear, saying—'*Go on, go on, Jeanne the Maid, daughter of God, I will be with thee to help them!*'

"The march lay through the lovely valley of the Loiret, where the spring was bursting forth with gay luxuriance, and clothing the fields like a garden. The hawthorn was white with fragrance; blossoming bushes of lilac and wild-rose garlanded the sunny morning; violets, daisies, and lilies sprinkled the grass with the flower-dew—the fresh youth and life. Little streams ran babbling to the river; solemn woods stretched out like temples of verdure, pillared, high-vaulted, where myriads of birds sang their new song of rejoicing to the benign Creator.

"Jeanne d'Arc had a subtle, penetrative imagination. She felt that in the most careless, as in the sternest hearts of men, there lives, however secretly, some little spark of the immortal, that may be roused to fervent fire by the breath of piety, when danger and death are at hand. To this indestructible principle of humanity she appealed by the lips of the singing priests, and it answered her. In the sublime prayers they chanted were verses that echoed the long cry of France for pardon and pity, for rest and peace; and verses that thrilled with the spirit of hope which was faintly reviving amongst her wasted people. That ancient hymn to the Holy Ghost which resounded in chorus again and again on the march, must have swept many a sensitive chord in the hearts of those wild, often-beaten soldiers, going out to battle under a peasant-maid, who bade them fight, trusting in God who had sent her to lead them, and they should be beaten no more!"

The second volume details the buying and the selling of the Maid, her imprisonment, trial, and martyrdom; and it only remains for us to observe that Miss Parr has accomplished her difficult task in a most satisfactory manner, and Jeanne d'Arc is more firmly fixed in our admiration than before.

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Beethoven's Letters. 1790-1826. By Dr. Nohl. Translated by Lady Wallace. 2 vols. [Longman.]—While no one dreams of denying that Beethoven was a great musician, there are persons who deny that he was a great man. They set forth the qualities which constitute their idea of greatness, and, finding him deficient in some of these, they dispute his claim to greatness. But unless we believe that a great genius can belong to a small mind, Beethoven deserves the title of great, and his life presents a picture of a certain grandeur of soul, which cannot be contemplated unmoved. Dr. Nohl's collection of Beethoven's letters (although it has no pretension to completeness) will be eagerly read by those who care to become better acquainted with the great "tone master's" character; it comes out with singular clearness in his familiar letters, and the "man is not to be envied whose heart is not touched by these glowing fragments." Beethoven is one of the deathless poets who takes rank by the works he has produced. His letters are eminently suggestive, and will enable his admirers to appreciate more reverently and sincerely the richness and sublimity of his music, in which may be found a response to almost every mood of mind or dream of fancy.

Contending with difficulties of every kind, Beethoven's aim was ever to promote the real interest of art, and for this he was always ready to sacrifice his own personal interests. He was one of the brave people with whom the work is first and the fee second; he never wrote for the mere sake of livelihood, although he considered it the duty of a true artist to acquire, if possible, a position in which, undisturbed by considerations of economy, he can devote himself exclusively to the creation of works of importance. Naturally his letters occasionally reflect his troubles and despondency, and contain affecting allusions to his deafness. "I should not only be happy," he says to his friend Wegeler, "but the happiest of men, if a demon had not taken up his settled abode in my ears."

To his brothers Carl and Johann, he writes—

"Born with a passionate and excitable temperament, keenly susceptible to the pleasures of society, I was yet obliged, early in life, to isolate myself, and to pass my existence in solitude. If I, at any time, resolved to surmount all this, oh how cruelly was I again repelled by the experience, sadder than ever, of my defective hearing! and yet I found it impossible to say to others: 'Speak louder, shout! for I am deaf.' Alas! how could I proclaim the deficiency of a sense which ought to have been more perfect with me than with other men—a sense which I once possessed in the highest perfection; to an extent, indeed, that few of my profession ever enjoyed. Alas! I cannot do this! Forgive me, therefore, when you see me withdraw from you with whom I would so gladly mingle . . . . What humiliation when anyone beside me heard a flute in the far distance, while I heard *nothing*, or when others heard a shepherd singing, and I still heard *nothing*. Such things brought me to the verge of desperation, and well nigh caused me to put an end to my life. *Art!* art alone, deterred me. *Ah! how could I possibly quit the world before bringing forth all that I felt it was my vocation to produce?*"

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For all men in itself disease is misery, but chiefly for men of finer feelings and endowments, to whom it seems to be sent most often, and in its most distressing form. It was a fearful fate for Beethoven to have his own peculiar gift darkened by the loss of the faculty which he needed especially for its enjoyment.

Those who care to enquire how Beethoven, in spite of his infirmity, persevered with unabated zeal in the great business of his life, will find ample information in these letters. We can give no further extracts, but must content ourselves with remarking that English readers ought to feel exceedingly grateful to Lady Wallace for this excellent translation.

A Painter's Camp. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Second Edition. [Macmillan.]—Being bent on an uninterrupted study of out-door nature, Mr. Hamerton contrived a moveable tent in which he could make himself independent of inns and innkeepers, and brave all winds and weathers. He first pitched his tent on the Lancashire moors, and then, with boats for lake sailing and sketching, transported himself to Loch Awe. The author's friends and relatives were as troublesome as the elements, but he appears at last to have been equally successful in braving their ungracious resistance, and taking comfort in Emerson's doctrine of individualism, he adopted his well-known sentiment, "what I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think." This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness.

Nine years have now elapsed since Mr. Hamerton first planned his encampment, and believing himself the best critic of his own views and deeds, he informs us that though he had a warm sympathy with the influences, and shared the enthusiasms of his age and generation, he never called himself or wished to be called a pre-Raphaelite.

"His idea of study was almost entirely analytic; to render the true form and colour of the plants and rocks, the true structure of the mountain and cloud, seemed to him an aim worthy of all labour, and for the achievement of which any amount of trouble or inconvenience might be cheerfully gone through and endured."

Mr. Hamerton attributes to Mr. Ruskin's influence his tendencies to pure topography; but he appears to congratulate himself on having escaped from the position of a disciple, and assumed that of "an observant but not hostile on-looker," a circumstance he evidently wishes his future critics to notice, having apparently suffered in times past from the charge of having had an appreciative reverence for the doctrines of that great teacher. He is also careful to answer his critics on the point of his having raised a discussion respecting the position of

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art and artists in the world, and excusing himself from the personal irritation and professional soreness which they seem to have recognised in it, he makes some very just remarks. The social rank of an occupation is the accurate measure of its governmental power; and as painting, if rightly followed, though one of the very noblest human pursuits, is not a powerful one, Mr. Hamerton justly observes its social rank is dubious; but a full compensation, he considers, may be found in the kindly personal interest felt by thousands, and "the respect of intelligent and cultivated men in the remotest parts of the earth." The author occasionally provokes us with his self-complacent tone and self-assertion, but, in spite of these shortcomings, his book will prove of value and interest both to the landscape painter and the true lover of nature; it is written in a lively and pleasant style, though rather burdened with details, especially in the matter of pipes.

The Poems of Heine. By Edgar Alfred Bowring, C.B. [Bell & Daldy.]—It was in his verse that Heine found his fullest and freest expression; and, as Mr. Matthew Arnold remarks, "on him of all other German authors who survived Goethe, the largest portion of Goethe's mantle fell." It is strange that Heine's writings should still be so little known in England. Over the German people he exercises an influence which penetrates into every class of society; he is endeared to them by his universality of talent, and his very affectations are cherished. Influenced by humour in the fullest sense of the word, he passes from grave to gay within the smallest limits, often building up a tender little sentiment in three lines for the mere malicious pleasure of surprising us by knocking it down in the fourth. We have not space to give any proof of the wonderful way in which this poet contrives to weave opposing sentiments into one. We congratulate our readers on this second edition of Mr. Bowring's excellent translation, to which not only is the life of Heine appended, but the early and posthumous poems published since the first edition was issued, and they will thus be enabled to become acquainted with these exquisite poems. It is true that amongst them passages and themes are to be found which we wish the poet had avoided, but we sympathise with the fidelity which induced the translator to retain them.

We cannot say we like Mr. Bowring's rendering at page 219 of one of Heine's best known poems. He translates it—

"Counsel they gave me, and good instruction;
Pour'd on me honours, by way of seduction;
Said I had only to wait for a while,
And their protection upon me should smile.

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Spite the protection they bade me hold cherish'd,
I before long should of hunger have perish'd,
Had I not happen'd a good man to see,
Who took an interest kindly in me.

Good man indeed! for he gives me my food;
Never can I forget conduct so good.
Pity I cannot with kisses reply,
For the good man is no other than—I!"

This is inferior we think to the following version :—

"They gave me advice and counsel in store;
Praised me and honoured me, more and more;
Said I should only 'wait awhile,'
Offered their patronage too with a smile.

But, with all their honour and approbation,
I should long ago have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow! he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget,
Yet *I* cannot embrace him—tho' other folks *can*,
For I myself am this excellent man."

The Complete Works of R. W. Emerson. In 2 vols. Vol. I. [Bell & Daldy.]—Mr. Emerson's writings are happily too well known for it to be necessary for us to do more than draw attention to the appearance of his works in a new and cheap form. A man of real genius, with a genuine love for what is true and excellent, Mr. Emerson has given forth a life giving stimulus to many. The present volume contains twenty essays, a considerable amount of poetry, and the celebrated lectures on "Representative Men." It abounds in short sentences, pointed, and yet conceived on a large scale—Mr. Emerson's chief characteristic; and in passages that may be laid to heart with advantage. The habit of reading his works will aid us in discovering and entertaining whatever truths may afterwards present themselves.

The Gentle Philosopher; or, Home Thoughts for Home Thinkers. [James Blackwood & Co.]—The author's preface is enough to disarm criticism, but lest it should not do so, he remarks, at page 280, that if even the *Pall Mall Gazette* feels inclined to class him among "twaddling essayists," it must admit that he has "undertaken a difficult task, in translating some of Michael Angelo's remarkable sonnets." In spite of the Gentle Philosopher's belief in his own power, we must observe that

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his musings cannot escape the reproach he fears they will bring upon him. But he will doubtless obtain a public. The mass of men delight in platitudes.

Letters of Eugénie de Guerin. Edited by G. S. Trebutien. [Simpkin & Marshall.]—Those who read with delight and admiration the Journal of Mademoiselle de Guerin, to which we directed attention last February, will not fail to welcome this collection of her letters. They bear evidence of the same beautiful and religious character we noticed in her diary.

Paris Social. By Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. Addison. [Darton & Co.] To draw a picture of social life in Paris, and prove that "domesticity" exists as much there as elsewhere, and to supply every kind of requisite information for a hurried visit, or for a lengthened stay, has been the author's aim in this little book. Most guide-books presume that their readers can pay their way everywhere on the grandest scale; Colonel Addison condescends to write for all classes, and especially addresses himself to people to whom economical travelling is an object, and he therefore takes the trouble to state prices, and the means by which money may be saved, though he does not lose sight of a fair amount of comfort in the recommendations he gives regarding routes and hotels. He also offers assistance to the poor puzzled Englishman who finds himself in Paris totally unacquainted with the French language. At page 76 we find an excellent phonetic vocabulary, of which we furnish two examples:—

Jay beswang de mong dejunay. Montray mwor mar shawmbre.

On Hay Fever, Hay Asthma, or Summer Catarrh. By Dr. W. Abbotts Smith. [Henry Renshaw.]—So many persons suffer from Hay Asthma, without knowing the nature of the disorder or the best means of treating it, that a pamphlet of this description is extremely valuable. Dr. Abbotts Smith not only describes the nature of the disorder, but suggests many alleviations, and instances cases in which they have been found to be of use. One peculiar characteristic of hay fever or asthma is its periodical return, which happens invariably toward the end of May or the beginning of June, and sometimes lasts till August or September. It is more frequent in England than in any other country, though the disorder is known in Germany, Belgium, France, and Switzerland, and cases have been met with in Italy, Austria, Russia, Denmark, and other European countries. A similar affection is, in the

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United States, attributed to the odour of roses in bloom, and known there under the name of rose cold, rose catarrh, or rose fever. In India a similar disorder is produced by odour arising from the blossom of the neem and mango-tree. Beans and nettles have occasionally produced it in persons predisposed, and, also, the smell of some kinds of sea-weed, when exposed to the sun and undergoing decomposition.

The exciting causes of hay-fever include the flowering of grasses, rye, and wheat. The species of grass which are considered to be most productive of hay-fever are the *authoxanthum odoratum* (sweet-scented vernal grass), the *holcus odoratus* (sweet-scented soft grass), and the *lolium perenne* (rye-grass). The first begins to blossom at the end of May, or in the earlier part of June, according to the state of the weather; and it continues to flower, though less frequently, during July and August, and the peculiar aroma of the grass at the period of flowering, Dr. Smith informs us, is due to the two first-named species of *graminaceæ*. Benzoic acid exists in both these grasses, and as it has been ascertained that the inhalation of the vapour which incidentally escapes during the process of the sublimation of benzoic acid produces irritation of the throat, and violent paroxysms of sneezing and coughing, it is a natural inference that the irritation produced by the aroma of grass or hay arises from the liberation of the benzoic acid by the agency of summer heat, especially when it is borne in mind that hay-fever is always worse during the continuance of hot dry weather, and assumes a milder form when the temperature is reduced. On the principle, we suppose, that prevention is better than cure, Dr. Abbotts Smith recommends "the avoidance of the exciting causes, such as the aroma of ripe grass, or newly-made hay, and of strong-smelling flowers, or the inhalation of the particles of various irritating substances, such as ipecacuanha, &c.;" and we have ourselves known a severe attack of asthma caused by the smell of the latter in a person who had not suffered from asthma for many years.

Dr. Smith also recommends removal to the seaside as beneficial; he says it cannot always be relied on, but is more advantageous to cases in which the febrile or asthmatic symptoms predominate; the benefit in the former resulting from the cool, invigorating sea-breezes, and in the latter from the ozonised state of the atmosphere. Lobelia, tobacco-smoking, and the medicated cigarettes known as the "cigares de joie," are also found beneficial. The diet should consist of nutritious, easily-digested food, with pale ale, claret, or sherry. Curiously enough Dr. Smith recommends the avoidance of all vegetables except *potatoes or salads*, two of the most insidious enemies of ordinary asthma. The reader will find further details, illustrated by cases which have come under the author's own observation; we also recommend to the atten-

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tion of those who have a special interest in the matter of which it treats, Dr. Smith's pamphlet on the treatment of the throat and lungs by inhalation, which he regards as a valuable remedial agent in catarrhal and asthmatic forms of hay-fever.

Uncle Crotty's Relations. By Herbert Glyn. [Smith & Elder.]—This is a foolish, high-flown, sensational novel. The hero is a baronet, and rejoices in a golden moustache, the heroine is a bad wife with strong tendencies to matrimonial poisoning, and Uncle Crotty himself a crafty selfish old spendthrift, who deceives his avaricious nephew, and leaves him two-pence as a legacy for the luxurious home which has been given him in the hope of heirship. The author indulges very freely, throughout the book, in unpleasant accusations against womenkind in general, and believes that if "the fallen archangel himself were to put on a dress-coat, and appear in a London drawing-room with a title and ten thousand a year, half the fashionable girls in the town would set their caps at him, even though his lordship's valet should enlarge on his master's real pedigree, and paint him a thousand times blacker than nature is supposed to have done."

Proverbial Philosophy. By Martin F. Tupper. [Moxon & Co.]—This bijou edition will be received with delight in many quarters. It is only a limited circle which regards Mr. Tupper's Philosophy as twaddle; his admirers are to be found all over the kingdom, and his book has been translated into several languages. It is too well-known to need an elaborate criticism here, we shall therefore content ourselves with remarking that while Mr. Tupper's critics accuse him of uttering platitudes, they cannot but own his words are the words of a thoroughly good and earnest man, and are intended to help those who are striving towards perfect goodness and perfect truth. This edition cannot fail to be a favourite one, and contains an excellent portrait of the author.

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THE

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MADAME DE STAEL.

If we were asked to name the highest representative of female intellect, we should adduce the illustrious cosmopolitan Frenchwoman, whose name stands at the head of our article. The fifty generally peaceful and prosperous years that have elapsed since her decease, have been eminently favourable to the development of the faculties of women in Europe and America; the number of eminent women has increased during this interval, yet we submit that no woman has yet arisen who is entitled to displace Madame de Stael from that position of priority and intellectual ascendancy among her sex, which the common consent of Europe awarded to her during her lifetime. If the transcendent beauty of her career is as yet appreciated by so few, it is because those capable of analysing and judging it are far from being a numerous body. She towered so loftily above her contemporaries, she thought so far in advance, she *felt* so much more delicately and richly than the average herd, that to us of the latter half of the nineteenth century who have the immense advantage of studying her from a distance which is neither too great nor too little, she is still a most difficult "study," presenting so many sides, that it would be presumption on the part of most critics to assume the power of rendering a full portrait. At all events, the hope of being able to catch and set forth *some* only of her many traits—especially if any, or even one of them have been overlooked by other critics—is a quite sufficient stimulus to the writer's efforts, and a full satisfaction to his ambition. French by birth and early training and association, Swiss by lineage, Swedish by marriage, English, German, Italian, and Spanish by the adoptive power of sympathy and knowledge, Madame de Stael belonged rather to Europe than to France, and after French writers have finished all they have to say upon this great subject, there will still remain points of view which only a non-Frenchman can seize and occupy.

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Not much has been written on our subject in English. Her best, if not her only English biographer, belongs to her own sex. Maria Norris's "Life and Times of Madame de Stael,"* is a noble tribute of esteem, full of that genuine and heart-stirring eloquence, which springs from profound admiration of her subject; but Miss Norris has candidly acknowledged that she has far from *exhausted* the ground she sought to cover. While she has done much in first-rate style, she has, at the same time, left a great deal unattempted.

Without laying down any inflexible preliminary rule, we shall avoid, as much as possible, dwelling on those passages and phases of Madame de Stael's works and life which have been well elaborated and set forth by Miss Norris, and concentrate our attention as much as possible on points which she has left in the background.

If Madame de Stael has been unfairly neglected by English *littérateurs*, it is a fair presumption that dislike to the type of women she represented has been one of the chief causes of that neglect. To all that numerous phalanx who believe that woman's intellect is meant for the nursery and the drawing-room alone, or if it ambitiously overleaps these confines that it should at least limit its aggressions to the *genres* of poetry and fiction, Madame de Stael, who equalled the very best of her male contemporaries in the handling of some of the most difficult subjects that can occupy the minds of men, and who eclipsed all but the very best of them, is a phenomenon rather irritating than attractive. Her life is there, to protest against certain dearly cherished preconceived theories as to the proper sphere for women—theories which are pushed so inflexibly and tyrannically, as to make no allowance, even for a few exceptionally circumstanced and extraordinarily endowed individuals of the weaker sex.

The first division of Madame Necker de Saussure's "Notice sur le caractère et les écrits de Mme. de Stael"—the notice which was written at the request of Madame de Stael's two surviving children, and which is prefixed to the complete edition of his mother's works published by Auguste de Stael in 1820—treats of "Madame de Stael's education and early youth." We cannot do better than follow this arrangement. The child—the only child—of two literary and highly cultivated people, she was almost predestined to undergo a "forcing" and highly stimulating mental training. She saw the light in the month of April, 1766, and thus became the child of a tempestuous, changeful age. Her parents differed deeply about her education. Her mother was a rigid conservative Protestant, walking firmly and unhesitatingly in the ways of the Genevese, her own people; her father loved originality, piquancy, and wit. He found all three in his wondrous and amusing daughter, and smiled approvingly and caressingly upon these traits. It is easy to

* London, David Bogue, 1853.

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picture by which parent Germaine Necker would be most attracted. She revolted against the methodism and strict discipline of her mother, and in opposition to the artificial and reasoning type of excellence represented by her mother, she set up the counter-ideal of a full, rich generous nature, instinct with inspiration, genius, and prophetic power. Jean Jacques Rousseau, who was, like her father, a citizen of Geneva, became her high priest; "Emile" contained views on education which were more consonant with her own than those which fell from her mother's lips. The innovating spirit of the age, in the person of Mdlle. Necker, entered the republican household of the Parisian banker and minister of finance, and was combatting a conservative mother in much the same way as Gabriel Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau, or Wolfgang Goethe, were at the same time upholding the same banner of change and revolution in the faces of their conservative or pedantic fathers; who clung only the more obstinately to the "ancient ways" when they observed the passion which possessed their sons to deviate from them. Under how many thousands of roofs was not the same contest between the new and the old being waged at this period between the representatives of young and old Europe! M. Necker, who was destined, when he convoked the states-general of France, to give the signal for the French Revolution, had all along been playing with that terrible and potent spirit from the first moment that he encouraged his marvellous daughter to give free play to her mental and moral nature and to disregard her mother's frowns.

In enumerating the influences which early gave a fixed direction to Mdlle. Necker's studies and mental tastes, we must remember that she was the daughter of a statesman, and that that statesman was the being who was, of all her fellow-creatures, incomparably the dearest to her. Seeing him deeply interested in politics, it was natural for her to seek to qualify herself to share his thoughts, and to comprehend the difficulties of his position. We find her therefore, at fifteen, mastering and writing comments on Montesquieu's "Spirit of the Laws."

Before she became an authoress she had captivated society by her unequalled, astonishing, conversational gifts. The little piece dedicated to her under the name of "Zulma, the most celebrated of the priestesses of Apollo"* shows the powerful impression she was able to create in the *salons* at the age of twenty. The man of letters who wrote it unconsciously gave the first idea of that Corinne whose image was to captivate Europe twenty years subsequently.

In the year 1786, when she had just turned twenty, Mdlle. Necker's

* Given in the Saussure-Necker notice, and also by Miss Norris. Sketches of the lives of Madame Roland and Madame de Stael are inserted at the end of the "Lives of the most eminent Literary and Scientific *Men* of France," which form part of the series of Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia."

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parents made a match for her with the Swedish Baron de Stael, who, in consideration of this marriage, was appointed by the King of Sweden his ambassador at Paris. The match was mainly of her mother's making; Madame Necker being inflexible upon the point of procuring a Protestant for her daughter. By this change in her daughter's situation, Madame Necker may have thought that that daughter's soaring, and in her eyes too ambitious, spirit, would soon be overwhelmed and dragged to earth by pressing domestic duties. The Baron de Stael brought social position, Germaine Necker brought a dowry of £80,000. But, as is well known, the marriage was not a happy one. About six years after it was made, Madame de Stael separated from the baron on the ground of prodigality, and placed herself, her two sons and her daughter, and the remains of her fortune, under the protection of her never failing best friend, her father.

The Neckers had known what a very small proportion of French couples of that age knew—the happiness that results from love in marriage. Their conduct, therefore, in deliberately overlooking their daughter's claim to this source of contentment was as surprising as it was reprehensible. Was there not some social flunkeyism at work? Did not the Genevese banker and the daughter of the Swiss pastor jump at a marriage connection with a member of the Swedish aristocracy?

The Baroness de Stael made her *début* in the world of letters as an eulogist, though by no means an unqualified one, of Jean Jacques Rousseau. It was in the autumn of 1788, just when the prelude to the Revolution was being enacted, and when her adored father was first minister and at the summit of his popularity. Her preface consists of two paragraphs only, of which the latter is as follows:—

"Perhaps those whose indulgence will condescend to presage some talent in me will reproach me for having been in too great a hurry to handle a subject which is even beyond the strength which I may one day hope to possess. But who knows if time does not take from us more than it bestows upon us? Who will dare to foretel the progress of his mind? How can I consent to wait, and adjourn to some period of an uncertain future, the expression of a pressing sentiment? Time, doubtless, dissipates illusions, but it sometimes damages truth itself, and its destructive hand does not always confine itself to error. Besides, is it not in youth that one owes most to Rousseau? He who made a passion of the love of virtue, and whose aim was to persuade by enthusiasm, made use of the good and bad qualities of that time of life to gain ascendancy over it."

Such were the first words of this distinguished *débutante*. In six letters on Rousseau's "writings and character" she criticises, one by one, his works. She dwells on the "Nouvelle Heloise," the reading of which, she avows, had thrown her into transports of delight. She defends herself against the *entrainement* of her own enthusiasm, and says—

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"I will put far away from me the impression I received, and will write upon Heloise, as I would, methinks, if time had chilled my heart."

She then discusses with freedom, yet also with tact and delicacy, the many ethical questions raised by the romance. The criticism on "Emile" brings out her views on education. I extract the passages relating particularly to women.

"It was Rousseau's eloquence which rekindled the maternal feeling in a certain class" [she alludes to the upper classes]; "he instructed mothers in what consisted their duty and their happiness; he instilled into them the ambition not to abandon to anyone the first caresses of their children; he forbade children to be surrounded by the servile respects of their valets, who make them conscious of their rank by exhibiting to them the contrast between their weakness and their authority; but he tolerates the tender attentions of a mother; these will not spoil the child who receives them; to be served makes a tyrant, but to be loved makes the child amiably sensitive.

"Who owe most to Rousseau, the mothers or the children? Oh! the mothers do, certainly; has he not taught them, as a woman wrote whose soul and intellect are the delight of those whom she admits to her society, 'to regain a second period of youth in their child, the hope of which rejuvenescence commences when the first period is vanishing away?'"

Rousseau in his scheme of education made woman play but a very secondary part. His female critic does not accept his conclusions, but states her exceptions very timidly.

"Rousseau desired to bring up both women and men in accordance with nature, and the differences which nature has made between them; but I doubt if it is necessary to take so much pains to second nature, by confirming women, so to say, in their weakness. I see the necessity of inspiring them with the virtues which men have not much more strongly than that of encouraging them in their inferiority in other respects; they would contribute, perhaps, as much to the happiness of their husbands if they confined themselves to their true sphere from choice rather than from incapacity, and if they were to submit to the object of their tenderness out of love rather than from need of a support."

She has already touched on a theme on which she could speak feelingly.

"They need a great moral force, for their passions and their lot are at variance in a country where fate often imposes upon women the law of never loving, where, less happy than the nuns who devote themselves to God, they must grant all the rights of love, and deny themselves the pleasures of the heart. Must one not have an energetic sentiment of her duties to walk isolated through the world, and to die without having been the first consideration of another, above all, without having attached her thoughts to an object which she can love without remorse?"

When she comes to speak of political liberty, she warms at the spectacle of France, then on the eve of the convocation of the states-general, and apostrophises Rousseau in this wise—

"Why art thou not the witness of the imposing spectacle which France is about to

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afford—of a great event carefully planned beforehand, and where nothing is left to chance? It is then, perhaps, that men would appear to you more worthy of esteem! If I mistake not, no personal ambition can now animate them, they will only club together that which constitutes their celestial part. Ah, Rousseau, what a happiness for thee, if thy eloquence could have made itself heard in this august assembly!* What inspiration for genius is not the hope of being useful! How different the emotion when thought, instead of recoiling upon itself, can see before it an aim which it can attain, an action it can perform! Sentimental pains will cease under such good circumstances; man, intent on ideas of the general good, disappears in his own eyes. Rise again then, oh Rousseau, from thy ashes! Appear! and let thy powerful prayers encourage in his career him who starts from the extremity of evils and aims at the beau-ideal of perfection; him† whom France has named her tutelary angel, and who has only seen in her transports for him motives to discharge his duties towards her; him whom all ought to support as they would the common weal; in a word, him who ought to have a judge, an admirer, and a citizen like thyself."

She discusses, in a note, the vexed question as to how Jean Jacques came to his end. From inquiries made on the spot she comes, unhesitatingly, to the conclusion that he committed suicide.

Madame Necker de Saussure, in her *critique* on her illustrious cousin's works, divides them into three categories, of which this work is the sole occupant of the first. The division is rightly made, for between Madame de Stael's first and her second work, a gulf was fixed, and that gulf was the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror. The daughter of Finance Minister Necker, although one of the most enthusiastic in welcoming the new birth of time, was, also, one of the earliest who was disenchanted. Before 1790 had come to an end, her father's popularity had not only waned but had become converted into general odium.

The laudations, which the French nation had heaped on M. Necker, had been exchanged for every kind of opprobrium. Necker's daughter, who idolised her father, and who knew how pure was his devotion to the public weal, was, doubtless, wounded to the heart's core by this injustice, this base ingratitude, on the part of the French nation. Nevertheless, she clung firmly by the fortunes of the Constitutionalists, and assisted War Minister Narbonne with her counsels.‡ The Constitutionalists fell from power in March, 1792.

But there are many degrees from disappointment and disenchantment to downright horror, and those degrees were passed by the Reign of Terror. Before the eyes of this sensitive creature, with her penetrating

* She alludes to the states-general, the date of whose convocation had been already fixed.

† Namely, M. Necker.

‡ Calumny, which spared no one in those days, endeavoured to affix a stigma on Madame de Stael, on the ground of her friendship for M. de Narbonne. Madame D'Arblay refused to visit her on this account, when Madame de Stael visited England in the beginning of 1793.

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glance into the motives which impel men to action, with her almost unequalled knowledge of the play of human passions, was unrolled a pandemonium, in which her friends were put to death, driven into exile, rendered insane, pauperised. When she writes again, she has become a woman, full of sorrows and familiar with grief. A gloom settled down upon her which never afterwards entirely cleared off. The lyre of her soul, which had been framed to give forth glad and enthusiastic utterances, henceforth responded most naturally and habitually to melancholy strains.

She spoke once, only once during the Reign of Terror, and the impulse that moved her to break silence was the wish to save the ex-queen's life, or at least to protest against her execution. The occasion was unique in history. History records instances of wives publicly pleading for their husbands, but it has no second example to offer of a Madame de Stael pleading at the bar of a hushed and cowering nation for a Marie Antoinette. It is a little singular, that as the duty of pleading for the life of Louis XVI. was assumed, not by any of the royalists strictly so called, but by the republican Brissot and the Constitutionalist Malèsherbes, so the spokeswoman for Marie Antoinette was none of those whom the fallen queen had admitted to her confidence, but the generous young woman whom Marie Antoinette had disliked for the pronounced liberalism of her opinions, and ridiculed for the eccentricities of her behaviour. Madame de Stael put forth, in the month of August, 1793, an appeal for the life of Marie Antoinette, which appeal, though published anonymously, was well known in Paris to have emanated from the noble inspirations of her heart. In the short preface to this eloquent pamphlet, she informs the public that, among all the women formally admitted at court, she was one of those who were least intimate with the Queen.

In this appeal her first word is to her own sex. She recalls the former popularity of Marie Antoinette, and addresses herself to the task of showing on what a false foundation each calumny which had circulated among the people rested. The most powerful stigma, that of being an *Austrian* in birth and sentiment, she thus encounters—

"What means have been used to detach the French from this amiable object so fitted to please them? They have been told that Marie Antoinette detested France, that she was Austrian; and it is by this epithet that her enemies, in their fury, have always branded her, sure, by this means, of imposing on the people, whom a word leads astray, whom a word recalls, and who are never enthusiastic for ideas except when expressed by a single word. All hearts were inclined to love Marie Antoinette. Envy's surest means of alienating them was to persuade them that they would only obtain hatred as the reward of their love; success soon crowned these efforts. Were the people, however, so mad as to believe that the queen, who quitted Vienna at the age of thirteen, who had only a secondary rank open to her in her own country, would prefer that country to France, of which she was the queen! to France, that delightful

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place of residence! to the French, to whom she was then so much akin by her grace and gaiety! . . . . . Every probability confirms the attachment of the queen for France, and what facts can be urged in contravention of these strong presumptions? The alliance of Austria with France? That was concluded in 1756, before Marie Antoinette was born; since then no reason for breaking it presented itself, no statesman proposed to abandon it. True, the queen did not interfere with French policy for the sole purpose of embroiling her mother or brother with her husband; it is true that all her life is a proof of her respect for the ties of nature; but one virtue, far from alarming people, ought to reassure them concerning all the rest, for they stand as guarantees for each other, and if the queen had shown herself the adversary of her own family, it is then that her adopted country would have good cause for distrusting her. Light has been thrown into all that was thought to be the most secret; thousands of investigators have been ordered to examine the track of the late Government; denouncers have been honoured, fidelity menaced, security, free from shame, has been offered to the terror-stricken; to the fanatical, success free from danger; every human passion has been let loose against the fallen authority, against persons who are remembered to have been envied, but who are now known to have no avengers; these are the means of attack, and now for the proofs, the evidences of guilt which they have obtained.

"Does there exist a single trace of the connivance of the queen with the Austrians, of private aid given by France to that court, of a single act inconsistent with the public treaty concluded between the two powers? Ah, the best justification of this unfortunate victim is the accusations with which they overwhelm her. What vagueness, what fury, what insults, how much skill, how many means, conceived in falsehood, but more efficacious than truth with a passionate people; such means cannot deceive the enlightened and the depth of their pity cannot be diminished.

"However, in order to inflame the multitude, they have never tired of repeating that the queen was the enemy of the French, and to this charge the most ferocious forms have been given. I know nothing more blameworthy than to appeal to the people in a passionate manner; such a manner may be allowed to the accused, but in the accuser eloquence is an act of *assassination!* That class of society which has not the time to oppose assertion by analysis, emotion by examination, will govern as it is played upon, if, when granting to it a large share of power, you do not, at the same time, make it a national crime to falsify the truth in any degree. Probabilities are of no account with the man who has not previously reflected; on the contrary, even, the more astonished he is, the more he delights to believe. The queen, it is alleged, desired the ruin of the empire over which she reigned, of the nation on which reposed her glory, welfare, and crown! But I have done with judging her from the point of view of her interest; she deserves more at my hands, she is good-hearted by her disposition, she is so when her interests are endangered.

"Say, ye accusers! say what is the blood, what are the tears which she has ever caused to flow? In those old prisons which you opened, did you find a single victim who accused Marie Antoinette of his fate? No queen, during the time of her omnipotence, was ever so publicly calumniated; and the more certain one was that she did not wish to punish, the more were offences multiplied. It is notorious that she was the object of numberless acts of ingratitude, of thousands of libels, of disgusting suits, and yet you will seek in vain for the trace of a single vindictive action. It is, then, true that she who is suffering these ineffable torments has never caused the misery of any one! What? the punishment which she is undergoing has not even the excuse of retaliation? What has come over the Frenchman, that he thus abjures every humane impulse? How has it been possible to continually renew among the same people this inexhaustible fury? What strength or weakness gives factitious passions this terrible ascendancy?"

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The young advocate then appealed to her illustrious client's devotion to her husband and children; to her refusal to leave him and return to her ancestral home; to her humane and heroic conduct on October 6, 1789, and June 20, and August 10, 1792. To the charge that her conduct had been loose, she replies with scorn, that this is a charge easy to make against a woman, a charge which damages almost as much when untrue as when it is true.

"Her *entourage*, the only real judges of her private life, know that she always practised those virtues which for the past four years have made her the admiration of Europe; and she, who by her pride alone grew greater in misfortune, and in the presence of outrages, has never degraded herself in her own eyes. You will in vain endeavour to humiliate her; you may call her names—you may throw her into a disgusting prison—you may drag her to the bar of your tribunal, but she will ever appear before you as the daughter of Maria-Theresa."

The advocate recalls how, on June 20, 1792, the queen lost her self-possession only when the crowd swept away her son, and fell upon her knees before the national guard, who picked him up and restored him to her. She adds—

"But if before your tribunal she still preserves all her haughtiness, let not the people grow irritated at this sight. If you wish to soften this high-mettled character, bring her her children; but expect nothing from your punishments, they will not prevent her from preserving herself in all her integrity for the judgment of history and the dignity of her name. Ah, far from hating her for this, take a pride in this sublime example! if you are Republicans, respect the virtues you profess to imitate; this soul which knows not how to bend would have loved Roman liberty, and you need her esteem even when you are persecuting her."

She then examines the execution of the Queen, from the point of view of political expediency, and labours point after point to show that to execute Marie Antoinette would be not only useless to the Republic but prejudicial to it. She then calls upon the Queen's judges to consult their consciences, and to brave the shouts of the galleries.

"If they, the judges, would show the example of resistance to the passions of the moment, how they would enchain the future! . . . The French people can be moved by virtuous courage, although the fanaticism of political opinions has denaturalised it; but when republicans shall recal it to its natural sentiments, shall threaten it with their resignation, shall defy its rage, by unresistingly abandoning themselves to it, the former will have nothing to fear. Yet men might envy their death, if they underwent it to save an innocent queen."

In speaking of the effect of this act upon Europe, she says:—

"Do not deceive yourselves; it may be that it is the destruction of royalty and the privileged orders which irritates against you the *governments* of Europe; but that which excites the *nations* is the barbarity of your proscriptions; you govern by means of death; the force which is wanting in the nature of your government, you supply by means of terror, and in the vacancy where stood the throne, you have erected a scaffold. . . . In the intoxication of a revolution you fancy the world has changed

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like yourselves, but when you awake to your senses and find yourselves shunned by your fellows, how horrible will be your lot!"

She then draws a picture of all that the Queen must have suffered during the twelve months of her imprisonment, and argues that, if she be guilty, she has already been sufficiently punished. She concludes as follows:—

"Such is the picture of the year which this unfortunate woman has just passed; she still exists, because she loves, because she is a mother; ah, but for this sacred tie, would she forgive those who wish to prolong her life? But when, in spite of so many evils, there still remains for you some good to do, will you drag from the prison to the scaffold this interesting victim? Look at her, cruel ones! not for the sake of being disarmed by her beauty, which probably tears have withered; but look at her to see the traces of a twelvemonth's despair; what more would you exact if she were guilty? What then must those hearts feel who are convinced of her innocence?

"I come back to you, women, who are everyone of you massacred in the person of so tender a mother, who are all immolated by this crime which would be perpetrated on weakness, by the annihilation of pity; your empire is at end if ferocity rules; your destiny is a nullity if your tears flow in vain. Defend the queen with all the arms of nature, go and fetch that child (the ex-dauphin), who will perish if he loses her who has so much loved him. . . . Let him ask, on his knees, the *pardon* of his mother; *childkood makes a good suppliant, for it is still in the dark.*

"But woe to the people who will turn a deaf ear to his appeals; woe to the people who can be neither just nor generous; NOT FOR THEM IS LIBERTY RESERVED! The hope of the nations, which was for a long time attached to the fate of France, will no longer detect in the future any event which can save this desolated generation."

In our humble opinion, this "Defence of the Queen," deserves to rank among the classics of the human race, in this *genre* of eloquence. It shares the oblivion, the unmerited oblivion, which has settled down, more or less, upon all of Madame de Stael's works, except two, but which has been particularly prejudicial to her early efforts, composed, as these were, before "Corinne" had acquired for her a European reputation.

Robespierre and the terrorists were overthrown on the 27th July, 1794. The more moderate and clement section, known as the Thermidonians, came into power. The proscribed members of the Convention were recalled, and a new and less radical-democratic constitution—that of 1795—was substituted for that of 1793.

This new situation immediately acted upon Madame de Stael. Her humane heart—her cosmopolitan intellect—told her that the gulf which had existed between terrorist France and the rest of Europe had already been partially bridged over, and that now the first imperative want of Europe and of France was international peace—a consummation which would be the signal for the cessation of party rancour in France itself. Accordingly, she published anonymously, at the end of 1794, a pamphlet entitled "Réflexions sur la Paix, adressées à M. Pitt et aux

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Français." It was surely an imposing attitude for this young woman to take up as the mediator between her nation and Mr. Pitt; one may almost say between her own nation and Europe, for a peace with Britain meant at that time a peace with all the other powers which took part in the first coalition against the Republic. Humanity, which seemed to have utterly fled from France at this epoch, had found a last refuge in the breast of this peerless daughter of France. It must have been the consciousness that she was panoplied in the redoubtable armour of virtue and intellect which encouraged her to address Europe, distracted as it was by the Jacobin crimes and passions on the one hand, and by the bitterest reactionary prejudices on the other. The stand-point of this interesting and spirited pamphlet is that of a friend of Lafayette, the Lameths, and the Constitutionalists of France, and of a British Foxite. Indeed, so congenial was it to the proclivities of Charles James Fox, that he quoted it in Parliament, as we learn from a note appended to her next large work; but, strange to say, the allusion is not to be found in the reports given in the "Parliamentary History," nor in Lord Erskine's collection of Mr. Fox's speeches, which, however, seems to be, so far as this period of his parliamentary career is concerned, a mere reprint from the "Parliamentary History." *

At the conclusion of her preface she says—

"During the sanguinary reign of Robespierre, when each returning day brought with it the frightful list of victims, I had but one desire—to die, to sigh for the end of the world and this human race, which was the spectator or accomplice of so many horrors. I should have regarded an active exercise of my intellect as a reproach—as a proof of callousness. A sort of truce is now granted to us—the massacres have ceased—the military campaign is about to close; let us devote this breathing space to a few general ideas which the excess of misfortune had heretofore robbed us of the power to approach."

Her first chapter, on "The Present Power of France," concludes with the following sentiment—

"We must bring back the French and the rest of the world with them to order and virtue; but to succeed in this, we must remember that these benefits are bound up with true liberty; we must march on with our century, and not exhaust ourselves in a retrograde struggle against the irresistible progress of knowledge and reason."

In her second chapter, on "The Conduct of the Coalesced Powers," she begins by declining to discuss which side was most to blame for the origin of the war. She blames the coalesced powers for having been guided by the most extravagant section of the French *emigrés*. These powers ought to have endeavoured to win the confidence of the French people. They did the reverse; they threatened all parties alike with proscription, and refused the aid of the Constitutionalists and the Republicans. One would have thought, she says sarcastically, that

* Perhaps some of the morning papers, or the "Mirror of Parliament" have preserved the allusion.

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the powers were selecting a choice company for the round table of King Arthur, when the problem was to obtain a majority in a nation of 24,000,000 who knew how to read. She declaims against the folly of the harsh treatment of Dumouriez and Lafayette. She had often asked whether the missionaries of each party were not in their enemy's camp. The different theories adopted by the coalition—namely, the constitution of 1789, proclaimed at Toulon, the Emperor of Germany at Valenciennes, the ancient *régime* in La Vendée—far from rallying French malcontents, have alienated all of them. The spectacle of the second and third partitions of Poland—of Poland, which was peacefully engaged in the work of moderate constitutional reform—the sight of the massacres the Spaniards were committing in San Domingo, were not of a nature to reassure the French people as to the treatment they would have received at the hands of a victorious coalition.

The third chapter, on "The Advantages of Peace to Europe," begins with the following exclamation—

"Peace! This is the cry of the earth, which is tired of carnage. Peace! This is the wish of reason and humanity. Every good soul ought to wish for it in France; every enlightened mind in Europe."

She declares that the continuance of the war is a more dangerous means of Jacobinical propagandism than a peace would be. If peace, she argued, were not concluded that winter, it would be impossible to say from the centre of what empire the French might not refuse peace next year. She shows that the *neutral* powers—Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland—had been nowise shaken by the influence of Jacobin principles. The other powers would have no more to fear from a peace than those three powers have had. Peace would diminish discontent and lighten taxation, and thus strengthen the governments. She puts the question—Do the French themselves desire peace? She answers it by saying that the moderate party in the convention is inclined to peace, and can only maintain itself by peace. If the powers will show an honest desire for peace by recognising the Republic, public opinion in France would instantly respond to that desire. She implores Mr. Pitt not to think of exacting an indemnity from France for the payment of the war expenses; not to listen to the promptings of the ancient rivalries between the two nations. She insists that England has as much need of peace as any other power; that taxes there were extremely burdensome; that the funds had fallen, and that the United States were already enriching themselves at the expense of England and the continent. She finally pays a high compliment to Mr. Fox, and calls upon the English to make him Prime Minister in the stead of Mr. Pitt, who maintains himself in power by means of a war policy.

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The second part of this pamphlet is addressed to the French. It answers the question, "Ought France to desire peace?" in the affirmative. She announces that since the overthrow of Robespierre, the spirits of the friends of France and liberty have risen. She touchingly asks pardon of those who have lost all that was dear to them in the revolution, for this recrudescence of hope on her part. She places all that hope on the victory of the moderate party; the Jacobins alone having an interest in the continuation of the war. The two most acknowledged dangers of peace were the difficulty of disbanding so many armies and the anxiety felt for their own future by the members of the convention. She endeavours to show how, by a system of free-trade and the institution of public works, the first difficulty may be overcome; and then adds the following reflection, which was true in 1794, when General Buonaparte's star had not yet risen—

"And as, in consequence of the revolutionary spirit already observed, no man has yet obtained a personal ascendancy over the soldiers, the armies are a force more easy to disband in France than in a country where the troops would rally to the names of their captains."

She assures the deputies, who took part in the overthrow of Robespierre, that this act of theirs has purged them from a multitude of previous sins, and that they can descend from their legislative seats into the ranks of the people, with perfect safety to themselves. All had been, or would be forgiven. The Thermidonians are even regarded as entitled to the public gratitude. She warns the French people, that all their conquests will not acquire for them the esteem of upright minds and courageous souls—that these latter are the only real representatives of posterity, and the heralds of its judgments. She concludes by an eloquent appeal for a general amnesty to the *émigrés*, royalist, constitutionalist, and republican alike.

Excellent as this pamphlet is in many respects, it does not appear to me to be the work of a finished statesman. There was a difficulty in the way of peace between Britain and France in 1794, to which the generous female pamphleteer makes no allusion, and of which she was apparently unaware. The French Republic had conquered the Austrian Netherlands (Belgium), and had annexed them to the Republic. Could any French statesman, in 1794, have ventured to come forward and propose the disannexation and neutralisation of these newly acquired Belgic departments? On the other hand, could any British statesman have made a peace, in 1794, which would have left Belgium in the possession of the French? Would not Mr. Fox himself, in 1794, have raised this objection? It required three more years of war and financial distress to bring Mr. Pitt and British public opinion to acquiesce in the necessity of allowing the republic to remain in

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possession of Belgium, and when Lord Malmesbury was sent to Lille, in the autumn of 1797, to offer a peace on these terms for their acceptance, the time had gone by. The French nation had become intoxicated by Buonaparte's triumphs in Italy, and looked quietly on while the army turned the peace party out of the chambers, and put down its organs in the press on the 18th Fructidor. At the end of 1794, France was not ready to accept the advice of Madame de Stael and her constitutional friends, nor was Britain ready to accept the premiership of Mr. Fox. Her pamphlet, therefore, does honour to her heart, and is an interesting manifestation of opinion, but it has rather an utopian tone, when judged in connection with the actual state of things, and failed of any practical effect.

Her next pamphlet was published anonymously, in 1795, and is entitled "Réflexions sur la paix intérieure." As it was never sold to the public, we shall not dwell upon it, although it contains a highly interesting record of the writer's opinions, and is a valuable contribution to the political history of the times. She urges an alliance between the Constitutional Republicans and the Constitutional Monarchists on the platform of a moderate Republic, in double opposition to the Absolutists and the Jacobins. She argues that the Constitutional Monarchists, since Louis XVI.'s death, have no king to nominate, except one who is an enemy of liberty; and that the founders of the constitution of 1791 (*i. e.*, her own friends) ought to be the defenders of the constitution of 1795. She declares herself in favour of a Republic on the American model, and advocates the conferring of a limited veto power on the executive government. She distinguishes between a Democracy and a Republic, and she invites her friends to give the Republic at least a fair trial, and then if it fails—only then—to declare for a liberal and constitutional monarchy. She then addresses the Republicans who are friends of order, and shows that, except on the point of hereditary monarchy, there is an identity of principle between them and the Constitutional Monarchists. The Parliamentary system of the two parties was similar. The friends of the principles of 1789 were, she contended, necessary to the Republic. The Reign of Terror had left only mediocrities on the public stage. She praises Lafayette, and stigmatises his Royalist and Republican persecutors; she eloquently defends her proscribed political friends, and in their behalf protests against the levelling sentiments then in vogue, and inculcates a generous respect for talent and virtue, when found in connection with good birth and breeding. Of the above two pamphlets, her son observes *—

"These two pamphlets, distinguished as they are by a great maturity of judgment and a courageous indignation against all kinds of political crime, are written in the

* Note in the "Œuvres Complètes," &c., 1820.

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belief that a reasonable liberty could be established in France, under the form of a Republic, and that, at an epoch in which all the hatreds of the revolution were most violent, a return to royalty offered dangers which no intelligent mind could fail to perceive."

In the next year, 1796, Madame de Stael published three romances which she had composed before she was 20 years of age. They are introduced by a valuable, though short, "Treatise on Romances," the fruit of her latest meditations. This treatise exhibits prodigious acquaintance with the principal romances of the different literatures of Europe. As my line of reading has not run much in this direction, I shall not venture to criticise it. Among the then new English novels mentioned with praise is William Godwin's "Caleb Williams."

And now, as her faculties began to seek for freer play after the paralysis with which they had been smitten during the reign of terror and crime in France, Madame de Stael became fired with the noble ambition of lifting up French literature from the nothingness to which it had fallen, to something like its former position. The first effects of the revolution of 1789 had not been unfavourable to the productions of French intellect, but they had diverted it from solid works to the exciting themes of politics and national finance. The first three years of the revolution had been fruitful in pamphlets, newspapers, parliamentary reports, and works of the day, but after the proclamation of the Republic and its attendant Reign of Terror, even journalism hid its head, and a dead gloomy silence brooded over the surface of French literature. From 1795 a milder era commences; a moderate form of Republicanism, not wholly unfavourable to liberty of the press, comes into vogue. Nevertheless, a military spirit continued to prevail in society; the coarse tastes and manners of the times of Jacobin rule had left a deep trace upon the then generation of Frenchmen, while the guillotine, the emigration, and the war had combined in robbing France of almost all her choicest minds. It was at this epoch that Madame de Stael came forward to do her best to repair the damage that had been done. Let those who hold obstinately to absolute theories on the inferiority of woman's intellect, bear in mind, that, from 1795 to 1815—a period of 20 years—a woman, Madame de Stael, was the Coryphœus of French literature, and was almost the only, and certainly the principal, representative to Europe of French intellect.

In the summer of 1796 there appeared at Lausanne, not at Paris, her work—"De l'Influence des Passions sur le bonheur des Individus et des Nations," with the touching motto—"Quæsevit cœlo lucem, ingemuitque repertâ."* Her opening lines well portray the state of mind under which she commenced this work.

* "She sought light from above, and when she had obtained it she groaned in spirit."

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"What an epoch I have chosen for composing a treatise upon the happiness of individuals and of nations! Is it in the midst of a consuming crisis which affects the destinies of all, when the lightning penetrates into the lowest valleys as well as smites the elevated spots? Is it at a time when merely to live is to be drawn onward by the general movement, when repose is not granted at the bottom of the tomb, when the dead are tried anew, and their urns by turns admitted into or ejected from the temple where factions thought to confer immortality? Yes, it is in this century, when the want of happiness has stirred up the human race; in this century especially one is led to reflect deeply on the nature of individual and social happiness, upon its route, its limits, and the obstacles that stand in the way of its attainment. It would be a disgrace to me, however, if, during the course of two terrible years, if, during the Reign of Terror in France, I had been capable of sitting down to such a work. . . The generation which will come after us will perhaps examine the cause and the effect of those two years; but we, the contemporaries, the compatriots of the victims immolated in those days of blood, did we at that time retain the power of generalising ideas, of thinking out abstractions, of separating ourselves for a moment from our impressions with a view to analyse them? No, not even yet can the reason approach this immeasurable time! To comment upon events is to bring them within the range of existing ideas, of ideas which were already represented by corresponding impressions. At that frightful image all the emotions of the soul are renewed, we shudder, we are fevered, the desire to combat, the wish for death arises, but the reflective faculty cannot yet apprehend any of those souvenirs, the sensations which they call into being absorb every other faculty."

The exciting motive of this work was the desire to stay the sources of that human misery which had flowed in such a mighty torrent before her eyes. The lessons of the French Revolution had taught her that the source of that misery was to be found in the power of human passions, and therefore she set to work to prove, in the spirit of an ancient stoic, that the best guarantee for individual and social happiness was in abstinence from all passions. She thus states her purpose in composing this work:—

"Finally, whatever may be thought of my plan, what is certain is, that my sole aim has been to combat misfortune in all its forms, to study the thoughts, the sentiments, the institutions which cause pain to men, to find out what is the reflection, the impulse, the combination which can diminish somewhat of the intensity of the pains of the soul; the image of misfortune, under whatever aspect it presents itself, both pursues and overwhelms me. Alas, I have learnt so well what it is to suffer, that an inexpressible *attendrissement* takes possession of me at the thought of the misfortunes of all and of each individual; of inevitable sorrows and the torments of the imagination, of the reverses of the just, and even also of the remorse of the guilty man; of the wounds of the heart which are the most touching of all; finally, of all which causes the shedding of tears, those tears which the ancients collected in a consecrated urn, so august was man's grief in their eyes. Ah, it is not enough to have sworn that within the limits of one's individual energies, whatever injustice, whatever wrong one might be the object of, one would never willingly cause a pain, one would never lose an opportunity of solacing one; I must further essay, if some scintilla of talent, if some power of reflection, cannot invent the language whose melancholy gently moves the heart—cannot aid in discovering at what philosophical height the shots which wound can no longer reach. Lastly, if leisure and study have taught me how to

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give to political principles * sufficient force of demonstration that they might be no longer the object of two religions, and consequently of the most bloody furies, methinks that one would at least have offered a complete examination of everything that abandons man's destiny to the power of misfortune."

She anticipates the obvious argument that the passions should be directed rather than overcome, by the rejoinder—

"I do not understand how you can direct that which only exists by dominating; there are only two conditions for man; either he is certain to be master within himself, and in that case he has no passion, or else he feels that there reigns within himself a power stronger than himself, and in that case he is entirely dependent on it. All these compacts with passion are purely imaginary. Passions, like real tyrants, must be either on the throne or in prison."

In one case only may you indulge a passion with safety, and that case is, if you have the moral courage to commit suicide. Of this more anon. Before I revert to this marked feature of her argument, I will lay before the reader the plan of the work. Here it is:—

"SECTION I.

"Of the passions:—of ambition; of vanity; of love; of gambling, avarice, drunkenness; of envy and vengeance; of party-spirit; of crime.

"SECTION II.

"Of the sentiments which are intermediate between the passions and the resources which we find in ourselves:—of friendship; of filial, paternal, and conjugal affection; of religion.

* Her political principles in 1796 are those of a moderate republican, as may be gathered from the following extracts:—

"It would be necessary to admit that there is only one great question which still divides thinkers; to wit, if, in the constitution of mixed governments, it is necessary or not to admit the hereditary principle. We are all agreed, I think, upon the impossibility of despotism, or the establishment of any power which does not aim at the happiness of all; we are also doubtless of one mind on the absurdity of a demagogical constitution, which would overturn society in the name of the people which compose it. But some think that the guarantee of liberty, the maintenance of order, can only exist with the aid of an hereditary and conservative power; others recognise in the same way the truth of the principle, that order, that is to say obedience to the law, is the only security for liberty, but they think that this result can be obtained without a class of institutions whose only justification is their necessity, and which must be rejected by reason, if reason proves that they do not serve the happiness of society better than common-sense ideas. It is to these two questions, I think, that all intelligent persons should devote themselves.

. . . . . .

"It appears to me that the true partisans of republican liberty are those who detest most deeply the misdeeds which have been committed in its name. Their adversaries may doubtless experience the just horror of crime, but as these very crimes serve as an argument in support of their theories, they do not feel, as the friends of liberty do, every kind of pain at one and the same time.

. . . . . .

"Everything invites France to remain a republic; everything commands Europe not to follow her example."

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"SECTION III.

"Of the resources which we find in ourselves :—that no one sufficiently fears misfortune; of philosophy; of study; of liberality."

In this work the authoress first revealed her almost unequalled power as a delineator of the workings of man's various passions. Her chapter on "Party-spirit," in which she describes, from the results of her own observation, the terrible effects of this passion during the revolution, is one of those *chefs d'œuvre* which cannot soon be forgotten by the reader.

In her chapter on "Crime" she discusses the question why criminals so seldom commit suicide; and in solving this problem she lets it be seen that her views on suicide are taken more from Seneca and the pre-Christian moralists than from Christian teachers. Nowhere does Madame de Stael more openly proclaim that she is a daughter of the eighteenth-century philosophy.

"It may be asked why, when the situation is so painful, suicides are not more frequent, since death is the only remedy for the irreparable. But because criminals scarcely ever commit suicide, we ought not to conclude that they are less unhappy than those men who resolve on suicide. Without dwelling on the vague terror of the after-life which is apt to influence the guilty, there is something sentimental or philosophic in the action of committing suicide which is quite alien to the depraved creature.

"If one quits life to escape from heart-pangs, one desires to leave some regrets behind; if one is led to commit suicide by a profound weariness of life, deep reflection, long meditations, must have preceded this resolve. But the hatred which the guilty man feels towards his enemies, the desire that he feels to do them an injury, would make him dread to leave them in repose by his death; the fury by which he is agitated, far from disgusting him with life, causes him to be doubly bitter against everything that has cost him so dear. A certain degree of pain discourages and fatigues; the irritation of crime attaches man to life by a mixture of fear and fury; life becomes a sort of prey which is preserved that it may be torn to pieces.

"Moreover, a trait peculiar to great criminals is, not to confess to themselves their unhappiness—a confession which pride forbids them to make; but this illusion, or rather this internal *gêne*, does not diminish their sufferings, for the worst of griefs is that which cannot repose upon itself. The wicked man is ill at ease in his innermost thoughts; he negociates with himself as with an enemy; he maintains with his meditations some of those artifices which he observes in his attitude towards the public, and in such a condition there never exists the kind of meditative calm, of abandonment to reflection, which is needed to contemplate the naked truth, and take an irrevocable resolution in accordance with it.

"The courage which braves death has no affinity with the disposition which determines a man to inflict it upon himself; criminals may be intrepid in the moment of danger, it is a consequence of their intoxication—that is, an emotion, a means, a hope, an action; but these same men, although they are the most unhappy of mortals, seldom or never commit suicide. Perhaps Providence has not vouchsafed to leave them this sublime resource; or, perhaps, there is in crime a devouring love of self which, without giving any enjoyment, shuts out the elevated sentiments which inspire one to renounce life.

"Alas! it would be so difficult not to interest oneself in the man who, lifting himself above nature, throws away what he holds from nature—who makes use of his life

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to destroy it; not to interest oneself in him when he is subduing by the power of his soul the strongest of human impulses—the instinct of self-preservation; it would be so difficult not to believe in some generous impulses in the man who, actuated by penitence and remorse, should commit suicide, that it is well that truly bad men are incapable of such an action; it would be a subject of regret to a good man, the not being able entirely to despise the mortal who inspires him with horror."

Before leaving this subject it is right to add, that fifteen years subsequently she formally recanted and refuted this favourable opinion of suicide, in a work specially composed with that end in view. But, in 1811, Madame de Stael had become an attached adherent of Protestant Christianity.

In her chapter on "Vanity," Madame de Stael graphically descants on the miseries that are sure to beset the path of a woman who gains celebrity by the splendour and grasp of her intellectual powers.

"What jealousy and hatred attend upon the (public) successes of a woman! how numerous the pangs caused by the varied means which envy adopts to persecute her! The majority of her own sex are against her, out of rivalry, stupidity, or on principle. The talents of a woman, whatever they may be, always disturb them in their sentiments. Those to whom intellectual distinctions are not accessible find a thousand means of attacking them when they are in a woman's possession; a pretty woman, by denying those advantages, believes that she is thereby aggrandising her own. A woman who imagines that she is remarkable for her prudence and her common sense, and who, though she has never had two ideas in her head, wishes to pass as one who has rejected what she has never understood, such a woman issues for a little while from her normal barrenness to find a thousand ridiculous things in her whose conversation is animated and tinted by intellectuality; and good mothers who think, with some reason, that the triumphs of even undoubted intellectual power are not suited to a woman's destiny, see with pleasure those who have obtained them attacked.

"Moreover, the woman who by attaining a real superiority could imagine herself placed above hatred, and soar by her thought to the level of the most celebrated men, would never have the fortitude or the self-control which characterise them; imagination would always be her leading trait; this circumstance might benefit her talent, but her soul would be too strongly agitated, her feelings would be troubled by her chimeras, her actions superinduced by her illusions. . . . Great talents united to an impassioned imagination enlighten upon general results, and deceive in regard to personal relations. Sensitive and impressionable women will always furnish an example of this strange union of truth and error, of that sort of inspiration which utters oracles to the universe, and is wanting in the most simple counsel for oneself. If you study the small number of women who have real titles to glory, you will see that this effort of their nature was always at the expense of their happiness. After having sung the sweetest lessons of morality and philosophy, Sappho threw herself from the top of Mount Leucas. Elizabeth, after having subdued the enemies of England, died the victim of her passion for the Earl of Essex. Finally, before entering on this career of glory, whether a throne or a literary crown be the object, women should reflect that, for the sake of glory, happiness and repose must be sacrificed, and that in this career there are very few lots which are worth the most obscure existence of a beloved wife and a happy mother."

The introductory essay to this work is a fine specimen of the authoress's powers. It must take an abiding place in the history of

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the female mind, as, I believe, the earliest essay of a woman in the field as yet ventured on by so very few of her sex—the Philosophy of History. The concluding volume of the work never appeared. It was the first of her works which obtained the honour of a translation into English.*

P. F. A.

* The commentary of Madame Necker de Saussure upon this and the other ethical and imaginative works of her illustrious friend and cousin is admirable, both in thought, feeling, and style, and leaves little to be desired. It should be read by everyone desirous of becoming acquainted with the character, mental development, and influence of Madame de Stael. I cannot say so much for her notices of Madame de Stael's political writings.

(To be continued.)

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COLONEL RANNOCH.

CHAPTER XVII.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

ELLICE did not faint outright—the flowers and white marble footpath rocked up and down like the waves of the sea. Her feet slipped away from under her, and, blind and dizzy, she had only time to become conscious of the disagreeable reality, when her limbs refused to support her, and, for a second or two, her mind also seemed paralysed; the next, and almost as Tym's arm encircled her, sense returned—but a clouded, sick, miserable sense, only roused by the dread of making a scene, and of having people staring and crowding round; of her mother's excitement, and all the conjectures, probable or improbable, that would inevitably follow.

"Don't call any one," were her first words, and Tym, who had taken her to a seat out of sight of the entrance or principal walk, stood by, frightened, wondering, and only half inclined to obey.

"I got a fright," said Ellice, presently; adding, "I suppose I am not quite strong yet."

"A fright, Ellice?" and Tym opened his eyes wider than before. What could she mean? There was no one near them, and the proposal he had made could scarcely be called a thing to frighten a young lady into a fainting fit. Tym stooped down and took her hand, saying soothingly—

"I am afraid you are ill. I told your mother she took you away from Rhodee too soon."

Ellice shook her head, and the colour came up to her face, for, at the mention of her illness and his home, the words Mr. Clifton had been saying when the sight that had paralysed her senses met her eyes, returned to her memory; she looked up and saw how unusually grave and sad Tym's jovial countenance had become, and then there flashed upon her all his life-long kindness to herself, and a lump rose in her throat.

Ellice's nerves were terribly shaken, or she would have scorned such weakness as the slightest approach to hysterics; even now, angry and ashamed, she jumped up, and pushing open the door of the conservatory, went out into the garden, followed closely by Mr. Clifton, who, more utterly bewildered and anxious than ever, had a vague idea of taking off his coat and covering up the white shoulders, so dangerously exposed to the keen winter wind; but he remembered how absurd it would look, and kept his coat on. What he did do, was to put his arm round her, and say—

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"Ellice, my dear, you are ill. Have I said anything to hurt you? If so I am very sorry."

"Oh! don't say you are sorry, dear Mr. Clifton." And Ellice, who was struggling against the sobs that were rising in her throat, spoke hurriedly and desperately.

"But, my dear, I must," and Tym's voice showed how earnest he was; "what can I think? I tell you I love you better than anything else in the world, and ask you to be my wife, and you grow white as a ghost and drop down as if you were dead, and then tell me you got a fright. Ellice, what did I say to frighten you?"

Poor Tym, he had more cause to be frightened now, for a suppressed laugh, drowned in sobs, was the answer. Having, happily for himself, no experience in hysterical young ladies, he had taken the very worst form of comfort he could.

"Don't mind me," sobbed Ellice. "I am a fool, but—but—oh, don't be kind to me! I am so sorry, but—it was not you—I saw such a horrible thing, a woman, and she looked so like a devil, with her wild wicked face and threatening hands."

Tym's face grew graver still, as Ellice, gradually becoming calmer, told him how there had appeared, suddenly, by the glass wall of the conservatory, a hideous distorted face; that a woman, half clothed, had stood there menacing her, and that, mad and changed as the face was, she recognised it to be that of Margaret Shirley.

In vain Tym tried to reason with her.

"I am certain I saw her," was all Ellice said; "but why should she come to me—what have I had to do with her?"

"Had I not better bring Frank to you?" asked Tym. "You are, perhaps, right; she is mad, you know, and something may have happened."

Ellice looked round with a shudder.

"I am a coward, I daresay, but if she should come while you are away—"

"Then you must come with me." And Tym drew her hand under his arm.

At the entrance to the conservatory they met Colonel Rannoch; he had seen Tym take Ellice away, and having given them, as he thought, ample time for their *tête-à-tête*, had no notion of letting the precious minutes of the night which he had determined should decide his fate slip by.

"The colonel will stay with you," whispered Tym, "and I will tell Frank;" then aloud—"Miss Glanley is tired, colonel—perhaps you will stay here with her until I return; you must read her a lecture upon the imprudence of too much energy." So saying, he went off in search of Major Shirley, and the colonel sat down by Ellice, a good deal

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puzzled as to the appearance of things, and with a twinge of jealousy regarding Tym Clifton, for there was no mistaking Ellice's expressive face; and that something unusual had taken place was pretty evident. There was no time, however, to think of what Tym might have been saying; the words burning in his own heart must be said, and the opportunity would be gone; so he plunged straight in at once.

"I have been watching for the chance of speaking to you alone all night, and now it has come I hardly like to trouble you, you look so tired and worn out;" he paused. Ellice had her elbow upon the arm of the chair, and her face hid by her hand, but he saw she was trembling. "Yet I am very selfish—love always is, they say—and I love you, Miss Glanley, and it was to ask you if I might hope, might—" something like a curse cut short his words, as he drew back and rose. Tym Clifton, who had found Shirley close at hand, was returning with him, and was even then close at hand—close enough to have seen the colonel's earnest appeal, if not heard the words themselves.

"You wanted to speak to me, Ellice," said Shirley. "I daresay Colonel Rannoch will not object to going back to the drawing-room."

Colonel Rannoch's face grew white, and the cold gleam that comes into a blue eye, when angry, met Shirley's defiantly; but he did not trust himself to speak, only bowing and walking away—not, however, to the drawing-room, but to the hall, and thence out into the street.

The colonel was jealous, and he hardly knew which of them, Tym or Frank Shirley, to pitch upon. He had committed himself—he had said too much to leave more unsaid, and too little to rest upon, either for or against his hopes. What had Frank Shirley to say to Ellice, and by what right did he call her by her Christian name? Frank had been a companion of the Glanley girls from childhood, but the colonel forgot that, and only chafed against the plain fact. Then Tym Clifton, though he was old enough to be her father, was a hale, handsome fellow; and backed by such a rent-roll, might win his way where younger and poorer men failed. No sooner did such a thought cross Rannoch's mind than it was indignantly rejected, and the next minute he was anathematising his own hasty temper, ready to account for Ellice's anxiety to speak to Shirley in a dozen plausible ways—ready to go down upon his knees and beg Ellice's forgiveness for a disloyal suspicion—ready to remember all the looks, words, and signs by which he had gradually gathered courage to hope. He remembered how the red blood flushed up to her face, when in talking of the laird he had told of his great wish—that he might live to see the evil lot of their race conquered, and give his blessing to Rannoch's wife. Angus remembered how nearly the question which would settle all had stolen forth into words that night; and how, in fear lest the shortness of their acquaintance might stand up between them, he resolved that he would

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wait, at any cost to himself, until that apprehension should be past and now that he had waited, gaining confidence every day in the certainty of his hope, he had let the first difficulty turn him back. But he might, nay must, go to Ellice the following day, and say out the words left unsaid; but what would she think of him meanwhile, and what might not Shirley have told her?

Certainly it was Frank's own interest to let the story of his sister's shame drop, nor was it likely that, except the importance of the occasion seemed to demand it, any one would be taken into his confidence. Might not the occasion have come now? If he loved Ellice—and Rannoch thought, with sickening heart, how often Frank was with the girls; and remembering then the old ties of friendship, he thought too that Margaret Shirley must have been a companion of Ellice's, who surely had heard some, if not all, the outlines of the sad miserable story, and to whom, probably, there was only wanting a single clue by which to explain what might hitherto have oppeared a mystery, and that clue Frank might find it his interest, or perhaps think it his duty, to supply.

Might not he have chosen Tym Clifton as the tale-bearer? Tym being an old friend, the warning would come better from him.

"Conscience verily makes cowards of us." Angus was ashamed of the past; willingly would he have given ten years of his coming life, to blot out or live over again those months, whose evil had clouded and stained every hour that had followed in their passionate track; nightly had he prayed—"Blot out my sins and visit me not with Thy displeasure;" and though such prayers are undoubtedly answered, and sin blotted, out from the great record on high, in this life we can never wipe out the fatal effects of that whereof we are ashamed; or, while memory lasts forget the sin and its train of regret; and well for us it is so!

Angus Rannoch sat by his lonely fireside, into the small hours, turning over his fate, reading his life, its sins and its lessons; and the retrospect was not a pleasant one; indeed it seldom is; the hills are levelled, the valleys filled up, the whole landscape a strangely barren even plain; we thought much of the good or evil when we were toiling on, but looking back, the good grows wonderfully less, the milestones crowd thickly one upon another, and alas, there is little to show for all this weary journey, but a jaded frame and a lonely heart; disappointments have followed thickly, until there seemed nothing stable, nothing to lean upon, nothing to trust to; and where disappointments have been fewer, the vanity of life and life's worth lies heavy upon the world-taught heart. The wise king's words are as true now as they were in the days of old. It is all vanity. It was only the night before, that, sitting by the same fire, Angus had thought with glistening eyes of the joy he was to send to his lonely highland home—he had pictured to himself the

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laird's delight, the lifted hands, trembling with the weight of happiness, the spoken blessing, the eager plans laid to do honour to her Angus was bringing home amongst them; he had thought of all this by the same fireside only a few hours before, and he thought of it now, bitterly and regretfully, as one has often to think of the hopes and desires of the heart. He did not pause to reason with himself, or say to himself that it might yet be well with him; the blackness of darkness was already settling down upon him; conscience had judged him, and roared forth his condemnation.

If the true story of the past came to her ears he had no hope, and hope had been so strong in him that it was hard to give it up—harder still, because the need was incurred by his own act, and that he was only fulfilling the rule that as a man sows he must reap.

More from habit than inclination for rest, Rannoch rose, and taking up one of the candles opened his bedroom-door—as he did so, the bell at the entrance rang sharply.

At such an hour as that, no one would come, except upon an urgent errand, and one, too, which must concern him; so Rannoch did not wait for his servant awaking, but opened the door to his untimely visitor himself, and stood face to face with Frank Shirley, who said:—

"May I come upstairs and speak to you for five minutes!"

Rannoch stood on one side, and let Frank pass in, staying to close and lock the door, before he followed him.

"When you spoke of my sister in the hotel, when I came first here," said Shirley. "I promised to let you know anything, good or evil, that might happen to her. I have come to ask your advice and help; she has escaped from the asylum, and Miss Glanley saw her to-night," and then while, eager to conceal what he felt, the colonel paced the room, Frank explained to him the cause of Ellice's agitation, unconsciously wiping away all Rannoch's false alarms, and healing one wound, even while he probed another; but of the other wound Rannoch recked nothing just then; he was thinking only of Ellice, and that Frank, at least, did not stand in his way.

"How can I help you?" he asked, forgetting, in the fulness of his own happiness, the barrier Frank had insisted on lifting up between them; and it would seem as if Shirley had forgotten it too.

"I thought—I almost hoped—she might have found you out. I dare not make any search, in case of the publicity; and at any hour she may appear. God knows what the result may be if she falls into the hands of her husband again! It is bad enough for me, but it is ten times worse for you."

The colonel stopped suddenly, and, wheeling round, asked, sharply—

"Why?"

"Because it would break Ellice Glanley's heart."

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And then the whole misery of his position burst upon Rannoch, and crushed him. Turning to the fireplace, and putting his arms on the chimney-shelf, he let his head drop forward upon them. To hear of the realisation of his dream—to be told that Ellice loved him—and that, too, by the lips of the man who, a few minutes before, he had thought his most inveterate enemy—the man whose hatred, bitter as it had been, was only just—thus to have coals of fire heaped upon his head came like a deadly blow upon Rannoch's proud heart; but more, too; he saw now the truth—if Ellice heard the story of the past, it would assuredly banish him for ever from her presence.

"I was jealous of you ten minutes ago," he said at last; "and now you come to tell me that I am the most fortunate and unfortunate man in England. I don't know how to thank you, Frank."

"It went sadly against the grain not to be friends with you, Rannoch. Now, thank God, it's all right! I'll come in early, and see what you advise. Now, I am going back to the Close; she may still be there."

"I'll go with you, then; we can talk better in the open air. These rooms seem to choke me."

He put his hand up to his throat, as if in pain; and, throwing open the window, leant out. When he turned again, his face was like the face of a corpse, and great drops of sweat were beading his forehead.

"Only a touch of my old enemy," he said, in answer to Frank's anxious looks.

"I thought it was gone?"

"No, as you see, not quite. I know its signs better, and prepare for it."

"You should see a doctor."

"And hear my death-warrant? No, no, Frank, not now. When a man stands by the open gate of Heaven, it is scarcely human to expect him to close it. No, no, not now; I'll know my fate first from her."

"Don't think me cruel, Angus—but think of Ellice."

"Will she love me less if she knows?" asked Rannoch.

And Shirley said no more; he knew Ellice well enough to feel that the argument was conclusive.

Morning light found the two men pacing the enclosure of the Close, but they had seen nothing of the unhappy woman.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

When Mr. Kealder bethought him of throwing himself upon Ellice's mercy, and told her the so-called story of his life, he had done so without any definite object; but as he sat opposite her, gazing into her eyes by the firelight, watching her changing expression, and listening to

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the tremulous earnestness of her voice, a warmer feeling started to life.

With men of Kealder's temperament there is no medium; like their existence, it is a sort of neck or nothing race—a double or quits sort of game—once the new passion had made itself evident, no earthly or heavenly consideration would stand between him and the fruition of his wish. He knew Rannoch's chances were ten to one of his own; that while the colonel had but to go forward openly and honourably, he must plot and plan—lie and cheat; but then again, had not his whole life been one acted lie? From his cradle he had been taught to hide himself. The very name he was known by was a lie; and, looking back, there did not seem one event of his life which could have borne scrutiny, and been pronounced truth. It was a hard case; he would willingly have exchanged lots with Rannoch, if only for the sake of being able to look back upon truth in the past.

Ellice was a prize worth a struggle; it was a strange coincidence, he and Rannoch entering the same lists in such a cause. He had no dislike—no jealousy—of Angus; rather indeed did he admire and like him. He envied him, it is true; but the envy had no malice in it. Kealder was a fatalist, and took his *rôle* for granted. Fate had ruled for him, he was a passive agent in the hands of the inevitable.

He knew Tym Clifton would offer to Ellice, but he had no fear of a rival in Tym, although he watched them pretty closely; and was thus standing by the arched doorway, which led into the conservatory, and saw the wild face and menacing hand at the same time that Ellice did.

To make his way into the dining-room, open a window, and spring out into the garden, was the work of a very few minutes. There, clinging to the framework, and poised upon the stone coping of the conservatory, hung a woman. Her cloak had fallen off, and lay upon the ground, leaving her neck and arms bare; her bonnet lay beside it, so that a mass of disordered black hair hung down, half veiling the bust, and contrasting with the deathly white skin. She looked round, when the sound of Kealder's footstep broke the silence; springing down, she began clasping his knees with her arms, and covering his hands with kisses, stopping now and then to look up into his face, and whisper his name, as if the words were the very essence of life itself.

"How did you come here, Mignon?" he said at last, stooping to lift her up; "and half clothed, too, poor girl; you must be perished."

"I ran away. I hid my shawl and bonnet. A man came and put a ladder up, and I got down, he told me he would bring me to you; they thought because the large door was shut, they need not watch me; but they could not keep me from you, Evan. I pretended to be mad, you know, just to lull their suspicions; but I bribed the servants, and they

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gave me paper to write to you, and when you sent for me, I was ready."

Kealder's countenance darkened. "Sent for you? Who said I'd sent for you?"

"The man who brought me here, Evan. But I have something to tell you of him; come away, and I will tell you."

Kealder picked up her cloak and threw it round her. When they had reached the end of the walk she stopped, peered into the darkness, and then whispered—

"You must not trust them, Evan—they want to hurt you; look here what they gave me," and she pulled a knife out of the breast of her dress; "they told me you loved someone here, and gave me this to kill you with. Look, that's what I do with it!" she flung it among the bushes.

This was rather startling; but Kealder was used to danger, and, for the present took it very quietly.

"You cannot stay here, Mignon."

"I will go with you!"

It was with no small trouble Kealder explained the impossibility of this; and then came the difficulty of what to do with her. There was plainly a plot at work against him, and he suspected Kells to be at the bottom of it. There was only one in the gang he could trust, and that was Blythe; but Blythe was in London, and the poor mad woman must be housed somewhere until he found it practicable to take her away.

Suddenly he remembered the old post-boy at the "George." Months ago Kealder had caught him in the act of helping himself out of his portmanteau; the miserable old thief was in his power, and for the sake of the money he had been pilfering to obtain would be likely enough to do an honest service, the only price being to hold his tongue. So, tying on the woman's bonnet, and arranging her cloak so as to cover her as much as possible, he took her to the yard-door of the "George."

As luck would have it, Peter was lounging, half-asleep, upon a bench near, and having the happy faculty of sleeping with one eye open, was soon at Kealder's service—the couple of sovereigns that found their way into his dirty palm brightening his senses considerably.

"There ain't no difficulty, sir," said Peter, clinking the money; "I've a room a' top o' the loft; but maybe you'd rather she warn't here—the hostlers, they're coorious. I'll take her to a décent lodgin'-house, kep' by a relation of mine, a woman as was a servant to the old bishop, and lost her place and character all along of his runaway daughter. Take care, sir, there's another step; these alleys is wery dangerous at night."

The warning was requisite enough; the lane down which they were

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going was narrow, dark, and apparently with a very faint apology for pavement; but it was not the pavement that made Kealder trip; his fate was strongly visible just then.

"Here we are, sir," said Peter, stopping before a tall dark house, with a stair up to the second floor, the lower part serving apparently as a sort of warehouse. "By your leave, I'll go first;" which he accordingly did, opening the door, and groping his way along the passage; Kealder and the woman standing in the doorway waiting for some light to guide them.

The light was not long in coming; a door opened, and upon the threshold appeared a figure dressed in tawdry flaunting finery, her flushed face showing that the sleep she had been indulging in had been the result of something more potent than honest labour.

"What the —— do you come here at such a time for?" she began, but suddenly changed her voice, when Peter whispered that he had brought a gentleman and lady to lodge there, adding a short explanation.

The woman went back into the room, and received Kealder with a ready flow of apologies for her house, in the midst of which she stopped, stared, then, crying out—"My God, it's Miss Margaret!" she burst into tears.

It is said—and well said—that all things work together for those who love the Almighty, but the case may be totally reversed as truly, for the experience of most of us goes to prove that fortune is equally kind to the followers of a certain personage who is supposed to be nameless—a proof probably of that dame's proverbial blindness; things were certainly working together marvellously well for the furtherance of Mr. Kealder's views, and this recognition was the longest step forward he had made yet. It was nothing that it was not mutual; madness takes strange forms, and that her old mistress was mad was speedily explained; poor Mignon sitting with a vacant smile upon her worn face, her eyes fixed upon Kealder, and her thin fingers twined round his, as if afraid he would leave her again.

"And you want me to take care of her till you find a better home; that I will, she was kind to me, and it wasn't her fault that I lost my place. You'll stay here, Miss Margaret?" she said.

Margaret looked helplessly at Kealder.

"Yes, she'll stay; only for a day, Mignon," he whispered, "I'll come then and take you home."

A wild frantic laugh rang through the room.

"Home! yes, home again; not to a madhouse; home with you, home! Oh, I have been miserable away! I forget everything—I can think of nothing—I don't remember even you," and she laid her hand upon the woman's shoulder.

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"Ah, but I remember you; you'll remember me by-and-by, mind; let the gentleman go now, and I'll take care of you."

When Kealder was gone, Peter came creeping back, and beckoning to his cousin, took her into the passage.

"I know him," he whispered, with a chuckle.

"Know who, you fool?"

"Him, he that ran off with her," pointing to Margaret.

"Then keep a quiet tongue in your ugly mouth, and see if you cannot make more by that than you ever did by wagging it. Where's he been staying, and how did he come here?"

"He's stayin' at Squire Clifton's, and they calls him another name; and the other one, he's here too, and doesn't know this one from Adam. Oh lord, there are queer things i' this world! He's a clever one, is the captain, and a brave one too; I seed him a-riding with Major Shirley yesterday, and he and the other one were a-standing by the grave when they put that poor thing they said was her in the ground. I'd like to have a master like him; lord, I'd serve him body and soul, and be proud to!"

"Have you most done your talk?" broke in his cousin, passionately; "I want to have the house to myself. You can come in the morning if you like; and take care you don't let your tongue tell tales, or I'll cut it out myself. Give me the money afore you go; I'll keep it safer than you will, and you can drink till you're done, as soon as this business is over."

"You're sure you won't spend they?"

Her answer was to push him out and slam the door in his face.

Then she stood still, apparently listening to the sound of Peter's footsteps as he stumbled down the broken-down stairs, but in reality turning over in her mind what she had just heard. She had been at fault, but did not choose to let her cousin know it, or own that his powers of recognition had been better than hers. She had not known Kealder; even then she could scarcely reconcile the assertion with truth, though it was corroborated by the fact of his bringing the woman she had claimed as her old mistress to her for shelter.

It is very difficult to believe that the mind can be so completely deceived, and that some changes in the style of dress, cut of hair, and manner, will so effectually mask a well-known face, that we fail in recognising it; and yet it is not the features which print themselves upon the memory—not the features so much as the expression; the trick of the face, the accent of the voice, the manner in which expression of face and voice work together. As a proof of this, it is by no means an easy thing to recognise a dead face, when the features have settled into vacant immobility, and all the light of expression has faded out; a prudent man will pause before he decides upon the identity. So it is,

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that when this change has been effected in life, it is much easier than upon the face of it seems possible, to keep up an incognito, even surrounded by people who had been familiar with a face for years.

"He's wonderfully altered," thought Mrs. Watson; "but I'd know her anywhere, though, poor soul, she looks ill and worn to a shadow; mad, too; and not a sign of memory in her poor eyes; and me, too, that did so much for her, to think of her coming back like this, and little more than ten years ago she was the prettiest and gayest young lady I ever see. Don't you ever think of the old days, miss," she asked, sitting down beside Margaret; "don't you remember your father?"

A spasm passed over the other's face, and she nodded.

"Poor thing, you do; he was hard on you and me too. I lost my place after you went away, his lordship wouldn't give me a shred of a character, so I took up with Bill Watson, and married him; he wasn't any great shakes, and precious soon went away with another woman to the Mormons, and I got this old house, and manage to keep my head up and get my food. And you don't remember me; well, Miss Margaret, what do you remember?"

"That is not my name, I am Mrs. Rannoch, and I must not talk to you about my family, Evan does not like it; he is very kind, you know, but he has strange fancies; he think sthat I am mad, and actually shut me up for a long time; I was very miserable, and wrote to him, and he sent to help me to escape, and we shall go home to America, and I shall have my baby again. I killed it to keep it safe till I wanted it again. It was a mistake, you know, I meant to kill her child."

"Whose?" asked Mrs. Watson, her blood curdling with horror.

"Hers, you know. Why do you ask so many questions, and stare at me? Mad people do that. Are you mad?"

Mrs. Watson shuddered.

No, she wasn't mad, she said, but whose child did she mean to kill when she killed her own?

"How silly you are! It was hers you were talking about, Margaret Shirley—I found out her name."

"Oh lord!" muttered the other. "She's forgotten who she was! I wonder who she thinks she is now?" then aloud—"Why didn't you like her?"

The mad woman's face grew crimson, and the veins in her neck knotted with passion.

"Like her," she hissed, through her clenched teeth, "how could I like her when she came between us? Evan loved me till she came, and when I threatened he told me he had married her, but he couldn't truly. It was all a lie, he was my husband, but I held my tongue and waited. I tried to kill her, I told her the truth, I showed her my child,

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and made her mad with jealousy, and when her child came I made up my mind to kill it. Come nearer, and take hold of my hand, and I'll tell you how I did it. Hush!" and she held down her head, as if listening, "there they come, they always do when I talk about it, but don't be frightened, they won't touch you; they only jeer and laugh, and show me pictures of my baby, lying covered with blood. When I died they came to carry away my soul, but they found I was only mad, and the old devil, their master, said I was not bad enough for them; then the angels came and looked at me and said I was not good enough for them. That's how I am here yet; Margaret Shirley was taken straight away by the devils; they often talk to me about her. The angels took the baby, they always do; the devils told me that. Are you frightened?"

She stopped and looked at Mrs. Watson's white face with a smile.

"You need not mind, they won't take you just yet, at any rate. They'll come some day for you, and if you don't wash away that mark of anti-Christ from your forehead the devils will beat the angels."

Mrs. Watson started up, and ran to the window with a vague idea of calling for help; she could not stay alone there with a mad woman who saw spirits and marks no one else could see, and who talked of devils and murders with a smile upon her face. If she had only kept Peter—that would have been something—she had been a fool to stay alone.

"Don't open the window," shrieked Margaret, springing forward and pulling her away with the strength of a tigress, "they'll come in, in flocks, the air is full of them; devils, serpents, serpents, devils, tumbling about—look at them. Ha, ha, ha, there they go, look, look, close to the glass, there!"

She dragged the terrified woman forward, pushing her face against the window with that strength which seems one of the phases of madness—strength which, frightened as Mrs. Watson was, she had no power to resist; she was weak and helpless as a child, the perspiration was pouring down her face, and her tongue paralysed with horror, for there, looking back into her face, was a wild frenzied face, white as death; there was no time to remember anything about the powers of reflection, she saw that there was a face, and with a horrible dread that she too was mad, wrenched herself out of Margaret's grasp, and ran out of the room, up the dark staircase, and into a lodger's bedroom, who, starting up, greeted her with a volley of oaths, and a request that she would take herself off, or that he would take care and help her out, quicker than she might like.

"For God's sake let me stay, there's a mad woman in my room."

"Eh—a what?" and Kells, for it was none else but that gentleman, sat up, fairly roused now.

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"A mad woman. Won't you let me stop? I daren't go back."

"Where did you get her—maybe I knows sumut of her?"

"No you don't, she's a friend of mine, you needn't do more than let me sit here, till I come round."

And the man lay down—presently he sat up again.

"I say, missus, what's the name o' this pal you're so frightened on? That's no secret, is it?"

"Yes, it is."

"She ain't a new comer, is she? You've had her here afore, maybe? Though I han't heerd say."

"What's that to you? Yes, I have."

"Oh, then it's all right, only I and some pals o' mine had a mad wench in tow; they're looking after her, though, so it couldn't well be her; only it might ha' bin, and as we mean to make something out o' the job, it would have been my dooty to see to her."

Frightened as Mrs. Watson had been, she was alive to any hint of harm to her old mistress, so strangely placed in her charge; she had always had strong suspicions as to her lodger's antecedents, or honesty, and his words now set her on the *qui vive*.

"It's a queer way to make money, Mr. Smith?"

"Ay. But there are many queerer. I brought her down here last night, and I wouldn't do the job again for twenty pund. She talked o' nothing but devils and damnation the whole way down, and they'll come soon enough."

So saying, and laughing gruffly at his own wit, he turned round and fell asleep again.

It was some time before Mrs. Watson moved. Enough had been said to make sure that the mad woman of whom this man spoke and Margaret Shirley were one and the same person. What could the plot be? Was she aiding or opposing it by acting as she had done?

She had known very little of Margaret's story from the time she had helped her to run away from her home, and throw herself upon the mercy and honour of a man she knew nothing whatever about, but who had wakened up the full passion of her nature.

Rumours of sin and shame had reached Challoner, and the bishop's daughter had become a sort of by-word—her elopement and further fate being made the subject of one of those villanous street-ballads which are doled out before low public-houses, or in the by-lanes of the town; but more than this, or anything authentic, Mrs. Watson had never heard; there was something deep and bad at work, and good or evil, she determined to keep Margaret safe and out of sight until Kealder returned.

When at last she went downstairs, Margaret had fallen asleep, and

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lay stretched upon three chairs, her head thrown back, and the long black bands of her hair sweeping the floor.

Across her throat, just under her left ear, running round below the small dimpled chin, was a thin red line—the scar of a cut; Mrs. Watson shuddered as she looked at it, and thought how it must have looked when first done, wondering what hand had held the knife, and how the frail life could have escaped.

The hands, too, were marked, and the palms literally seamed with scars, as if a sharp instrument had been drawn through the clenched fingers, cutting to the bone as it passed.

Locking the entrance door, Mrs. Watson put the key in her pocket, and then went into an inner room, the door of which she fastened also, leaving the sleeping woman a prisoner, and securing her own slumbers against intrusion.

CHAPTER XIX.

A "SUBURBAN VILLA."

MR. AND MRS. BLYTHE, to whom passing reference has been made in a former chapter, lived in a pretty little suburban villa, surrounded by shrubs, well-kept flowers, and highly respectable society. They kept a phaeton, a brougham, and Mrs. Blythe indulged in a tiny pony-carriage. There was a verandah and a conservatory, plenty of servants, and all the appointments of a gentleman's house.

It was pretty evident that the profession followed by Mr. Blythe was not a losing one; but what that profession was, not one of his servants, and consequently not one of his neighbours, knew.

Together Mr. and Mrs. Blythe drove into town in a smart one-horse phaeton; together they returned, and although conjectures innumerable disturbed the minds of their next-door neighbours, each supposition was equally far from the mark—the fact was, both were of the chrysalis nature, and changed name and similitude on reaching the precincts of the city, where Mr. Blythe became Messrs Moses and Co., and Mrs. Blythe assumed the name and speech of a Frenchwoman.

The establishment kept by Messrs. Moses & Co. was nominally a silversmith's, but once inside you were surprised to see the wide margin such a trade permitted—guns, old uniform, carved oak furniture, pictures, statues, curiosities of all nations, lay piled or scattered about. Behind the shop was a small office fitted with massive iron closets, and behind one of these—the back of which was so contrived as to open—lay the entrance to a secret chamber, fitted with a strange looking fire-place and a great stove; the walls were deadened, and there was no window; a zinc ventilator ran along the ceiling, and the chimney was unusually large and open.

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This chamber was the mine from which the gold that bought and supported the suburban villa came, and Mr. Blythe's trade was simply that of a melter-down of stolen plate, jewels, &c. He had carried on his trade for close upon twenty years, and no suspicion had fallen upon his name or shop; further, Mr. Blythe did a good deal in the accommodation line; much of his business lay among the "West End swells," as he called them; to them he was Mr. Blythe, clerk to Messrs. Moses & Co., and the office at which he received such gentlemen lay three or four streets away from the other establishment.

Mrs. Blythe's apartments were on the opposite side of the street, some six or eight doors down. She had likewise another establishment near the Edgware Road, where, in her absence, the business was conducted by a real Frenchwoman, whose salary was a liberal percentage upon the profits—a system introduced by Mrs. Blythe, and found to answer admirably.

Both of Mrs. Blythe's shops were well known and supported; ladies of fashion found it convenient to let madame have the clearance of their wardrobes once in a month or so; ladies' maids liked the cash that madame gave better than useless dresses; and, if madame was to be believed, the colonial ladies preferred the cast-off garments worn by the English aristocracy, and discarded new for old.

"Ah," madame would say, with a lift of the shoulders and movement of the well arched eyebrows, "but if I might put your ladyship's name, only, I would get thrice the money."

Colonial ladies have so warmly and indignantly denied the imputation of requiring or wearing cast-off clothes, that neither to madame nor her compeers who advertise so indefatigably in the *Times*, should credence be given. If the truth were known, it is feared that a far different and nearer destination awaited the "left-off" finery of "my lady," and that the stages of the declension of many a fair garment would be a sorrowful parody upon the fate of the unhappy ones who buy from wardrobe-keepers.

Madame's conscience was an easy one. She called all her customers, whether those who sold or those who bought, "my lady;" she never wore second-hand clothing herself; and also never wore a dress above half-a-dozen times; and, as she had a good figure, employed a first-class dressmaker, and selected the best materials, her debtor and creditor account was pretty evenly balanced at the end of the year.

Of the two, Mrs. Blythe had the best and clearest head for business; and her husband was wont to take her counsel.

In the extremity in which he was placed by the sudden appearance of the mad woman, and the disclosure made as to some plot against his life, Kealder bethought him of Mrs. Blythe; and a night's reflection served to strengthen his belief that he could not do better than take

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her advice, and, if possible, persuade her to take Margaret under her charge.

Mrs. Watson readily assented to accompany her to London; and there, upon the second day, Mr. Kealder met them. He did not deem it prudent to let Mrs. Watson into his confidence any further, unless it was necessary, so he paid his first visit to the villa alone.

Mrs. Blythe knew enough of the circumstances already to enable her to take a lively interest in the present state of things. The recognition by Mrs. Watson impressed her strongly. "She couldn't be persuaded to come and take charge of her, could she?" and Kealder replied pretty correctly that he thought Mrs. Watson amenable to money, if not to reason.

"Then bring her here; the sooner the better. You can introduce the other as your sister; the servants won't then think anything of it; and I'll see that Mrs. Watson holds her tongue."

When Kealder brought the guests to the villa, Mrs. Blythe was in the drawing-room; she had neglected nothing which she thought likely to impress her guests at once; and, in spite of what Kealder had said as to the comfort she might expect, the rich furniture, servants, and Mrs. Blythe herself, took Mrs. Watson by surprise. As for Margaret, she was in raptures, running from one pretty ornament to another; now passing her hands over Mrs. Blythe's velvet dress, or laying it against her cheek—now starting off to look at something else that had caught her eye.

"You knew her at once?" questioned Mrs. Blythe, looking keenly at Mrs. Watson, for although it is proverbial that there is honour among thieves, Mrs. Blythe never trusted anyone's word, unless her own judgment corroborated the evidence.

"Yes, ma'am, I hadn't to look twice. Mr. Kealder, he can tell you that."

"And yet, when you recognised her so easily, you were at fault in another quarter. You call this gentleman Kealder; did you never see him before?"

Mrs. Watson dropped a demure curtsey, and looked up at the questioner with a smile.

"You knew him too, then?" and Mrs. Blythe, who was not easily mistaken in physiognomy, began to think she had met her match, and admired Mrs. Watson accordingly. "Why did you not say so?"

"It was not my place to see or say more than I was expected to do."

Kealder, who had been standing upon the hearth, here came forward to speak, but Mrs. Blythe stopped him eagerly.

"Leave her to me, I want to understand her. You are fond of your old mistress; well, are you willing to stay and take charge of her? You will be well paid, and have help when necessary. You will stay exclusively with her, and act exactly as I order. My demands

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may seem capricious at times, but you will not presume to judge. You will also keep to yourself. My servants are all in that side of the house, quite out of our way." She paused, and looked again, long and searchingly, into Mrs. Watson's face. "Then you'll undertake to stay here, as *her* companion and care-taker?"

Mrs. Watson saw no reason why she should not accept the office—in spite of the devils she had been so frightened of the first night—so she said she would stay.

"Then it is as well to tell you, as you have guessed already, that there are reasons for our desiring to keep the residence of this poor thing secret; also to conceal names, or anything that might tend to bring the matter before the public. Mr. Kealder will leave her here. When he goes away he ceases, so far as you are concerned, to exist. You will never answer any questions without consulting me. You will try to keep her quiet by talking of old days; she has forgotten her own identity, try to recall it to her by talking of old times, by describing her home, and reminding her, without seeming to do so openly, of the events which took place when you were with her. Do not let her talk of the baby—it was the horrible accident which resulted in its death that finally wrecked her reason, you saw that. To-morrow I shall have a medical man who will tell you exactly how to treat your charge. If you are asked by the servants who she is, you can say my brother's wife. You and I will understand each other, I think, and if you please me I shall not forget you; now follow your mistress, she can amuse herself while I give orders about your rooms."

Kealder turned as the door closed; he came up to Mrs. Blythe and leant over the back of her chair.

"How am I to thank you?"

"By making your fortune in the meantime," she answered, looking up. "Marrying an heiress."

"Heiresses are scarce in the land, and when they do exist are hedged about with fortresses impregnable to any adventurers saving the clergy. Is there no other way?"

"Make platonic love to an old lady, then, and get her to leave you her property; there are twenty other ways. I am going to the theatre; will you come, and we can talk it over? Blythe won't go."

Kealder took one of the long shining curls that hung across the lace chemisette, and stooping pressed his lips upon it, whispering some words that produced a smiling retort, and an intimation that he had better keep his chaff to himself, for Blythe never put up with any nonsense, and would be in directly; he might talk when they were at the theatre, and he might come home to supper if he liked, and didn't think it too far; to which Kealder replied that of course he couldn't think of letting her drive back alone, and so the matter was settled.

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Blythe came in presently, and Mrs. Blythe went; he brought a letter from Kells at Challoner, in which he hinted at his share in the work of bringing Margaret out of the asylum, and the mysterious way in which she had given them the slip, advising Blythe or his wife to attempt some inquiry, as he dared not show; he added that Kealder had left Rhodee without giving any notice, and warned them to look after him.

"He didn't think you'd hear the letter read," said Blythe, laughing. "Kells is a double-faced fellow, cruel and desperate, but shallow—I never liked him. What is it you draw from her brother?"

"Seven hundred."

"And how much goes to the fund?"

"Three."

Blythe whistled. "You don't pocket much, after her keep; it's hardly worth the cost, eh?"

"The sailor's choice only, between the devil and the deep sea; the three hundred we can get out of it clears our travelling expenses, and I have got used to the risk, it's rather pleasant than otherwise; if there wasn't some spur of the kind I'd throw up the whole affair, go out to Australia, and turn policeman, cattle-driver, anything to get an honest living; I am sick of it all, tired of being hunted!"

Blythe stared. "You don't look ill, or I'd say it was the old rhyme—

> 'When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be—
> When the devil grew well, the devil a monk was he!'

Has my old woman been lecturing you?"

"No, not exactly."

"Then what is it? Out with it, man, and I'll see if I cannot help you; I've known you long enough to like you, and I don't think worse of you for wanting to give up this sort of life—has a woman done it?"

"What if I say yes?"

"I'd say you weren't the first nor the hundred and first man that's lost the world for a woman. Well, being a woman, the next question is, is she rich, and being rich is she free; can you marry her without the Divorce Court?"

"Yes, to the last as well as the first; for the middle clause there's one got the start of me; Angus Rannoch of Rannoch."

Blythe sprang from his chair. "You don't mean to say that he and you are running neck and neck? You shall win if money or wit can do it. Who's the girl? Sit down and tell me all about her;" and in his excitement Blythe spoke as pure English as Kealder himself.

"It's as plain as a pikestaff," said Blythe, when Kealder had finished his story; "and here it is, this is your side. You were never married to Miss Shirley, so that when he took her home with him and kept her

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as his wife, they were married as fast as Scotch law can make them. The world's heard enough about that law to believe anything, a very little doctering and the case is certain; she claims him, he retires; you step in and marry this Miss Glanley, cut the lot of us, and become a respectable client of Mr. Blythe's. That's your ticket; by George, what a game it is! Talk of gamblers' excitement, talk of racing, they're child's play to a game like this—Angus Rannoch and you running for the same prize, and that prize a woman!"

He had risen as he was speaking, and was walking hurriedly to and fro, his tall figure drawn up and his face lighted up with triumph. Kealder sat looking on amazed; he had never heard Blythe mention Rannoch's name, and had no idea that he knew anything whatever about him, much less that he bore him such a load of enmity as was evidently the case. Blythe continued his restless walk, seemingly forgetting that there was anyone looking on; now clenching his fist and shaking it fiercely, now muttering Rannoch's name, now inveighing against "the laird," now the witch's curse; only scraps and sentences, a word or two, nothing to satisfy the curiosity he had awakened in Kealder's mind.

Presently he stopped, and facing round looked in the other man's face, a long searching look; then, with a bitter laugh, and a muttered—"By George, he shall win!" left the room.

CHAPTER XX.

ANGUS RANNOCH CRIES "WHOOHOOP!"

LOVE-MAKING, like fox-hunting, derives half its fascination from the spice of danger and difficulty. The start may be fair enough, the scent lying beautifully, and the master just enough ahead to keep him in good-humour—everything may go on swimmingly for even half-a-dozen fields, the line being perfect, when some blundering countryman heads the fox, and trouble the first comes; but soon old Reynard is away again, and hope rises; this time the line is not so good, and ere long a rotten ditch brings the hero to grief—so on, until the bright prospect of the morning is lost—it may be only clouded, and that, as Longfellow so pleasantly sings—

"Behind the clouds is the sun still shining."

But, alas, it may be that the clouds gather thicker and thicker, until the storm bursts, or the darkness of night comes down!

Just, then, as to a true sailor the knowledge that under the fair bosom of his chosen love lies a world of unknown danger, and that every breath may herald the trumpet-note of battle, as, however plain-sailing

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the outset, the middle voyage, or even the running into harbour may be, the hidden rocks and upper gales are not past until her anchor is slipped, and the gallant vessel safely in her mooring—thus, then, as the sailor watches every change in his fickle mistress, so must the lover look out, until the awful ordeal is over; I speak advisedly, an offer is an ordeal—an awful ordeal. I once heard a gallant officer affirm—

"I'd rather have led a dozen forlorn hopes than propose to my wife, and yet I'd known her all my life;" nor is this sentiment uncommon. And Colonel Rannoch was something of the same opinion, as he walked down the high street of Challoner on his way to the Friars.

The memory of the words spoken the preceding night had been strong upon him. And the reflections made during his night-watch had not lessened the difficulties, though they had increased the passion. He had loved Ellice, and knew that in a great measure the happiness and joy of his future life depended upon what answer she made to his suit, but not until the chances of losing her became realities, not until duty and love, pride and passion, took up arms against each other, and his heart, divided against itself, saw danger on every side, did he realise the depth of his love, before which every former feeling sank into insignificance. He only gave utterance to the voice that was crying out in every pulsation of his heart, when he said to Frank Shirley, that "he could not shut the gates of Heaven;" and the muttered words that followed were—

"If she loves me as I love her, she would rather be mine for one day, than be spared, even if that were possible, for a whole after-life of freedom." He did not, of course, say this aloud, but after all it is not always necessary to put our thoughts into words to make them sufficiently intelligible. Frank was in love too, and instinct taught him pretty well what prompted the assertion made by Angus, that "Ellice would not love him less, if she knew his death-warrant was signed."

Angus had spoken the words thoughtlessly; but he remembered them earnestly enough that night, and had no wish to gainsay them. He was going to test their truth now. He would tell Ellice—so he said to himself, as he walked down the street; but by the time he was in the morning-room at the Friars, and standing opposite Ellice, making a miserably lame attempt at an ordinary greeting, the resolution had grown weaker, and gone where it is said so many resolutions do go.

Ellice was alone when the footman announced the colonel, and although, in an ordinary way, there would have been nothing very unusual in his calling so early, Miss Glanley had not forgotten the scene in the conservatory, or the words in the sentence so suddenly cut short. So it was that the blood mounted to Ellice's face as she held out her hand, nor did it recede for a minute or two, as, in place of dropping the

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hand, Rannoch still held it fast in his, and said, speaking hurriedly and indistinctly—

"I cannot beat about the bush, Miss Glanley. I have come to finish what I left unsaid last night; it is not a long story—perhaps you can guess the ending?"

Ellice's face grew deadly pale; but she made a great effort, and looked up with a quivering smile—"Perhaps I can."

"God bless you—you are a true-hearted woman!"

Ellice remembered being called so once before.

"Then I may love you—may hope that you love me?"

"Is it so very difficult?"

"Difficult, my angel—difficult!"

And what followed it is neither my intention to relate, nor does it behove the reader much to learn—probably he can guess.

After all, the run had been a smart one; no check, and nothing to stop one in the shape of ditches, rails, &c.

The colonel was triumphant, and might cry whoo-hoop as soon as he liked.

As for Mrs. Glanley, her exultation is beyond description. She kissed Ellice, then the colonel, told him honestly he had made her the happiest mother in England—that none of her daughters' marriages had gratified her so much—that Ellice was the best of her children, in which Angus acquiesced completely; and seeing that there was no further hope of seeing Ellice alone, took his departure, and went home to write the glad tidings to the old laird.

Mrs. Glanley, too, sat down to write, and very numerous were the epistles. Ellice wrote one, and that was to Jim; it was very short, but perfectly intelligible to her brother.

"Dearest Jim,

"There was no time to telegraph, the enemy's forces surprised me. I have accepted Colonel Rannoch—I know you like him.

"Ever yours,

"ELLY.

"Tell the wife, though I daresay mamma has."

Nora was leaning over her sister's shoulder as she added the postscript.

"How do you feel, Elly," she asked, "is it an uncomfortable sensation—being engaged, I mean?"

Ellice laughed.

"You goose! You know it pretty well, or will soon; you don't suppose, because I used to laugh at the notion of my own chance of falling in love, that I was blind and deaf to what was going on under my very nose?"

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"Then you are really in love—honestly, vulgarly in love?" and Nora began to sing—

"'Oh! this love, this love,
I once the passion slighted,
But hearts that fondly love
Must break or be united—'

"Oh, Elly! I am awfully happy; and how the people will talk."

There Miss Nora was not far wrong; the people did talk, but then they had been talking for some time, especially the barrack people; mothers of families there were, too, who, having marriageable daughters, and being laudably anxious to see them settled in life, had kept a sharp look-out upon the colonel, and shown no mercy to any minor flirtations; a state of affairs thoroughly appreciated by the men themselves, and borne with an equanimity worthy of the service; their patience was now to be rewarded.

"Now the colonel is scratched," said Captain Mallsby, to a fellow-sufferer, "we'll have a chance with the betting."

"I say, Bob, I am going to offer my congratulations," called out a good-looking whiskerless sub, looking in at the window. "You've heard the news? The 'devil's own' has become Miss Glanley's own, and there's some chance for a fellow now."

"I am going down to the Deanery, Fitz," said another, "can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, you can mention the little estate in Connemara; and say a word about my great uncle the bishop—at least, he would have been a bishop if he hadn't died before the government came to know his deserts. He's been dead, rest his soul, these twenty years, but that won't matter, 'omnia bona bonis,' you mind, and you'll be speaking in the dean's hearing."

While the colonel's engagement was being made the usual nine days' wonder, Frank Shirley was absent on leave; Mr. Kealder too was away from Rhodee, and, although Tym Clifton had written to him, there had been no mention made in the letter touching the news of the day. This letter Kealder answered from Paris—whither he had gone to transact some betting business anent the coming events of the new year—and as he filled up his sheet of note-paper with a description of the fun going on in the gay city, Tym, being sick and sore at heart, and not caring to bear witness to his rival's better luck, speedily determined to run over and join Kealder, thus rather taking that gentleman by surprise.

For the first day or two Clifton said nothing about the doings of the Challoner people; but it was not in nature that he should hold his tongue very long, and, as they sat over their dinner one evening, Tym had it out, and was, presently, inclined to think he might as well have

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held his tongue, as, from the manner in which the intelligence was received, it was evident, to the squire's jealous eyes, that his friend was in the same boat as himself.

Now although Mr. Clifton had taken Kealder to Rhodee, and placed him among the *élite* of the county society, upon the footing of an especial friend, he had no notion of such a thing as love coming in the way. Accordingly, when his suspicions were roused, the first feeling was one of indignation. "What right had this man, picked up" (as Tym owned to himself), "at a gambling-house, and chosen because of his jockeyship, to fall in love with a lady Tym himself approached with fear and diffidence—a lady whose blood was of the purest, and who not only had blood, but what blood does not always own—beauty and money?"

For a minute or two Tym felt inclined to quarrel with Kealder; ugly thoughts were in his mind, and ugly words itching on the tip of his tongue.

But the mood passed away. Tym was a reasonable man, and not one given to bear malice; besides, although he had found Kealder in questionable society, the man had conducted himself like a gentleman, and it would be a hard case to throw him over because he had been smitten by the charms of the woman, he, Tym Clifton, thought the fairest and best on earth. So Tym changed his mind, and ordered another bottle of claret.

"No, no, Clifton," put in Kealder, throwing down his cigar, half finished, "not to-night; I've something to tell you."

"Then tell it, while we're having the wine."

"Well, if you like; but I'd rather tell it quietly."

"What a queer fellow you are!" and Clifton made an attempt to laugh, but it was a very one-sided laugh. He thought he knew what story Kealder was going to tell him, and, as you may believe, did not much care to hear another man repeat as his own the sufferings he had been learning and comprehended by his personal experience.

Still Kealder was determined, and seeing nothing else for it, Tym submitted.

The garden was lighted up and full of people, not the quietest in the world, so they turned into the street, where matters were, if possible, worse. They walked on, until, reaching a solemn dark-looking square, Kealder found a quiet place to tell his story, which, as Tym suspected, began by speaking of Ellice.

"You've known Miss Glanley a long time, Clifton."

"Well, what of that?" Tym was getting savage, and wished he had had it out at once in the coffee-room—he had no mind or temper to argue that night.

"You wouldn't think much of a man who let her suffer an injury?"

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"What the devil do you mean? Speak out, man.

"I only mean that if, for example, I knew of anything that would make it a sin and wrong for Rannoch to have spoken of marriage, you wouldn't expect me to hold my tongue."

Clifton set his teeth hard, and stared at Kealder, hissing, "Go on."

"Rannoch has a wife living, that's all."

Clifton staggered as if he had been struck.

"Good God! Can this be true?"

"Yes, it's true. Come over to London with me; and you shall hear the story from one who knows it better than I do. Rannoch is nothing to me. I believe he is an honourable—"

Clifton interrupted him with a fierce oath; he was thinking of the love he would have laid down his life to gain—of the love he had coveted with a longing beyond all words—of the love he had scarcely dared to think of, lest he should pollute it—of this love, wakened, won, and all but gathered, by a man who knew that every word of passion he spoke—every look of admiration—was a defilement and a sin.

"I cannot talk of it," he said, presently, and hoarsely. "Take me to the man or woman who can prove that this is true, and then leave me. I loved her—oh, God! how I loved her—and he shall know what an honest man's love is."

Five hours afterwards they were in the train, bound for London, *viâ* Dieppe.

The Squire had spoken no word upon that or any other matter since they left the square. Kealder had made all the arrangements; but, as he sat in the opposite corner of the railway carriage, he rather feared that his experiment had been a desperate one. Tym was not a young man. The shock had been rather stronger than he (Kealder) expected; and more than once he leant across, under pretence of adjusting the windows or arranging matters for some lady passengers, in reality to see if he could catch a glimpse of Tym's face.

This he did not do; but once he heard him mutter—

"Poor girl—poor Elly! to wait all her best days for this."

(To be continued.)

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SYDNOR.*

SYDNOR! Sydnor! ay, Sydnor once again!
And Sydnor, Sydnor, echoes o'er the plain.
Sydnor! Sydnor! still strikes upon mine ear;
And Sydnor, Sydnor, greedily I hear.

(Uprouse thee, Muse! Inspire heroic lays,
That all the world young Sydnor's name may praise
In verse immortal let his death be sung;
And bays and myrtle o'er his tomb be hung!)

Look where he stands, the modest, gentle youth!
Enshrined in all the majesty of truth.
Look where he proudly rears his lofty head—
To save yon victim gives his life instead!

See where the gaping crowd, in breathless haste,
Rush to the spot where budding manhood's placed.
See how they eager list, with 'bated breath,
To hear the signal given for Sydnor's death!

Weep, weep, ye sons of men, and hide your face!
Let not the sun look down from yon bright place—
Let clouds and darkness hide the crimson flood
That dyes the spot where Sydnor lately stood!

. . . . . .

The love of Phythias touched the Grecian king;
But in McNiel no gen'rous feelings spring!
His myrmidons his fell decree obey,
And there the young heroic Sydnor slay!

* We have been requested to insert this poem to commemorate an event which occurred in June, 1864. When General McNiel had his head-quarters at Palmyra (New), a Unionist, for whom he had some special regard, was suspected to have been shot by guerillas. McNiel forthwith ordered ten suspected inhabitants of the town, reported rightfully or wrongfully to be in league with the guerillas, to be publicly shot in retaliation. One of them was an elderly man, with a devotedly attached wife and a large family of children, the youngest but three years old. A youthful unmarried man, named Sydnor, a resident of Palmyra, was struck with sudden sympathy for the sad fate of this husband and father, and in a generous impulse offered his life as a substitute for that of his older fellow-countryman. His offer was accepted. The old man was released, and, in spite of his protestations, Sydnor was murdered in his stead.

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Now execrations, if not loud, yet deep,
Upheave the breasts of men—and women weep!
And palsied limbs, and horrid shrieks declare
Palmyra's grief, her people's black despair!

Thou noble youth, the new Palmyra's son!
Thy race is ended ere it well begun!
The sacrifice is made—young Sydnor slain.
Let trumpets send the echo o'er the main!

The rescued man, with piteous wail, declares
That Sydnor's death will fill his soul with tears;
No more of happiness on earth he'll know,
But in his breast eternal misery grow!

. . . . . .

Far in the West there is a silent tomb—
There all who honour noble deeds should roam;
There Sydnor's sacred ashes rest in peace;
And year by year his glory shall increase.

A hero lies within the narrow spot,
And Sydnor's name should never be forgot.
Let wives and mothers who have happy homes
See that his name a household word becomes.

He calmly gave his young upspringing life
To save the spouse of yonder weeping wife;
And when the little infant scream'd with fear
He wiped away the sympathetic tear.

Phythias for his Dæmon risked his life;
Yon graceful crosses tell of Edward's wife.
The one his friend would save from coming doom,
And Eleanor preserved her bridal groom.

But Sydnor died for one whose fate would be
To *other* hearts a lasting agony;
No friend nor consort his warm impulse fired,
'Twas high undying chivalry inspired!

Hath he a mother? Had he sisters dear?
Or brothers' tears to wash his blood-stained bier?
If *any* live who bear his honoured name,
Raise high your heads and glory in the same!

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Shall Sydnor be unknown? No statues rise?
No monuments to glad our wond'ring eyes?
Shall not his name in tragic verse be sung—
Enrolled with heroes, and with gods among?

Shall Marcus Curtius wear alone the bays?
His self-devotion gained immortal praise.
Bards, painters, sculptors, all adorn the tale,
Which even now makes Roman cheeks grow pale.

Forfend it, Muse! Arouse ye, Sisters Nine!
In one bright phalanx all the arts combine
To place the martyred Sydnor on the throne
That's raised by genius to the good alone!

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THE CIVIL AND POLITICAL STATUS OF THE FEMALE SEX,

FROM THE TIME OF THE ROMANS UNTIL THE PRESENT DAY.

Translated from the French of Professor Edouard Laboulaye.

BOOK V.

ON THE POLITICAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

CHAPTER I.

ADMINISTRATIVE AND CIVIL RIGHTS.

It is difficult to form a precise conception of the rights and powers recognised as appertaining to women by the laws of the middle ages, for these rights and powers varied according to the country and the century; nevertheless, without going far wrong, we can lay down certain general principles which will give an average result.

Women were considered by the laws of the middle ages as creatures of an inferior rank to men. This is a truism which is still exemplified in our civil laws. From this theory of inferiority, which was adopted by the canonical doctrines, sprang all those so-called tutelary provisions which made a perpetual minor of a woman; hence also that *wehrgeld* which was only the half of the *wehrgeld* for men; hence restrictions in the right of making a will, of acting in a suit, of giving evidence, and of entering into a bond. But sometimes this inferiority became an advantage for women. For example, the Arragonese laws forbade a woman who had contracted debts to be thrown into gaol, a disposition which is also to be met with in our ancient customs.

To the disabilities resulting from the weakness of the sex we must add the prohibition of owning fiefs, which was universal during the first ages of feudalism, and which deposited in feudal legislation a spirit which was always unfavourable to women. I have mentioned above the cause of this disability, which was the impossibility for women to perform military service, the same being an essential condition of the tenure. Our old jurists very ungallantly joined to this prime cause a second which was much more impertinent, viz., the impossibility of keeping a secret. Said Tiraqueau—

"Women are rejected on account of their loquacity, for a woman cannot keep a secret, a failing which is quite incompatible with the nature of a fief, since the vassal is bound to make oath that he will betray to no one the secret which his lord shall have imparted to him."

Said Zasius—

"Women are not supposed to be able to conceal the secrets of their lord, according to that proverb, 'women and children keep back only what they do not know.'"

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But when women were allowed to own fiefs, their position was greatly altered, and the rank of the land being a superior consideration to the sex of the person, the woman who was the owner of fiefs had all the rights of sovereignty; namely, the right to levy troops, to coin money, to administer civil and criminal justice; these rights being as extensive as those of men. As to Italy, Muratori has preserved a quantity of deeds from the ninth to the twelfth century, in which may be seen acting as sovereigns, women who were owners of important baronies, such as the Empress Angelbirga, the wife of the Emperor Louis II., the Duchess Beatrice, or the Countess Mathilde. In France, we have the example of Maude, the Countess of Flanders, who in the reign of Louis X. (1314-6), sat as a judge in the suit against Robert of Artois, and earlier still, in the affair of the County of Clermont, adjudged to St. Louis by the House of Peers, we see the Countess of Flanders named as one of the peers who were present.*

This novel *rôle* shocked more than one vassal. The clergy, who were imbued with Roman ideas, and who, moreover, could not forgive women for the sin of their first mother, were indignant at this overthrow of ancient customs, and a synod of Nantes fulminated as follows against such an abuse.

"It is surprising that certain women, with brazen face, in opposition to divine and human laws, should be ceaselessly present at public law-suits, and the performance of public business, and disturb rather than forward the business of the realm and the convenience of the state; since it is unbecoming, and even among barbarous nations reprehensible, that women should discuss the law-suits of men, and those who ought to be disputing in their private apartments about their crochet and weaving. and other female employments, are usurping to themselves senatorial authority, sitting in public as if they were judges."

In spite of the anathemas of the council, this female right became so solidly established, that in the thirteeth century, Innocent III., in spite of his devotion to Roman doctrines, was obliged to acknowledge, that according to the French custom, the female vassals had entire right to administer justice, and that the Knights Hospitaller could not dispute the jurisdiction of Queen Eleanor, after having accepted her arbitration.

Examples of decisions given by women, in the character of Baronesses, are not uncommon. Ivo de Chartres writes, in one of his letters, that he has sent some litigants before the Countess of Champagne, who must decide their differences. Chautereau Lefebre, in his treatise on fiefs, has quoted several of these decisions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; but what is more curious is a letter, written to the Viscountess de Narbonne by Louis the Young, in which the King of France announces to the Viscountess that the usages of his kingdom were

* In our ancient monarchy women took part in the proceedings of the provincial states; for example, Madame de Sévigné in the states of Brittany.

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more favourable to women than were the laws of the empire, in that they admitted women not merely to fiefs, but even to the exercise of the right of administering justice, which is appurtenant thereto. He exhorts her, therefore, to conform to the usages of France, rather than to the customs of the Empire of which she was the neighbour.

The Flemish customs, which remained faithful to the usages of the Empire, did not allow the noble woman to administer justice, but they authorised her to have it administered by her steward.

The Spanish law, which is more generous and not less wise, authorises the noblewoman to sit in judgment, but in company with assessors who shall be capable of directing her inexperience.

To sum up, the rights of women during the middle ages were almost, the privileges of the fief excepted, what they are now; in other terms, except in the country where they were subjected to agnatic tutelage, the *civil* capacity of women was as extensive as that of men; but *administrative* capacity, which consists in discharging certain public functions, such as those of magistrate, judge, officer of justice, witness, &c., was generally denied them. Says Bodin—

"The law has excluded women from all posts and offices peculiar to men, as from being magistrates, pleading in court and such like things, and this not only from their want of intellect (as Martian observed, that among all the goddesses it was only Minerva who had no mother, which signified that wisdom did not proceed from women), but quite as much because virile actions are contrary to female modesty and chastity. There was nothing which more irritated the Roman Senate against the Emperor Heliogabalus than his introducing his mother into the Senate, though only as a spectator and not as a legislator. And it was found not less singular that Maude, the mother-in-law of Philip the Long, took part in the judgment of Robert Count of Artois, and that Margaret of Flanders took part in the decision relating to the Count of Clermont."

In these reflections, Bodin speaks as a Roman lawyer; he forgets that in feudal law the property domineered over the person. It was a logical consequence that the proprietor of the fief, were that party a woman, should administer justice and command her vassals as a man would have done; but, when this singular organisation was destroyed, woman properly fell back on the *rôle* which nature had assigned to her. The conjugal home is the peaceful domain where the wife should reign absolutely, it is there that happiness resides for herself, for her children, and for her husband; and not in the agitations of public life, in which man himself loses the serenity of his soul and is soon no longer master of his heart.*

* The author's remarks do not touch the situation of that constantly increasing proportion of women who have no conjugal home to go to. Further, it cannot fail to occur to the reader that that home is not *always* less agitated than public life, neither is it always so stocked with children as to occupy the whole of the wife's energies.—TRANSLATOR.

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CHAPTER II.

POLITICAL RIGHTS.

WHEN the feudal revolution was completed—in other terms, when the sovereignty with all its attributes was incorporated with the soil—women found themselves called to the throne or excluded from the succession according as the custom of the land gave or refused to them the succession of the fief. What I say of the monarchies is equally true of the smallest baronies. In the middle ages, there was no political law distinct from the civil law; the succession to the throne was merely the succession to the fief, the kingdom being itself a fief and the first of fiefs.

This character of the political law in the middle ages explains the diversity of customs which, in one and the same country, checquered the law book with the most contradictory provisions. There was nothing astonishing in Philip of Valois repelling the pretensions of the King of England to the Crown of France at the same time that he was upholding the rights of the Duchess of Brittany, when we remember that the custom of France excluded women from succeeding to a fief, and that the custom of Brittany recognised their title; and as diversity existed not only by provinces but by each fief of each province, there was nothing astonishing in the fact that from one estate to another, the rule of succession and the custom should vary. It is in fact the most remarkable characteristic of the right of property (of which the right of succession is only a fragment), that it can assume every form, so long as statute law does not restrain it.

Grotius, that great thinker who was so well versed in the history of law, has remarked how the kingdoms of the Middle Ages differed from the kingdoms of antiquity; and upon this observation he has founded his distinction of *patrimonial* kingdoms—*regna quae pleno modo possidentur et in patrimonio sunt*, and kingdoms received from the people like a magistracy—*regna quae modum habendi accipiunt ex populi consensu.* In the case of these last, the succession devolved according to the presumed national will, the title being derived from the people; it was right to observe the conditions it might have attached to its concession, be those conditions expressed or implied; but in the former case the succession is allodial or feudal, for the kingdom is nothing else than a fief or allodium. Grotius says:—

"Where, however, the custom of succession diverges, as between allodiums and fiefs, if the kingdom was not feudal, or at the origin was not, although homage may have been done for it subsequently, the law of succession is regulated by that which subsisted for the allodial estates at the time of the institution of the kingdom.

"But in those kingdoms which were, originally, given in fee by him who was

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absolute lord thereof, the feudal law of succession will be followed, not always the Lombard law, but whatever law prevailed among each people at the time of the investiture. For Goths, Vandals, Huns, Franks, Burgundians, Angles, Saxons, all Teutonic nations, which occupied by force the best parts of the Roman empire, had each their own laws concerning fiefs, not less than the Lombards had."

Nothing can be more true than this observation of Grotius'—"as the feudal law is, so is the monarchical law;" this rule will govern the subject we are examining, and we shall always see daughters admitted or excluded according as the feudal custom, and even following the matter up further, according as the Teutonic custom gives or refuses them the succession of the land. Grotius adds, and this observation is as correct as the preceding one, that these diversities of the law of succession may be reduced under two large categories, the French or agnatic custom, which calls in males descended from males *ad infinitum*, to the exclusion of women, and the Castilian or cognatic custom, which prefers males of an equal degree, but when the degrees are unequal, prefers the nearest woman to the more distant male agnate. To the French custom are akin the succession of the German Electorates, of the Duchy of Savoy, and of several Italian baronies; Austria, England, Scotland, Portugal, Italy, and the northern kingdoms have usually followed the same custom as Spain. We shall follow this order in studying the succession of these states; we shall afterwards say what we think on these two forms of inheritance.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE SUCCESSION TO THE KINGDOM OF FRANCE.

WOMEN have been always excluded from the throne of France; "not," says Dutillet, "on the authority of the Salic law, which prescribes that, if there are male children, the females inherit only of the personal and acquired estates and not of the ancient patrimony termed Salic land. By the same Salic law, which was written for subjects only, when there were no sons, the daughters inherited the ancient patrimony. If the law of succession to the crown were regulated on this plan, Mesdames, the daughters of France, would take it in default of sons, yet they are for ever excluded *by the peculiar law and custom of the house of France*, based on the lofty character of the French, who cannot tolerate the being governed by women in their own right;* secondly, because they might have been able, by marriage, to transfer the crown to strangers, although the French have submitted to women who wielded, for a time, the power of the sovereign or the law."

* Female regents, however, have always been popular in France.

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These words of Dutillet are worth a close study, for the opinion of Dutillet, who wrote almost always from authentic documents, is that of our kings; and it was by this argument *of the particular custom and law of the house of France* that Philip of Valois refuted the pretensions of Edward III. of England, and not by the Salic law, whose name was only introduced subsequently. The difference, however, is in the words more than in the things.

I said above that under the first and second dynasty of our kings, daughters were always excluded from the throne, and I gave the reason therefore, taken from the Teutonic Custom. This same custom having become the law for the fiefs of France (I take this word in its narrowest acceptation *), and which Seyssel called "the Salic law," without error—this same custom, I say, governed the succession to the throne under the third dynasty.

The first discussion on the right of daughters to the throne took place in 1316, at the time of the accession of Philip the Tall. On the death of Louis X., King of France and Navarre, Jeanne, his only daughter, and the wife of Philip of Evreux, inherited the crown of Navarre, for Navarre was a feminine fief, and Louis X. had succeeded to it in right of his mother, during the lifetime of his father; but she was excluded from the throne of France by her uncle, Philip the Tall.

Agnes of France, a daughter of St. Louis, the widow of Robert II., Duke of Burgundy, and grandmother of Jeanne, made a protest against the coronation of Philip the Tall in behalf of her granddaughter. This protest was considered and negatived. Pierre Darablai, a cardinal, played the principal part in this important decree. "It was the first time," says Henault, "that in our history mention was made of the Salic law."

By a remarkable contrast, at the very time that Philip the Tall was succeeding to the throne to the prejudice of his niece, he was sustaining the rights of Maude, the Countess of Artois, against the pretensions of that Robert of Artois who did so much harm to France by exciting the King of England against us. A solemn decree, dated 1318, confirmed Maude in the possession of the County of Artois, and Robert was forced to submit. The king had a personal interest in this process, having married Jeanne, the daughter of Maude and Otho, the Count of Burgundy. This decree was, in the end, the source of the great wars between Philip of Valois and Edward III., the King of England, who took the side of Robert of Artois. Said President Henault—

"It will perhaps be looked upon as an anomaly that Artois was given to Maude in preference to her nephew, while they brought forward the Salic law in favour of Philip the Tall, against the claims of Jeanne, daughter to Louis X.; was it not, in

* *Id. est*, as meaning the Ile de France, the cradle of the French monarchy.—TRANSLATOR.

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fact, contradictory to see the Countess of Artois, in her quality of Peeress of France, maintaining the crown on the head of a prince who had just deprived of this same crown the heiress of her brother, on the pretext that a woman was not enabled to wear it? Was then a different Salic law for Artois than that for France? No, because according to the custom of each province there were large feminine fiefs, such as the Duchy of Guienne, and the County of Artois, and great masculine fiefs, such as the Duchy of Burgundy, and that of Normandy; and the crown of France, according to the law of the French, in other words, the Salic law, could never devolve on women."

It is remarkable that the three kings, sons of Philip the Fair, left only daughters, and that in the space of twelve years the question of the daughters' rights presented itself thrice. Philip the Tall left three daughters, him surviving; none of them made pretensions to the crown; and Charles the Fair succeeded his brother without dispute; when he died, his only daughter, Blanche, afterwards the wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans, did not succeed to the crown, and this is, according to Froissart, the turn events took:—

"When King Charles perceived that he was about to die, he declared that if it should happen to be a boy [his queen was pregnant], he wished Messire Philip of Valois, his cousin, to be the boy's guardian, and regent of all his kingdom, until such time as his son was of an age to be king; and if it should happen to be a girl, that the twelve peers and superior barons of France should take counsel together and arrange the matter, and give the crown to the legal owner. Soon afterwards, King Charles died, and it was about Easter, in the year of grace, 1328.

"And not long afterwards, Queen Joan was put to bed with a fine girl, and then the twelve peers of France and the barons assembled at Paris as soon as they could, and gave the kingdom with one accord to Messire Philip of Valois, and quashed the claims of the Queen Dowager of England and her son, the king (the Queen Dowager of England being the own sister of the deceased King Charles), for this reason *that the Kingdom of France was of such dignity that it could not devolve upon a woman.*"

Everybody knows the consequences of this decision. They were—a war which lasted more than a hundred years, and which reduced France to the last extremity. The King of England, after having acknowledged the right of Philip of Valois, and having done homage to him for the Duchy of Guienne, a fact which, according to feudal ideas, conditioned an absolute and thenceforth incontestible recognition, allowed himself to be seduced by the suggestions of Robert of Artois, who had become the mortal enemy of the King of France, after having powerfully aided him in getting crowned. Edward admitted that women were excluded by custom from the throne (and, in fact, if women had been admitted to this succession, there were five daughters of the three brother kings, the sons of Philip the Fair, who were all five nearer heiresses than Queen Isabelle, the mother of King Edward III.), but he asserted that the daughters' sons were not liable to the disability which weighed upon their mothers, and that he himself being a male,

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and a nearer relation of the deceased king than was Philip of Valois, had the best right to the crown. Philip claimed, on the contrary, that the daughters' descendants were incapable, and could have no more right than their mothers had, and on this point he was backed by all the barons and jurists of the age.

Notwithstanding the bloody battles of Cressy and Poitiers, which cost France almost all her nobility, the right of the males triumphed; but the pretensions of the kings of England remained for a long time as a menace, and the kings of England have preserved until the present day the arms of the kings of France.*

Except this great quarrel, I do not see that the succession of daughters to the throne ever gave further occasion for war with the English, for we cannot consider the war which Henry V. of England made upon us as a war of succession. The mad Charles VI. had been prevailed upon to disinherit the dauphin, afterwards Charles VII., and to give in dowry to his daughter Catherine, the wife of the King of England, that which he could not dispose of—the kingdom of France; but this violation of national law could only allege in its own behalf the right of the stronger, and to disinherit the dauphin in favour of his sister, was to acknowledge distinctly that the custom was for the former.

When the foreigner ceased to meddle with our affairs, the succession to the throne was never a cause of trouble, or of civil war; Louis XII. succeeded to the throne without difficulty, and yet there remained two daughters of Louis XI., Mesdames Anne and Jeanne of France, the sisters of King Charles VIII. Francis I. assumed the crown in his own right, and not in right of his wife, Queen Claudia, the eldest daughter of Louis XII.; neither that lady, nor her sister Rénee, the Duchess of Ferrara, nor yet the daughter of Charles IX., made any claim to that dignity, from which an immemorial custom excluded them.

The right of males was placed beyond question, and it needed all the agitations of a civil war, the intrigues of the Spaniard, and the ambition of the Guises, before they could hope to lead the public mind astray, and bring the bewildered French people to reject Henry IV., the legitimate sovereign, and to replace him by an arch-duchess.

The question of the Salic law, having been re-opened in the reign of Henry III., our lawyers did not hesitate to enter the lists; the two rudest jousters were two brothers, Anton and Francis Hotmann; the former, in his treatise on the Salic law, published in 1593, has left us a very exact account of all the disputes to which the alleged right of daughters had given rise. The second, in a celebrated work published twenty years earlier, had already examined as a jurist, not less

* The title of King of France was only abandoned by George III., at the peace of Amiens, 1802.—TRANSLATOR.

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than as an historian, this difficult question of the Salic law, and one may regard his opinion as the most complete *résumé* of the question.

"The Salic law," said he, "only speaks of private successions, and not of the succession to the throne, but in spite of this, it is certain that the national custom has always excluded women from the throne, and this custom, confirmed by deliberate decisions, is as good as any written law."

This exclusion of women was so clear, that, for all the intrigues of the foreigner, the *Parlement* showed itself immovable. The decree of Monday, June 28, 1593, was the death-blow for the Spaniard, and was worth to Henry IV. more than a victory on the field; our lawyers had the glory of preventing our country from becoming a province of that monarchy, which threatened to absorb Europe.

The decree of the *Parlement*, the Menippean satire, and the abjuration of the Protestant faith by the king—three events which succeeded each other in less than a year—ruined the Spanish pretensions, and left them no longer a leg to stand on in disputing the rights of Henry IV., who moreover, was as much the nearest heir to the throne on the female as on the male side.

Since that time the Salic law, or to speak more correctly the Salic custom, has never been questioned, and at present it forms part of our political law. Moreover, it is right to respect this law, which more than any other has contributed to the greatness of our monarchy. Two great principles, the Salic law and the inalienability of the Crown domains, have made the fortune of our kings. By virtue of the Salic law, the Crown has never passed into foreign hands, and without it France would have become a province of either England or Spain; by virtue of the inalienability of the domain, no conquest made by treaties or marriages was ever afterwards detached from the crown;* thus, our kings by their marriages, or by marrying their sons to feudal heiresses, have acquired, more surely than by arms, countries which through want of a Salic law have lost their independence, and when once united to France, have become constituent parts of a homogeneous nation. Languedoc, Brittany, and other rich provinces have thus been annexed to France, and the schedule we are going to submit will show more clearly than anything we can say, how France has been enriched by marriages, without ever losing anything, thanks to the Salic law and the inalienability of the domain, two principles which ought to be endeared to us, since we owe to them our national unity.

* The author is speaking of the *ancien régime*, and not of the Republican and Buonapartist annexations afterwards restored.—TRANSLATOR.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE GREAT FIEFS OF FRANCE.

[THE author commences this chapter with a table of the fifty-seven large fiefs whose union made up the French monarchy as it existed in 1790, with a short statement under the head of each fief, of its original law of succession, and the subsequent alterations thereof, if any, up to the time of its annexation to the dominions of the French crown; also the names of the female sovereigns of each fief and the circumstances and date of its incorporation with the French monarchy. The translator has thought fit to omit this table, which extends over six closely printed pages, as not being of sufficient interest to English readers to warrant its reproduction.]

This table gives us several remarkable results. And in the first place, it is very singular that except in the Ile de France, that ancient domain of our kings, women were universally admitted to the succession to the fiefs, and that in the tenth century, that is to say at the origin of the fiefs. The "Salic law," as commonly understood, would therefore be only the law of the fiefs composing the ancient domain of the kings of France, and would have nothing in common with the Salic law which we possess; for the principal territory of this latter Salic law was undoubtedly Belgium, where, however, women have always succeeded without difficulty.

A second observation not less valuable is that it is women who, by carrying away into foreign hands the lordships within our territory aggrandised the two most formidable enemies that France has ever had, namely, England and the house of Austria. Eleanor of Guienne assured the predominance of England by rendering her husband master of the duchy of Guienne and the county of Ponthieu, two maritime provinces accessible to the English navy, and which, on the north and west, left two breaches always open to hostile invasion. Mary of Burgundy made the fortune of the House of Austria, when she brought in dowry to Maximilian the richest provinces of the French monarchy, Flanders, Artois, Burgundy and Charolais. These provinces, in the hands of Charles V., who hemmed us in also by the Roussillon and Italy, enclosed France as in a net, until Richelieu, the faithful executor of the policy of Henry IV., broke that Colossus which menaced Europe.

Finally, if the succession of women was on several occasions a cause of ruin or of war for the monarchy, it was also on several occasions a source of aggrandisement and prosperity. Navarre, Champagne, Auvergne, the county of Toulouse, and Brittany came to our kings either by marriage or inheritance. Brittany especially, that splendid frontier,

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and the last independent province of the monarchy, was gained for us by the marriage of Charles VIII. with Anne of Brittany; at the moment when this princess was about to espouse the King of the Romans Louis XII. repudiated Jeanne of France in order to marry the widow of his predecessor, determined, as he was, not to allow such a gem of his crown to escape him; and Francis I. took good care to prevail upon Claudia, his wife, to leave him that duchy which had been coveted for so long by our kings. Brittany, in the hands of her dukes, was an English out-post on the territory of France, for in every quarrel with France it was from England alone that this isolated corner of land could hope for any aid, and our neighbours were ever ready to sustain any power which, without giving *them* umbrage, could harrass *us*.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUCCESSION OF WOMEN IN THE KINGDOMS AND PRINCIPALITIES OF GERMANY.

GERMANY at first followed the general custom; women were excluded from the feudal succession when they competed with males of the same degree, but were admitted when they competed with more distant males. Examples of these successions are so plentiful that in the last century Senckenberg did not fear to affirm that in Germany there was no principality, county, or lordship to the succession of which daughters had not at some time or other been called in.

And, in fact, if we refer to the table given in the former chapter, we shall see that the succession of females was fully recognised in all those French provinces which made part of the German Empire; namely, Burgundy, Lorraine, and Flanders; and we may say the same for Alsace, the Palatinate, Bavaria, Saxony, and Austria. The right of daughters was proclaimed in the thirteenth century by Philip, King of the Romans; and even if we were without this authentic declaration, it would be enough to dip into the history of Germany, to see how frequent was the succession of daughters, and how, in consequence of these successions, the different principalities were incorporated, dismembered, or passed from one house to another. The houses of the Zaehringen, the Hohenstauffen, and the Guelphs, offer several examples of this.

Thus, only to speak of the emperors, it was by means of marriages that the house of Hohenstauffen extended its power. Henry VII. became King of Sicily by his marriage with Constance, the daughter of King Roger, and the sister and heiress of King William. Nevertheless, there were males who came forward and claimed the succession, but they were more distant in blood. Ludwig IV. obtained, in right of his wife, Margaret of Holland, one of the finest parts of the Low Countries;

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Albert II., of Austria, made the fortune of his family by his marriage with the daughter of the Emperor Sigismond, the rich heiress of very important baronies. I need not dwell on the marriage of Maximilian with Mary of Burgundy, a marriage which made him, from a poor embarrassed prince as he was, the author of that powerful house of Austria which was indebted for its greatness to two women; namely, Mary of Burgundy and Joanna of Castile.

"Bella gerant alii, tu, felix Austria, nube,
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus." *

This couplet, by some poet of the sixteenth century, is perfectly true; the good luck of the House of Austria had become proverbial, and in the last century a German jurist explained, by the prosperity of these marriages, the perpetuation of the Imperial dignity in the same family.

It would be easy to multiply examples of these female successions; in the case of Saxony, for instance, we know how Henry the Haughty became its sovereign by his marriage with Gertrude, the daughter of the Emperor Lothaire; her rights were, it is true, disputed by Albert the Bear, and an edict of the Emperor Conrad III., made at Goylar, decided in favour of Albert; but in point of fact the province remained in the possession of Henry's house. The Duchy of Brunswick passed likewise through women into the hands of the Guelphs. The Palatinate was invaded in 1685 by Louis XIV., who claimed the right of the Princess-Palatine, the wife of the Duke of Orleans; Bavaria had also its war of succession. I should never end if I were to enumerate all the dissensions which were excited by the succession of women; for it would be almost correct to say that in Germany a woman never succeeded to any principality, without there arising a law-suit or a war. I will, therefore, be satisfied with dwelling on two successions, which, by the wars they occasioned, shook Europe to its centre—I mean the succession of Cleves and Juliers, and the Austrian succession. But first, I wish to make an important observation.

The general spirit of the customs of the middle ages was the exclusion of women and the preference of males; every time, therefore, that a female succession took place, violence was done to the ideas of the age; ideas which were much more powerful then than they are now Such a succession was in contradiction to prevailing prejudices, and could only be supported by the plebeian system of law, which would have been a poor recommendation, or by the Roman law, which was, in point of fact, the great arsenal whence the defenders of the rights of women drew their weapons without stint. But Roman theories

* Wedlock is Austria's little game; what need of wars?
She wooes from Venus, what others wring from Mars.

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collided so rudely with German ones, that a stubborn resistance arose to this equality which our forefathers could not comprehend. The establishment of the right of primogeniture, and the indivisibility of baronies, administered a first blow to the rights of gentlewomen, and greatly diminished their chances of succession. Besides, leaving renunciations out of question for the moment, and until I come to speak of the Spanish and Austrian successions, entails *male* guaranteed the Salic succession in the great families; and not only were women excluded so long as there were heirs male of the first possessor, but compacts of alliance and fraternity—*erbverbrüderungen*, *ganerbschaften*—made the succession pass from the males of one family to the males of another, in case one of the two families so associated should die out in the male branches. These succession compacts, or *erbvereinungen*, became general after the triumph of the Roman law in the fifteenth century. They were resorted to as placing a barrier to the invasion of Roman doctrines, and materially contributed to the restriction of the rights of gentlewomen, so that, thenceforth, they more rarely found themselves in the position of heiresses than in the century preceding. Already, in the fourteenth century, the Golden Bull had declared, amid general applause, that all fiefs held immediately of the empire, which included the electorates, should only be heritable for heirs male, Austria alone being excepted.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUCCESSION OF CLEVES AND JULIERS, 1609-1666.

In the 16th century religious wars set all Europe in a blaze; every prince covered his ambition with a consecrated cloak. In the 17th century governments sought to establish the balance of power by family compacts and alliances; and, by a necessary consequence, they took advantage of every female succession to endeavour to keep in friendly hands the kingdoms and principalities about which the dispute arose. The thirty years' war, the seven years' war, the wars of Louis XIV. and those of Frederick of Prussia, were caused or complicated by questions of succession, and it was only in 1748 that the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle put an end to those disputes which had vexed the preceding century, and which we have seen spring up again in our time.* Germany and Spain have paid dearly for the succession of females, and it is to be regretted that the shedding of so much blood has not even served the cause of international jurisprudence by finally establishing a great principle of public law for all Europe in the general admission or the general rejection of the claims of females.

* The author alludes to Spain.—Translator.

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If these questions of succession are interesting for the historian, they are not very instructive to the lawyer, for they are, almost always, complicated by questions of fact, and victory was far from being always on the side of law and justice.

Let me say a word, however, about the succession of Cleves, the name of which is so often pronounced in the history of the 18th century; and, that we may not omit anything that is essential, we will quote one of the men who was most interested in the affair—the great Frederic himself.*

"The Elector, John Sigismond, had married at Kœnigsberg, in the year 1594, Anne, the only daughter of Albert, Duke of Prussia, who was the heiress of that duchy, and of the succession of Cleves. This last estate was composed of the countries of Juliers, Berg, Cleves, Marck, Ravenstein, and Ravensberg. The morsel was too tempting not to excite the avidity of all who had any hope of participating in its possession.

"Before speaking of the rights of the electors of Brandenburg and of the dukes of Neuburg, it will be well to explain the claims of Saxony, so as to simplify the question.

"The Emperor Maximilian had given the reversion of this succession to the princes of the two Saxon lines, namely, the Ernestine and the Albertine, in default of all the heirs, male and female, of the dukes of Cleves. For the patents that the Duke of Juliers obtained from the Emperor, proved that this fief was a feminine one. John Frederick, the last Elector of Saxony of the Ernestine house, married Sybil, daughter of John III., the Duke of Juliers.

"Duke William of Cleves, the son of John of Juliers, married the daughter of Ferdinand, and niece of the Emperor Charles V. This marriage, in conjunction with the grudge that the Emperor cherished against Frederick of Saxony for his having been one of the members of the Smalcaldic Union, induced him to confirm to Duke John William the right which he had of disposing of the succession in favour of his daughters, in default of male heirs. The son of this Duke, of the same name, John William, died, without children, in 1609. Accordingly, this succession devolved upon his sisters.

"The eldest, named Marie Eleonore, had married Albert Frederick, the Duke of Prussia.

"The second, Anne, was married to the Prince-Palatine of Neuburg.

"The third, Madeline, was the wife of the Count-Palatine of Deux-Ponts (Pfalz-Zweibrücken).

"The fourth, Sybil, was married to a prince of Austria, the Count of Bergau.

"These four princesses and their children laid claim to this succession.

"The house of Saxony added to the rights of its reversion the marriage of the Elector Frederick with Princess Sybil, the aunt of the deceased Duke and his sisters.

"Marie Eleonore, the wife of Albert of Prussia, founded her claim on her marriage-contract in 1572, which expressly stated that if her brother should die without issue, she and her posterity should inherit the six duchies, pursuant to the fundamental pacts of the years 1418 and 1496, by which the eldest daughters had the right of succession. The Duke of Prussia offered to pay 200,000 golden florins to his wife's sisters in satisfaction of their claims.

"If Marie Eleonore had been living at the death of her brother, it is very probable

* "Memoire pour servir á l'histoire de Brandebourg."

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that there would have been no difficulty, but as she was dead, her only daughter Anne, the wife of the Elector John Sigismond, stepped into the rights of her mother. This succession then fell to her, since she represented her mother, Eleonore. *This was however the contested point.*

"The claims of Anne, the Duchess of Neuburg, were based on the fact that her sister, Marie Eleonore, being dead, she stepped into her place and became consequently the eldest of the living sisters, being a nearer relative of the deceased Duke than Anne of Brandenburg, who was only his niece. There were only the family compacts and the marriage contract of Marie Eleonore to oppose to these arguments. The two younger sisters of Duke John William did not claim the entire succession; they only proposed a partition into four equal parts.

"What rendered utterly null and void the claim of these three younger sisters was, that in their marriage contracts they had renounced all their rights, so long as there should be children of their eldest sister.

"The elector of Brandenburg, John Sigismond, and Duke Wolfgang, William of Neuburg, agreed to occupy jointly the contested estate, reserving however their respective rights. The Emperor Rodolph, who wished to sequester these duchies, facilitated this agreement by his hostile action. The Archduke Leopold took steps to seize them, but the Protestant Princes opposed this, and formed that celebrated alliance which was called "the Union." The Catholic Princes made a similar treaty at Wurzburg, which was called "the League." The Elector was favoured by the Dutch, who feared the imperial sequestration, and the Duke of Neuburg was supported by Henry IV., King of France, but while that latter prince was preparing to aid his *protégé*, he was assassinated by Ravaillac."

I will not undertake the labour of examining the legal questions raised by this important dispute; the whole body of feudal law was in question; simultaneous investiture, the succession of imperial fiefs, the power of the Emperor to modify the law of succession, the exclusion of women, family compacts—these questions, which have filled a thousand volumes, were agitated by the lawyers of the age, but it was another sword than that of justice which settled the difference.

The succession of Cleves and Juliers was merged in the great religious disputes of the thirty years' war; Austrians, Spaniards, Dutch, Germans, French, and even Swedes, took part in this *mêlee*, which was only terminated in 1648. The duchies of Cleves, Marck, and Ravensberg, fell by agreement in 1666 to the Elector of Brandenburg; Juliers, Berg, and Ravenstein falling to the Duke of Neuburg.

It was in the war that ensued from this dispute that Prussia commenced to play an important part in Germany. A second war of succession * was about soon to secure its greatness, and enable it to counterbalance the power of Austria.

* The author alludes to the war of the Austrian succession (1741-8). A *third* war of succession (that of the Schleswig-Holstein succession, 1864-6), has just given it an opportunity of ousting Austria from Germany, and taking the uncontested leadership of Germany. The Holstein law of succession excluded females absolutely, the Danish law admitted them when of a nearer degree than males. Hence the cause of quarrel. —TRANSLATOR.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE AUSTRIAN SUCCESSION.

THE Austrian succession, which held Europe in suspense for seven years (1741-8), was, like that of Cleves and Juliers, a dispute between women. It was admitted on all sides that Austria was a feminine fief; the question was, whether, when daughters were called in to succeed, the daughter of the last possessor was to be preferred to women who were nearer to the common root, and who had only renounced in favour of male descendants.

The Emperor Ferdinand II., the great-grandfather of Charles VI., had regulated by his will the order of succession between his sons, the archdukes, and their male descendants, ordering that his daughters should renounce the inheritance of the dominions of his house, and be satisfied with their dowry, "saving their right of reversion;" that was to say, that in default of males, these hereditary estates would revert to daughters. The Emperor Leopold, the father of Charles VI., established in the same way the law of primogeniture in favour of the male, and this compact of succession was accepted and confirmed by the interested parties. The Emperor Joseph, the eldest son of Leopold, obtained, in virtue of this family law, the succession of all the hereditary states of his house. After his death, the Emperor Charles VI., his only brother and successor, made, in April 19, 1713, a more precise disposition, which he termed the "Pragmatic Sanction," and the "Perpetual Edict." By this deed he declared that the estates of the house of Austria should be for ever indivisible; that the right of primogeniture and of succession from male to male should be inviolable, *and that, in default of males, the daughters should receive the whole of the succession according to the order of their birth.* "We have declared," says the Pragmatic Sanction, "that the succession shall devolve in the first place on the archduchesses our daughters; in the second place, on the archduchesses our nieces, the daughters of our brother; and, thirdly, on the archduchesses our sisters."

Charles VI., who had only one daughter, Maria Theresa, spared no pains to leave her the peaceable succession of his dominions. Parma and Piacenza given to the Spanish Bourbons, Sardinia abandoned to Savoy, Lorraine ceded to France, seemed to secure that the Emperor's last wishes would be heeded without disorder; but it fell out far otherwise, and competitors appeared on all sides. Not to speak of Philip V., the King of Spain, and of the Duke of Savoy, two claimants advanced with specious titles; the first was the Elector Augustus of Saxony, who had married the eldest daughter of Joseph I.; the second,

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and the most formidable, was the Elector of Bavaria, who derived his right from Anne, the daughter of Ferdinand I.,* the wife of the Elector Albert of Bavaria, the founder of the house of Bavaria.

Said the Elector of Bavaria—

"Ferdinand I. when he made his daughter renounce in favour of his heirs male, reserved to her, at the same time, all her rights in case these heirs should leave no heirs male; he never meant that the princess his daughter should be postponed to the daughters of his sons; such a stipulation would be void of sense, and incapable of explanation. It was Ferdinand who brought to the house of Austria the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia; it is he, consequently, and he only, who as founder, had the right and the power to dispose of his succession. He called into this succession first his male children, and in default of male descendants his eldest daughter, who had married into the house of Bavaria, and her legitimate descendants. From this eldest daughter descends, in direct and uninterrupted line, the house of Bavaria. The right of this house becomes incontestible, if we remember that Ferdinand I. insisted strongly on the order of primogeniture both as applied to his male and his female descendants."

On behalf of Maria Theresa, it was replied, that the claims of the house of Bavaria were unprecedented; that law and custom had always pronounced in favour of the daughter of the last possessor, in preference to the daughters even of the founder; and the defenders of this last opinion brought heaps of proofs in support of their case; but despite her good right, and the sacrifices of her father, Maria Theresa would have run great risk of losing the crown, if she had not found in the devotion of her people resources which were more valuable than the arguments of lawyers.

It was not to the numerous volumes written in her defence, but to the "Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa," of the faithful Hungarians that Maria Theresa was indebted for her throne; she owed it also to the long-headed policy of Frederick of Prussia, who was as jealous of French preponderance,† as he was of Austrian power, and who, therefore, sold his alliance and abandoned the Elector of Bavaria, as soon as he had obtained the cession of Silesia, which he had coveted of old.

Germany was troubled with wars of succession for more than 150 years; but it would be unjust to accuse of these misfortunes, either female incapacity or lawyers' want of skill. Maria Theresa had the qualities of a king, and the jurists who drew up the Pragmatic Sanction were destitute neither of talent nor experience; but in wars of succession the different parties care very little about enlightening each other, and, at bottom, they recked but little whether the master of

* Ferdinand I. died in 1564. However good or bad the Bavarian claim may have been, it was certainly far-fetched.—TRANSLATOR.

† Louis XV. supported the Bavarian cause.

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Austria were a woman or an Elector of Bavaria. The question of right was only a mask, behind which Prussia and France concealed their ambition and their designs.

This it is, which makes these quarrels, which are so important to politics and history, of so little moment to the jurist; the law of renunciations had been long settled, and the order in which females were called in long determined, when, for the benefit of the Elector of Bavaria, the best settled doctrines were overthrown, and doubt cast over a whole system of law. But when a crown is at stake, however bad a claim may be, it will never want ambitious men to defend it by word or by the sword.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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THE SUNBEAM OF SEAHOLT.

A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

HER CHILDHOOD.

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she."

I AM an old man now; my hair is white, my step is feeble; any patients who desire my advice come to me, as I am unable to go to them. Mary, too, is grown old with me; but our hearts are still young, and beat as warmly as ever, when we sit, as we often do, under the verandah, fanned by the fresh summer evening sea-breeze, and talk of our lost darlings.

Mary is my sister. She is the widow of an officer who died shortly after his marriage, and she has resided with me ever since. We had a brother named Arthur, who was once rector of this parish, and we three lived together for many years in that old rectory with the clustering gables close upon the bay, just visible from the window where I sit. It is of Arthur and another that I am about to write.

Arthur, Mary, and myself, were three children of an ancient house, the estates of which, from various causes, had passed into other hands, leaving Arthur, who was the eldest, with a modest fortune of eight hundred a year, and Mary and myself the same amount between us. Arthur obtained a place in the foreign office, through the influence of my father, who had been a distinguished diplomatist; and I, in spite of family remonstrances, followed an inclination I had felt from childhood, and applied myself to the science of medicine. To compensate for thus lowering my *status*, as it was considered, I took the dignity of our ancient family into my keeping, and collected and arranged our scattered records, exhibiting, when in a complete shape, a goodly line of Wingfields, mounting up till they were lost in the knightly maze surrounding the Conqueror.

This pedigree hung for a long time in the oaken hall of the old rectory, but since we came to this cottage, it has been folded up and put by, as Mary considered that its exhibition in our little home savoured of absurdity.

We three children were devotedly attached to each other, and, as long as our parents lived, Arthur and I never failed to meet periodically under their roof. When they died Mary went to live with an aunt at Bath, where she was shortly afterwards married; I went to practise in a northern town, and Arthur continued in London. However, we never

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intermitted our periodical meetings; I occasionally visited him in town, he sometimes came to me, and we generally went abroad together for a couple of months in the autumn.

Arthur had many acquaintances in London. His name and presence were familiar in the best drawing-rooms in May Fair, and being very good-looking and agreeable, and, moreover, an accomplished musician, he was a great favourite with old and young. There was one thing that qualified his popularity with the latter—Arthur had always an aversion to dancing. He sometimes looked into the ball-rooms, but rarely or never took part in the dances. Music was the passion of his soul. Though with a peculiarly manly nature, and emotions ordinarily well under control, I have seen him completely carried away by certain performances. I remember on one occasion, I think it was a song by Malibran, he was obliged to leave the room precipitately to hide his feelings; I followed him, thinking he was ill, and found the strong man bathed in tears.

But though thus an *habitué* of the gay world, my brother never entirely liked it. His was too noble a nature to be satisfied with the butterfly existence of a man about town. As a boy, and at the university, he frequently expressed a wish that he had been destined for holy orders, and through all the glitter and seductions of his London life, he kept that feeling warm at his heart. The sudden death of his mother—who expired before he could reach her bedside—made a profound impression on him, and he began to think seriously of abandoning diplomacy and adopting the Church as a profession. To Sir Henry Palliser, an old friend of the family, Arthur communicated his intentions.

"My dear fellow, you a country parson! you, whom we expect by-and-by to represent us at St. Petersburgh, and 'tell lies for the good of your country!' I couldn't hear of such a thing. You cannot seriously expect me to give encouragement to so absurd an idea; what on earth would they say in Berkeley and Grosvenor Squares, and the surroundings thereof? How would they get on at No. 14 without your tenor, and with what heart do you think Lady Mary and Lady Fanny in Hertford Street would carry on their *provas* if you were not there to help them? You are no dancer, so you wouldn't be missed in the ball-rooms, but I know there are many fair ones for whom the brightest saloons will want a charm, if Arthur Wingfield is no longer there. Most assuredly they would say you have been disappointed in love, only we all know you carry an invulnerable heart."

All Arthur's friends in the fashionable world echoed Sir Henry's remonstrances. He had to run the gauntlet through scores of dowagers and hundreds of young ladies; the former fiercely denounced his plan, the latter assailed it with delicate raillery, but he was not to be deterred

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from his purpose. Before the next season brought back the fashionable world, Arthur Wingfield was gone.

A year after this time he was ordained to a curacy in Berkshire, where he threw himself into his work with all the energy of his nature, and soon won the hearts of his simple flock, as he had those of his friends in the fashionable world, as far as they had any hearts to win.

After remaining there for two years, Sir Henry Palliser, who had not forgotten his old friend, or borne any grudge to him for not following his advice, offered him a living in a southern county, close to his own home.

Let me give a little sketch of Arthur's new parish. In it the characteristics of northern and southern scenery were curiously blended. The village, the houses of which consisted principally of wood, lay at the extremity of a narrow bay running inland from the sea to the distance of three miles. At the opposite side hills of fractured granite rose greyly to the skies, gradually lowering their crests as they rounded the end of the bay, where they formed a table land, on which stood the old residence of the Pallisers. Underneath the rock on which it rested, the picturesque houses of the village were clustered in groups of three and four, surrounded with little gardens. Close on the shore of the bay stood the old rectory, a quaint Elizabethan structure, with fruit trees clambering the walls in all directions. Between the house and the bay was a slope of shaven turf, with a gravel terrace at the further side whose boundary wall was washed by the waves. You might fancy yourself by a Norwegian fiord, except that the vegetation was entirely of a southern, almost tropical, character. The palm, the olive, the rhododendron, the acacia, and the myrtle, took the place of the birch and the pine.

Arthur was thirty-nine years of age when he came to reside at Seaholt. He looked fully ten years younger. His well-proportioned figure had all the curve and lissomeness of twenty-five. His face beamed with intelligence and truth; on his manly brow the years had not traced a single line. The brave calm heart, which he had borne unscathed through his London life, seemed reflected in his countenance.

He was a brother to be proud of. I often see him, with the eye of memory, pacing the terrace yonder by the sea, the very type of manliness and refinement, with that other by his side.

It need hardly be said that Arthur, with his fine taste for music, was dissatisfied with the choral efforts of those days in parish churches. The psalms of David, minus the poetry, ingeniously extracted by Tate and Brady, drawled out by rustic amateurs with the accompaniments of fiddle and flageolet, were so horribly grotesque a caricature of his idea of Church music, that his first reform lay in this direction. He selected

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eight of the least inharmonious voices which he could find among the youth of Seaholt, and undertook their training himself. In a few months he had a very tolerable choir. He had choral service every day at eight o'clock in the morning. Four of his pupils at one side of the chancel and four at the other, led by his own rich tenor, conducted the service. It was a great pleasure to me to attend these early services, which I did whenever my engagements permitted. Always happy with my brother, it was an especial pleasure to see him where he appeared to so much advantage, ministering in the house of God, for whose service he had forsaken everything beside.

It was on July 15—I have often heard Arthur speak of it as an epoch in his life—just before service commenced, that a little figure entered the church, and, walking reverently up the aisle, knelt down in the Pallisers' seat behind the choir. Arthur concluded, therefore, it must be Amy Palliser, Sir Henry's only child. He had heard of their arrival from London the night before. She wore, he told me, a little grey cloak, a grey hat, with a white and brown feather winding round it, and a silk frock, chequered purple and white. It may seem strange that a man should remember such trifles, but the truth is these are the very things a loving heart remembers best. It is the indifferent only who forget them. Has not Petrarch immortalised the colour and material of the dress in which he first saw Laura? There is something, too, about dress, perishable as it is, which has a strange interest for us; cherished relics of odds and ends that once touched, for ever so short a time, the form dear to our hearts, are, I doubt not, to be found in many a secret drawer. I am not ashamed to confess that I have a little glove upstairs in a casket, which I value more than all the fees I ever got in my life.

After service, Arthur overtook Amy, and observed what a good little thing she was to get up so early, and come down that long flight of steps to prayers.

Amy laughed and blushed, and with a toss of her head, rolling the bright waves of fair hair over her shoulders, said—

"Oh, that's nothing; I've been up for ages already; and as for the steps, I run up and down them for fun sometimes; it's just enough to make one's blood circulate. Oh, Mr. Wingfield, what dear little boys those are in surplices, and how nicely they sing! I hope I shall soon have learned enough to join in those lovely chants; you'll let me, won't you? I shall work so hard with Miss Lloyd to get them up. I am so glad you have got rid of those horrid men up in the gallery, with the fiddle, and that other thing, I don't know what you call it, that used to drive me wild. Good-by; come up to see us as soon as you can."

So she gave him her little hand, and ran up the steps cut in the cliff, with the speed and lightness of a chamois.

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"Sweet little fairy," said Arthur to himself, as she stood a moment on the top, and waved adieu with her hand.

Every day while the Pallisers remained in the country, Amy was punctually in her place at church. In a few weeks she had learned the chants usually sung in the week-day services, and it was charming in the early morning to hear her sweet young voice, blending with, and at the same time redeeming, the coarseness of the deeper tones of the choristers.

Arthur was charmed with the child; he thought he had never seen anything so ethereal, so dreamlike. In church when singing, with her little head just over the front of the seat, she looked like one of Baroccio's angels in the Uffizzi gallery; down to her waist rolled the fair hair, and her cheek from time to time lighted up with a colour that seemed too bright for anything out of heaven. Then she had such winning ways about her. She did nothing like anybody else—the commonest actions derived a grace from her mode of doing them. All that was prosaic in life vanished before her, this little fairy of Seaholt Castle.

She had won the hearts of all the villagers; wherever Arthur went on his parochial rounds, he found traces of Amy's kindness; there were few thresholds which she had not crossed with her basket of medicine and dainties. Everybody had a word of hope or encouragement from her, and to signify her brightness and ubiquity, the cottagers called her "the Sunbeam."

The Sunbeam, like her namesake, was free to come and go wherever she pleased; when she got over her awe of Arthur—for she had often heard her father speak of him as the "favoured guest" of the first London circles, and she regarded him as a superior being who had voluntarily abandoned that position, vainly coveted by so many, and buried himself in the remote country, that he might spend his life in doing good—when she got over her first fear of him, she paid us constant visits at the rectory; she liked Mary and me, but Arthur's antecedents had thrown a kind of halo round him in her childish imagination, so that he was her chief attraction, and when he took any notice of her it made her supremely happy. Often and often, when he came into his study, he found a vase of hothouse flowers on the table, which the little Sunbeam had smuggled in during his absence. On one occasion he caught her in the act; to testify his gratitude he pressed his lips to her forehead, and she glided away as proud and happy as a queen.

Amy's mother, Lady Palliser, was a thoroughly worldly woman, and the only part she took in her daughter's education was to implant in her mind the pleasure and advantage of fashionable life in London, and the necessity of qualifying herself to take her part therein. Amy was

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too much of a child to derive great harm from this teaching, though I have no doubt it had some effect upon her future character. It may seem odd that Lady Palliser allowed Amy to be so much at large in the village, but Sir Henry would not have his darling interfered with; she should do what she liked, everything she did was good and right, and he knew God's blessing was on her head.

Seaholt Castle was an old baronial building, partly modernised, standing on the rocky platform already described, overlooking the village. A tower of three stories on that side was allotted to Amy; on the second story was her boudoir, on the one above, her bedroom; the ground floor contained her maid's room, and a storehouse of clothes, medicines, and dainties for the poor. When at night the light shone from the lancet windows, and we knew she was going to rest, many a prayer went up for her from the village below, many a blessing was invoked upon her head.

The poor people said she was too good and bright to live. Ah, it had been well for our darlings if that were true!

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June."

In October, Sir Henry and Lady Palliser left Seaholt for Rome, taking Amy with them. It was a sad day for us all when the flag was hauled down from the castle, and the shortening evenings came on more drearily now that Amy's tower was in darkness. Till the little creature was gone we did not know how she had wound herself round all our hearts; every house, from the rectory downward, felt as if a member of the family had left it, and the sick and sorrowful lay in deeper shadow, now the Sunbeam was away.

Arthur's was the greatest loss. He missed her in the morning—at noon—at all times. Standing opposite to him in the chancel in the early morning, with the eastern gleam on her fair hair, she looked like the guardian angel of the church; and now that her seat was empty, it appeared as if the heavenly visitant had forsaken the sanctuary it was sent to guard. The singing of the chants, too, now that her sweet voice was heard no more, seemed the offering up of unperfumed incense. As he went his rounds through the parish he missed the bright young form that used to meet him from time to time, her basket on her arm, her countenance radiant with satisfaction at having brought relief to someone suffering or in want. How often, when irritated with some of the

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petty worries inseparable from his work, the little grey hat, with white and brown feather, had come on him suddenly round a corner of the lane, and all was bright again.

Then his return to his study was no longer greeted with a vase of fresh exotics placed there—how and when, he knew not—by the same little fairy hands; and at evening, when he looked from his bow-window on the tower, and saw it dark and desolate, he felt it was not *the* Sunbeam, but his Sunbeam in particular which had vanished from Seaholt; however, she would come back at the proper time for the return of sunbeams—with the hours of spring.

But no, the spring came and the Pallisers did not return; and summer passed away, and the winter and another spring—still no Amy! And by-and-by her memory began to fade, under the condition of the sad but common law of the transitoriness of all earthly things.

The memory of the poor is short; they accommodate themselves speedily—indeed with a kind of fatalism—to circumstances. I was fully occupied in my profession; Mary's heart was too full of love for Arthur and me to miss anybody else; and Arthur himself was so absorbed in his work that the child who had interested him so much for a few months was well-nigh forgotten.

The Pallisers remained abroad for five years. Lady Palliser's health rendered it necessary for her to spend the winter at Rome, and the summers in the neighbourhood of Florence, generally at the baths of Lucca. Five years so spent had such a favourable effect on her health, that her medical advisers pronounced it safe for her to return to England; and so, once more, on a fine morning in August, the flag was seen floating over Seaholt Castle.

Amy was now in her sixteenth year.

The day after their arrival she appeared at the early service. She walked reverently up the aisle, and knelt down in her old seat—as she had done five years before. She looked at Arthur as he rose from his knees to commence the prayers. It was the same calm, somewhat stern, countenance she so well remembered—the same upright, manly form—and, when he began the service, the same mellow voice which she loved of old to listen to, fell upon her ear. He seemed entirely unchanged.

She paused at the door to speak to him when the service was over. She held out her hand with the frank innocence of former days, and said, with a smile—"Have you forgotten the little Sunbeam?"

Arthur felt somewhat guilty, for in truth he had quite forgotten her existence; but at the sight of her his old interest at once revived. He took her hand in both of his, pressed it warmly, and said, by way of answer—"How glad I am, my child, to see you back. You'll stay with us now, I hope, for a little?"

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"Through the winter, certainly; but, I suppose, mamma will drag me off to London, as soon as she can go next year."

"You'll come and visit your old friends at the rectory, to-morrow, will you not? Mary and Henry are longing to see you."

"Certainly," replied Amy; and they parted.

She moved with a slower step towards the castle, bending her head thoughtfully as she went along. Though she had almost passed from the memory of Seaholt, her old friends were not forgotten by her. She had been very happy in Italy. Her taste for the fine arts had been fully gratified; she had made acquaintance with all the best works in painting and sculpture; with the great masters of harmony she was familiar. Yet the old days, when she went about doing good, under the guidance of Mr. Wingfield, amidst the blessings of the poor, and with the smile of God on her head—those days were ever coming back to her mind.

Standing out prominently in her memory was Arthur—the self-sacrificing Arthur—the admired and the loved of the first society in the world—the refined gentleman—the accomplished musician and man of taste, buried among the rustics of Seaholt, with a single-hearted devotion to the one great object to which he had consecrated his life.

"If he had but a wife," she thought, "and a child to flit about him and tease him, as I used to do when I was here before! There are loads of women, papa says, breaking their hearts about him; Lady Fanny herself, the beautiful heiress, would brave even the rusticity of Seaholt, if she could win his love."

Thus went on Amy to herself, as she ascended the cliff steps to the castle. It was an old way with her. It began when she used to wander through the castle gardens long ago, it continued when she went abroad —a habit of romancing. She would tell herself stories by the hour—of which Arthur was always the hero. Sometimes she turned him into a knight, who scaled the tower where some ogre had imprisoned her, and having set her free, put her on his horse and carried her to a place of safety. Sometimes she would be lost in the woods, and when on the point of giving herself up to despair, Arthur would come and rescue her. Occasionally she would fall into the river, and he would dash in and save her, just as she was drowning; and then, in delight at her escape, clasp her to his heart—a termination that pleased her fancy extremely, and therefore was a favourite ending to her romances. She was not altogether glad to think she was growing too old for such reveries.

The next day she came down to see us; after spending a little time with Mary and myself, she went to look for my brother, to whom she had a message to deliver.

Arthur was in his study; there was a little tap at the door; "Come in!" and Amy stood before him.

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"I want to speak to you, Mr. Wingfield," she said, "about my confirmation. I understand you are to have one here presently, and papa is anxious you should prepare me for it. Mamma wishes my examination to be separate from the rest, but I have resisted that, not liking to make any distinction, and therefore, if you please, I will join your class when it meets."

"I am glad you have come to that determination," said Arthur, "because I never make any distinction, and I should be sorry if you did, on such an occasion, between yourself and your poor fellow-parishioners. My class meets to-morrow, at three in the afternoon; can you come then?"

"Willingly," answered Amy; and she turned to go, but Arthur begged her to remain a few minutes, to have a little talk with her respecting her views of this rite, for which she wished to prepare herself.

"Come out on the terrace," said my brother. When they had taken a turn, Arthur said—"I hope you will consider well, my child, what you are about to do. I am afraid you have not turned your thoughts much of late to religion, and you know they are very solemn promises you are about to make—promises which you, in your position, will find it hard to keep."

"You are quite right, Mr. Wingfield; I am sorry to say I have given myself up too much to the dreams of this life, basking in the radiant sunshine where God has placed me, without thinking of God Himself; but you will help me," she added, earnestly; "you will teach me—I will learn anything, do anything you tell me."

There was a certain mournfulness in Amy's tone and manner as she said this, which struck Arthur forcibly. He stopped short and looked her full in the face. It was the first time he had done so since her return. He had no idea she was so lovely. She stood, one foot advanced, her hat in her hand, her eyes bent on the ground; the fair hair no longer rolled in waves over her shoulders, but clung lovingly in bright braids to her head; and on her cheek the wonderful colour went and came as she felt him gazing on her.

"Amy," he said, at length, "whence comes that peculiar tone in your voice? If I am to be of use to you, you must confide in me; you are changed more than the years which have passed since you were here would warrant. You—"

"Oh, Mr. Wingfield," interrupted Amy, "I am indeed changed. I feel I have grown horribly selfish. And, to be frank with you, my mother's counsels have disturbed my mind, inducing me to think that London society, and the admiration one will meet with there, are the most important things to be thought of, and making this place, and the pursuits I used to delight in, distasteful to me. Oh, I would give worlds to get back my lost feelings! Dear Mr. Wingfield, help me!

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You are noble, and good, and unselfish—oh, give me some of your spirit!"

Arthur looked at her with sorrowful interest. "I guessed it," he said. "How cruel of your mamma to talk in that way! London, with its withering heartlessness, will come soon enough. Amy," he added, gravely, "you do not pray."

She hung her head. "I have got out of the habit, I confess; occasionally I do, but it is a cold formal thing, and it wearies me."

"Well, then," he said; "I can do nothing for you unless you promise me that you will pray night and morning. If I write you a prayer, will you use it?"

"Oh, so gladly! you don't know how my heart aches when I look within and see how cold and dead I am. I am only sixteen, and yet I feel so old. What would I not give to recall my former light-heartedness; I have no one to guide me; my father is absorbed in his chemistry, mamma is wrapt up in herself, and any advice she gives me is, I feel, simply injurious. If I could have you always to speak to, it would be so different."

"Well," said Arthur; "I look with great hope upon your confirmation. Learn to pray; watch against yourself, and the dangers of your position, and who knows but we may get the little Sunbeam back again?"

So they returned from the terrace, and Amy went home with a lighter heart than she had had for many a day. In the evening, a note was brought to her containing the prayer she had wished for, and also a verse, commending her spirit to the Guardian of Spirits, with a request that she would use the latter each night, when she laid her head on the pillow.

Amy attended the confirmation class punctually, and Arthur had every reason to be satisfied with her reverence, and her obvious wish to make the best use of this golden opportunity which had come to her.

In about two months the bishop came, and as Arthur led up the candidates one by one to the altar, he felt there was none from whom he had fairer hopes than Amy. The rest were the children of the poor; they all wore the same headdress as Amy; she had them made that they might all look alike. As Amy knelt before the bishop in her simple cap, Arthur thought he had never seen her look more spiritual, even in the former years, when she went about the parish in her brightness, leaving comfort and happiness in her track.

And so it was. Arthur's wise counsels had restored her peace of mind; she had struggled against her selfishness and her pride, and returned to her old habits of prayer. Again was she seen with her basket among the cottagers, and again her wise and helpful words lifted up many a drooping heart. The peculiar brightness of her nature came out once more, and Seaholt had its Sunbeam again.

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She resumed her former intimate terms with the rectory, coming and going whenever and wherever she pleased; the bright exotics once more bloomed on Arthur's table, and hardly a day passed that she had not a walk with him on the terrace, or sat in his bow-window listening to his counsels, and learning to be like him. Amy was as independent in her movements as ever; Sir Henry was always buried in his laboratory among his experiments; Lady Palliser was ailing, and never stirred out of her room, so that there was no one to place any check on Amy's doings. Indeed there was not a house at Seaholt where she was not as perfectly at home as in her castle on the rock.

So passed those happy hours. Each day, as Amy emerged from girlhood, you saw some added grace, some new charm of person and of character; she was gentle, humble, and considerate; the poison infused by her mother's counsels was working itself out, and she no longer felt any desire to realise Lady Palliser's predictions about London and the fashionable world.

Amy's seventeenth year arrived, that midsummer of the golden time of woman's life, from fifteen to twenty. What a favoured creature she was then! Her face was lovely, radiantly fair, with an expression of the sweetest temper; I never remember having seen anything like her colour, so rich and yet so transparently delicate, coming and going with a startling suddenness. A profusion of fair hair completed the charm of that perfect little head; then her delicate form—it was not at all according to the Venus type, but of that slender ideal development which the sculptors give to Psyche, and which alone is consistent with perfect grace and harmony of motion. Then she was heiress of the large domains of the Pallisers, and at the time perfectly happy, a healthy mind in a healthy body.

We did not know then, for it was not till afterwards that she told Mary, that another element had been added to her favoured lot; that without which woman's destiny must be ever incomplete—she loved! And one of the noblest of God's creatures—my brother. The feeling came to her like the gradual dawn of a glorious summer day; first the little gleam on the horizon, then the wider spreading warmer light, and finally the deep and glowing day. Such was Amy's account of the first coming into her heart of that mysterious visitant that men call love. She could not tell what she felt, she could only describe it as like something she had seen in nature; to attempt to put into words that delicious emotion, so new, and almost painful in its excess, she found to be impossible. She no longer trod the same earth; there was a brighter heaven above; she lived in a golden dream. The object of her childhood's reverence had grown gradually and almost unconsciously into the object of her womanhood's love; and all this without knowing whether he cared for her in return. She did not think it at all likely; he was

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very kind to her, but so he was to all; more than kind he was sometimes, but it seemed as if he looked upon her as a child; and how could it be that she had touched that calm stern heart, that the brightest and fairest of England's daughters had failed to captivate? She knew she was beautiful, but he had met many more beautiful, and as for her wealth, she was well aware that to such as he it was a matter of perfect indifference. And so her golden dream went on; she lived associated every day, in prayer, in work, in deeds of love, with this her heart's ideal, the man who had become dearer to her than life.

The dream was interrupted by a visit to London. Lady Palliser was sufficiently recovered to encounter a month of fashionable life. Amy left Seaholt with a sigh, but consoled herself by the thought that the visit was only to be for a month, and that she would return with double zest to her dear country occupations.

As she was not to come out till next year, Amy saw little of what is called the gay world. She went to the exhibition of paintings, and to the opera once or twice, and met a few select friends at dinner occasionally—that was all. She found little pleasure in it, and was rejoiced when the time arrived for their return to Seaholt.

Arthur, in her absence, went on in the old path wherein he had worked patiently for so long; but a strange feeling came over him—a feeling of loneliness for which he could not account. This girl who had crossed his path—she was beautiful, certainly, and pure, and good; but what was that to him? Supposing it possible that his interest in her was the cause of this feeling, what earthly use would it be? He was more than twice her age, and it was absurd to imagine that the beautiful young heiress could have a thought for the country parson more than as an old friend and spiritual guide.

Yet still he *did* miss her. He could not help acknowledging it—the village lanes were doubly dreary without the chance of meeting now and then that sweet face and Psyche form. He often found himself listening for the gentle tap at the study door, and watching for the graceful bound that brought her into his presence. She had a peculiar way of entering the room; the door was thrown open—two rapid steps—always two steps he noticed—then a pause; was it to ascertain whether he was there really, or whether she was intruding at the time? She need not have been afraid of the last!

"Yes, I do miss her," he said, as he came in from the terrace, and sat down on the seat in the window; "I miss the Sunbeam, *my* Sunbeam."

Presently he moved to the table. He opened a calendar, which always lay upon it.

"She was born on January 21. *Agnes V. & M.* What a pity her name is not Agnes; yet no—I like Amy quite as well—better."

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Here Arthur took up his pen, and wrote in the margin opposite the date, *A. P. born.* He then turned over to October 10, the day of her confirmation, and wrote opposite, *A. P. confirmed; sixteen years and nine months. God bless her!* Having made these two little entries, he closed the book, looked at the empty vase, paced the room for a little, and said "I am a foolish old dreamer;" then, as if struck by a sudden recollection, he opened the book again, sought out July 15, and wrote opposite to it, *A. P., morning prayers, grey*—that was the morning he first saw Amy, with the little grey cloak, and grey hat with white and brown feather. Another walk up and down the room, and he bethought him of a promise to visit the widow Jones down the river lane, so he took his hat and went out.

(To be continued.)

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CORRESPONDENCE.

[*As Letters containing various opinions, in order to promote free discussion, will be freely inserted, the Editor declines being held responsible for the* Correspondence.]

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—I am glad to perceive in the Programme of Examinations for 1867, just issued by the Society of Arts, that, in addition to the general prizes being open to female candidates on the same terms as to male candidates, an additional prize of £2 in each of the following subjects is offered to the female candidate who gets the highest number of marks, with a certificate of the first class:—Arithmetic; book-keeping; animal physiology in relation to health; domestic economy; and political and social economy. This special prize may be taken with, or apart from, any other prize.

The necessary papers and information may be obtained on application to the Secretary of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, W.C.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

Longbrigg, Ambleside, August 17, 1866. F. K. K.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—A great hue and cry has been raised about the revelations lately made concerning our workhouses. I would beg to point out that in the "Workhouse Visiting Journal" (which I regret to say is now discontinued), such revelations were repeatedly made, and wise and careful suggestions for remedying many of the abuses were from time to time brought forward, to which the reformers of the present day would do well to recur. I may mention in particular the Journals for May and August, 1859, and following numbers; but passages abound throughout the series which, if brought before the notice of Mr. Gaythorne Hardy or his subordinates in the work of reforming pauper neglect, would surely suggest to them the suitability of consulting with ladies who have had the very considerable experience among the sick and helpless in workhouses, which is shown by the records of this little publication.

I remain, Madam,

Yours truly,

MILLICENT N.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—It has more than once been suggested to me that a want is felt by ladies from the country who occasionally pass a day in town, of some quiet waiting-room, not far from the centres of shopping and exhibitions, &c.; the entrance-fee being for the day only, so that it would in no way interfere or claim rivalship with the admirable club for ladies established at 19, Langham Place. Perhaps, by giving this hint a place in your columns, some enterprising respectable well-mannered young woman might be led to consider the advisability of opening such a waiting-room; or some one who already lives near enough to the chief shopping and exhibition centres might find herself able to afford the space, and be glad to turn the suggestion to advantage. It is believed that the class of ladies who would avail themselves of such accommodation would be glad to pay freely for it.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

Q.

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MISCELLANEA.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The Atlantic telegraph has been safely laid, America speaks to England along a wire at the bottom of the sea, and the new cable takes its place among the familiar facts of ordinary life. Mr. Glass may fairly be congratulated on having manufactured 1,800 miles of a cable to which the least flaw would have been fatal, and thus accomplished a mechanical and scientific achievement of which all England must be proud.

As soon as the telegraphic communication between this country and America was completed, the following message was transmitted from the Queen to the President of the United States:

"From the Queen, Osborne, to the President of the United States, Washington.

"The Queen congratulates the President on the successful completion of an undertaking which she hopes may serve as an additional bond of union between the United States and England."

The President has replied as follows:

"From Andrew Johnson, the Executive Mansion, Washington, to her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

"*July* 30, 11.30 *a.m.*

"The President of the United States acknowledges with profound gratification the receipt of her Majesty's despatch, and cordially reciprocates the hope that the cable which now unites the eastern and western hemispheres may serve to strengthen and perpetuate peace and amity between the Government of England and the Republic of the United States."

The President's reply to the Queen's message left Washington at 11.30 a.m. on the 30th July, and was telegraphed from Newfoundland at 3.51 p.m. on the 31st, consisting of 405 letters, making 81 words, at a speed of 7.36 words per minute, sent by Mr. Weedon, Newfoundland, and received by Mr. Edgar George, Valentia.

Message delivered to her Majesty at Osborne at 5 p.m.

REFORM DEMONSTRATION.—On the 23rd of July there was a riot in Hyde Park. An association called the Reform League summoned a meeting in Hyde Park, and Mr. Walpole ordered Sir Richard Mayne to prevent the same. The League determined to assert their "legal right," and marched from all quarters of London to the park. The gates were closed against them, and they left for Trafalgar Square, but a vast crowd, said to number 50,000, remained and burst into the park, pulling down the rails in Park Lane and along the Bayswater Road. The west-end of London was kept in a state of disorder for some hours, and the riot was resumed again next day; great damage was

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done to the park, a fight between the crowd and the police ensued, and several persons were seriously injured. The shutting of the gates was a mistake; but Hyde Park is not a suitable place for political demonstrations. Mr. Bright, in the letter he wrote to the Reform League, observes, "That the people may meet in the parks for every purpose but that which ought to be most important and dear to them." The *Spectator* remarks if the people ought to be able to use the parks at their pleasure for political purposes, why not to use the House of Commons at their pleasure for purposes of amusement—for fancy balls or popular concerts? No one has any more right in the park either for public meetings or anything else, any more than they have in the British Museum or the National Gallery. The metropolitan parks have to be preserved for their proper purposes; every large concourse of people collect around them others who meet for no purpose but idle curiosity or criminal intentions, and as it is impossible to ensure good behaviour, it is evident that such gatherings are extremely undesirable. Lord Derby, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Disraeli, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Cowper, all attest that nothing could be more peaceable than the people who formed the procession of the Reform League, but the occurrences of the 23rd of July are sufficient to show the mischief which may arise. Mr. Beales and a deputation had an interview with Mr. Walpole, and requested leave to hold one meeting in Hyde Park on the following Monday, and, not receiving a direct refusal, a placard was circulated to the effect that Mr. Beales was at liberty to hold his meeting there, upon his personal undertaking to be responsible for any mischief that might ensue. Mr. Walpole immediately published a letter in the *Times* denying altogether that he had made such an agreement. The mistake was an unfortunate, though probably not a wilful one, and was followed by some very severe comments on Mr. Walpole in some papers, and some very uncalled-for triumphant congratulations in others.

The Reform League in the end held their meeting at the Agricultural Hall, at Islington; from 20 to 30,000 persons attended, and order was maintained in the streets. The conduct of the police, in Hyde Park, has been the subject of some very severe animadversions, and a letter from Mr. Ludlow, in the *Spectator* of the 4th of August, contains an account of an outrage, by the police, on three unoffending friends who had gone out for a stroll in the park, unaware, at the time, it was closed.

"They found the Marble Arch shut and guarded by foot and mounted police, and of course a crowd; but the crowd perfectly good-tempered. As the party were passing the Marble Arch, and on their way further west, they heard a policeman roughly summons three working men, standing near, but not against the railings, to move on. Without replying a word they walked away. It seems they were expected to run, for the policeman, pushing on after them, struck the hindmost man on the head with his truncheon, and felled him like an ox. Two other policemen followed,

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evidently to help the aggressor. 'I saw that fellow's number; it was ——. Let's take those of the two others,' exclaimed my friend to his brothers. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he found himself in turn disabled from behind by a truncheon blow, just below the knee, which, had it hit the cap, might have lamed him for life. He had seemingly been overheard, and had to be put out of the way of seeking justice for the outrage which had been just perpetrated under his eyes. In neither case was the slightest provocation given, or resistance offered; and the whole took place upwards of an hour *before* the appearance of any Reformers proper on the scene."

Mr. Ludlow thinks that nothing short of a House of Commons Committee of Inquiry will elicit the truth, and he believes that our metropolitan police system needs as radical a change as that of our workhouse infirmaries, and that the system of promotion is so organised as to have a direct interest not in the prevention, but in the perpetuation of crime. The police force have published a report, showing that upwards of 250 policemen were hurt in the riots, among whom were 10 superintendents, 20 inspectors, 32 sergeants, and Sir Richard Mayne received a severe contusion on the side of the head.

The last occasion on which the London mob vented its displeasure on the parks was in 1821, when they refused to allow Queen Caroline's funeral to pass along the road laid down in the programme. The following account will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year:—"The procession moved gently, although the rain came down in torrents, until the foremost part of the cavalcade reached Kensington Church, when a body of men formed across the streets nearly twenty deep, and expressed every disposition to dispute the passage. A severe conflict took place between them and the constables, several on both sides being hurt. The populace committed several excesses in the neighbourhood of the 'Gravel Pits;' they tore up the pavements on the road, and threw down trees, which they placed across the road. Things wore an appearance of the utmost determination, and the populace seemed resolved that the procession should go through Hyde Park Corner Gate. After considerable resistance, the procession went through Hyde Park to Cumberland Gate, where a desperate conflict ensued. Stones and mud flew about in all directions, and the Horse Guards fired upon the mob. The Guards kept galloping about in all directions. Richard Honey, a carpenter, was shot at the corner of Great Cumberland Street, and the body was carried to the 'General Townshend,' in Oxford Street; others were carried to St. George's Hospital."

A LADIES' COMMITTEE has been formed to aid General Garibaldi, by supporting his views for promoting the enlightenment and union of Italy, and for collecting comforts for the wounded volunteers. The following letter from General Garibaldi has been received:—

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"DEAR LADIES,—I am deeply gratified by your sympathy in the cause of my country, so nobly manifested. If I am fortunate enough to be enabled to pursue that path which will emancipate mankind from the bondage and tyranny of an Impostor, it will be by the invulnerable buckler afforded me by the assistance which I receive, and the support which I derive, from the best-beloved by God of all His creatures—woman.

"I am, with gratitude and affection, yours for life,
"G. GARIBALDI."

Articles useful for the volunteers and for their widows and orphans—Clothing of all kinds; red or white flannel; needles and thread; lint, rags, or bandages; blankets and rugs; cases of preserved meat.

An Italian artist offers a portrait of General Garibaldi, value 60 guineas, to be raffled for in shares of one guinea each; the proceeds to be applied to the relief of those volunteers who, having been wounded, are leaving hospital.

Subscribers' names will be thankfully received by Professor De Vecchi, 53, Euston Road, where the picture will be on view during August and the early part of September.

Subscriptions, articles of clothing, and old linen, will be gladly received by every member of the committee; also by John Dunning, Esq., Secretary to the Young Men's Christian Association, 44, Renshaw Street, and Mrs. Newett, 43, Pembroke Place. Books in Italian will also be thankfully received; but no work on controversial subjects can be circulated.

EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.—We are glad to see there is a good prospect of the early closing movement being more generally adopted at the west-end. The Duchess of Sutherland had a meeting last month at Stafford House, in which Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Elcho, Lord Grosvenor, and Dr. Cumming took a prominent part. An influential committee was formed, composed of members of the aristocracy and the wives of some of our leading shopkeepers, for the purpose of securing the co-operation of employers, and inducing the public to abstain from shopping after two o'clock on Saturday. It is gratifying to see how many west-end houses have already set the desired example.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AND MADAME CORNUAU.—The following letter was addressed by the Empress, and accompanied the gold medal, to the wife of the prefect who distinguished herself so much by her attendance recently upon the cholera patients at Amiens:—

"Madame,—Avant de me rendre à Amiens, j'ai appris par M. le ministre de l'intérieur vos généreux efforts pour soulager les victimes de la cruelle épidémic qui ravageait cette ville.

"J'ai pu voir par moi-même votre zèle et votre courage. Femme du premier magistrat du départment, vous avez compris que vous deviez à tous l'exemple, et avez su, comme votre mari, remplir votre devoir.

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"Avec une abnégation et une constance que n'ont ébranlées ni les fatigues, ni les périls, vous vous êtes multipliée pour répandre autour de vous les soins et les consolations.

"La population d'Amiens n'a pas seulement trouvé dans votre empressement les secour les plus efficacies ; elle y a puisé encore ce calme et cette confiance qui permettent de réagir contre les attenintes du mal et souvent même de le conjurer.

"Une si noble conduite m'a vivement émue. J'ai été heureuse d'en rapporter le témoignage â l'Empereur, et c'est avec plaisir que je viens aujourd'hui vous remettre, en son nom, ce décret et cette médaille, qui en perpétueront le souvenir, et qui seront la plus précieux héritage de votre fils, auquel ils rappelleront le dévouement et la charité de sa mère.

"Recevez de nouveau, madame, l'assurance de ma sincère et profonde sympathie.

"EUGENIE."

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1866-67.—The Charter of Incorporation of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, was granted by the Legislature of the State, March 11, 1850.

The idea, at the time, was a novel one. One woman had but recently received a diploma, from the Medical College of Geneva, New York, and this innovation, discussed throughout the country, was received by many as the initiation of an extensive social movement.

Nearly two months after the incorporation of this College, a "Female Medical Education Society," which had been previously formed in Boston, received a charter from the Legislature of Massachusetts, for the purpose of providing for the education of "Midwives, Nurses, and Female Physicians."*

Our College, the first in the world regularly organised for the instruction of women in the various departments of learning taught in the best medical schools, opened its first session October 12th, 1850, with a Faculty of six Professors—regular practitioners, and graduates of regular schools.

During the early years of its existence, the College struggled with many difficulties.

The opposition of medical men, the unavoidable imperfections of a new organisation, the lack of pecuniary means, and the necessity of long years of toil, caused some of the early friends of the institution, who had not counted the cost, to grow weary in the labour.

But amid all difficulties, sustained by the profound conviction that the cause is right and must succeed—that the study and practice of medicine are adapted to woman's nature, that the profession and the world need her, and that her entrance into this fitting and enlarged sphere of virtuous activity is the harbinger of increased happiness and health for

* The New England "Female Medical Education Society," commenced its school with two Professors, but in 1852 it increased the number, and in 1856 it received a full College Charter, under the title of the New England Female Medical College.

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her and for the race, the Corporators and Faculty have patiently continued their work.

Notwithstanding many noble exceptions among medical men in this city, professional opposition, taking at last an organised form, has hitherto prevented the general hospitals and dispensaries of Philadelphia from being available, to any considerable extent, to our students and graduates.

Some of these, proceeding slowly and cautiously, but perseveringly, aided by personal friends among physicians, gradually qualified themselves for extended practice; and after the establishment of the New York Infirmary,* some of our students, from year to year, availed themselves of the advantages of that institution—entering it as resident students and medical assistants, or attending its clinics, as well as several large dispensaries and hospitals, which, in that city, had been opened to their visits.

But the demands of the cause in this city induced the founding of the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia. This institution, organised in connection with the College, and supported by the generous contributions of a few devoted friends of the cause and of humanity, went into operation in October, 1861; the resident physician being a graduate of this School, who, to her available clinical advantages at home, had added the experience of a year's residence in La Maternité, Paris.

The Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia, with more than two thousand patients treated annually in its several departments, gives invaluable advantages in practical medicine to the Students of this College. Two or three of these reside in it during each year: its Dispensary is open to all the members of the class, and quite a number of them have boarded in the Hospital during the college sessions.

The New England Hospital for Women and Children,† in Boston, has also added to the advantages of our students and graduates, several of whom, in the capacity of medical assistants, have resided in it during the past two years. The New York College of Pharmacy has also admitted our students to all its privileges.

In referring to the condition of the cause, we admit that women as well as men have assumed the office of physician, who have not been qualified either by nature or education for its duties. It is only an occasional woman, as it is surely an exceptional man, who is especially appointed by nature for the vocation of medicine.

* The New York Infirmary for Women and Children, under the supervision of Doctors Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell, was organised as a Dispensary in 1854. Three years later the in-door department was opened. The distinguished and lamented Dr. Valentine Mott was one of the consulting physicians.

† The New England Hospital for Women and Children was organised in 1862. Its resident physician is Dr. Lucy E. Sewall: Dr. Marie E. Zakrzewska and Dr. Horatio R. Storer, are, respectively, the attending physician and surgeon.

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The aim of this College, however, is to elevate, not lower, the standard of medical education and of the profession. The effort is, not to send out many graduates, but to render those who go forth, well qualified to sustain themselves and the cause, and the Faculty have found it necessary to increase the stringency of their regulations, and to exact a fuller preparation from candidates for graduation.

Seventy-one students have received the diploma of the Institution since its inception, and about four times that number have matriculated and attended its lectures.

Three of the chairs of the college are filled by its graduates; and many more now occupy honoured and profitable positions in their respective localities, as successful practitioners of medicine. The general testimony of these is that the best physicians meet them freely and kindly in consultation, and that they find abounding interest and enjoyment in their professional labours. Instead of the strain and unrest of a false position, they realise the deep satisfaction of a congenial and ennobling occupation.

Quite a large percentage have been the daughters, sisters, or wives of physicians, and thus have not only possessed facilities for study, but have been able to commence practice at home, receiving aid from those interested in their welfare, and giving it in return.

A few have made their practice largely a consulting or office practice.

Still others in their professional capacity have entered seminaries of learning, hospitals, or other establishments, where they receive good remuneration; and the demand there is for the services of medical women as teachers and lecturers upon sanitary subjects, evinces that the possession of a sound medical education is already appreciated in the community as an instrument of power and a means of extended usefulness. Indeed, the whole evidence shows that, if to thorough medical knowledge a woman unites high moral qualities and practical good sense, a full and glorious career is open before her, and success is already assured.

A portion of our graduates, who have not attempted to become practitioners, bear witness, that amid household duties, surrounded by those they love, they regard the time and labour given to medical studies, as among the best investments of their lives.

A few ladies of superior culture, not attempting to go through the regular course of medical study, have, from time to time, attended the lectures on one or more of the branches taught in this college, as a part of their general education, and a means of fitting themselves more fully for domestic and social usefulness; and in the widening field of activity and duty opening to American women, we believe that an increasing number will avail themselves of such opportunities for acquiring a knowledge alike interesting, important, and practically available.

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While the work has been developing in our own country, the needs of society have been forcing it into notice across the waters. In London, the public papers inform us that "Miss Garrett has lately been admitted to practice as a druggist.* She went through the usual course, five years' apprenticeship, a preliminary examination in Arts, and two professional examinations, each comprising five subjects. It is said of Miss Garrett that her examination was particularly brilliant, and that the chairman of the apothecaries complimented her upon her attainments, expressing a wish that all men were as well prepared."

The Ladies' Sanitary Association of England has for years been scattering its penny tracts broad-cast over the kingdom, instituting lectures upon hygienic subjects, and sending capable women into the dwellings of the poor, to teach them how to cook, ventilate, and make homes healthful and attractive. Following upon the extensive labours of this association, we find that a "Ladies' Medical College" was opened in London, October 3, 1864, under the auspices of a Female Medical Society, which had been formed previously for the avowed object of "promoting the proper education and employment of superior women in the practice of midwifery, and the diseases of women and children." The college commenced with two lecturers—one on midwifery and the diseases of women, the other on general medical science.

That this is the blade before the ear—the initiation of a movement which in its development will secure to English women a full education in all the mutually dependent and related branches of medicine, we cannot doubt.

In France, where Madame Boivin and Madame Lachapelle so ably illustrated some branches of the science that they have been quoted as authorities by the profession ever since, the education of women for certain departments of practice has long been a governmental arrangement; and more than one student of our college has entered that great hospital in Paris, where young women from the different departments of France, under the supervision of Madame Alliot, a successor of Madame Lachapelle, are trained for the practice of midwifery in their respective localities.

By a letter from Paris we are informed that "a Frenchwoman, having passed the *Baccalaureate*, has recently requested permission to study medicine as a whole, in France. This, the faculty at Montpelier refused. She then sent her request to the *Ministre de l'Interieur* at Paris. He accedes, but on the condition that she will only practice in Algeria, whence she comes."

The tidal waves of this movement, rolling eastward, have also reached Russia. Within a few months a medical officer in the Russian service

* Apothecaries in England are licensed to practice medicine.

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visited the New York Infirmary for women and children, to obtain information in reference to the medical education of women in America. He had been requested by the Emperor to institute the inquiry in consequence of the application or a dozen or more respectable Russian ladies for admission into the medical college at St. Petersburg.

Through another channel we learn that "at this present moment there are two Russian ladies regularly admitted at the Medical University in Zurich, Switzerland—one of the best universities in Europe."

Thus we perceive that this movement is almost co-extensive with civilisation. It has evidently occurred in the ripeness of time as a result of the growth of society; it is clearly a necessity of the age, that cannot be stopped or put aside.

What modifications it may yet induce in the state of medical practice, we cannot tell. But as in all social movements where man and woman co-operate, the general standard has been refined, ennobled, and enlarged, so we fully believe that the science and art of medicine will be made more complete and beneficent through the insight and knowledge of woman.

Regulations for Graduation.—The candidate must be not less than twenty-one years of age, and must possess respectable literary attainments. She must have been engaged in the study of medicine three years, one of which must have been passed in some hospital, or two of which must have been spent under the supervision of some respectable practitioner of medicine. She must have attended two courses of lectures on each of the following subjects: chemistry and toxicology, anatomy and histology, materia medica and general therapeutics, physiology and hygiene, principles and practice of medicine, principles and practice of surgery, obstetrics and diseases of women and children, and must also have taken two courses of instruction in practical anatomy.

The two courses of lectures must have been attended in different years, and one at least in this college.

The application for the degree must be made six weeks before the close of the session.

The candidate at the time of application must exhibit to the Dean evidence of having complied with the above requisitions. She must also present the graduation fee, and a thesis on some medical subject of her own composition and penmanship.

In addition to the above requirements, the Faculty claim the right to refuse examination to a candidate on the ground of what they deem to be moral or mental unfitness for the profession.

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LITERATURE.

Gossip about Portraits. By Walter Tiffin. [Bohn.]—Mr. Carlyle calls an authentic portrait "the small lighted candle" by which biographies can be read, and which renders "the biographied personage no longer an empty, impossible phantasm, or distracting aggregate of inconsistent rumours;" and he acknowledges a bodily likeness of the personage inquired after as a primary want in his own historical researches. Mr. Tiffin thinks that portraits are uninteresting to most people, and his aim in this little book, which he modestly calls "Gossip about Portraits," is to show how interesting portraits are directly we know something of the people they represent, how "absorbing that *picture of the life—the literal biography*—can become." He writes chiefly of engraved portraits, and by the various anecdotes he introduces he hopes so to interest his readers that an impetus may be given to the collecting of such portraits, and as the expression which colour conveys cannot always be relied on, Mr. Tiffin holds that engravings are not at such a disadvantage compared with paintings and miniatures as people generally assume. The earliest large collections of engraved portraits in England are ascribed to Evelyn and Ashmole, and Pepys, but the Earl of Pembroke had previously collected many, chiefly as studies in physiognomy, and about the same time a series of portraits, known as the "Baziliōlogia" and the "Herōologia," were published in volumes. The first of these was engraved by Elstracke, and the title runs thus:—

"Baziliologia: a Booke of Kings. Beeing the true and lively Effigies of all our English Kings, from the Conquest until this present, with their severall Coats of Armes, Impresses, and Devises. And a briefe Chronologie of their Lives and Deaths. Elegantly Graven in Copper. Printed for H. Holland, &c., 1618."

This work differs, not only in the state of the prints it contains, but in the number, for no two copies appear to be alike, the few copies that have lately been sold have been broken up, and the prints sold separately.

One of the most important of these was the Delabere set, sold by Christie, in Pall Mall, in March, 1811, and which, sold separately, altogether realized nearly £600.

The second work, containing martyrs, naval heroes, &c., is still rarer.

Having spoken of the inducement offered by historical portraits to become better acquainted with history, Mr. Tiffin proceeds to give examples of the curious inscriptions attached to them. One of the

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most extraordinary he quotes is the inscription to a portrait of Lady Dorothy Boyle, painted by her mother, Lady Burlington. Lady Boyle died from the ill-treatment of her husband, the Earl of Euston.

"Lady Dorothy Boyle,
"Born May the 14th, 1724.
"She was the comfort and joy of her parents, the delight of all who knew her angelic temper, and the admiration of all who saw her beauty.
"She was marry'd October the 10th, 1741, and delivered by death from misery,
"May the 2d, 1742.
"This picture was drawn (from memory) seven weeks after her death, by her most affectionate Mother,
"Dorothy Burlington."

Charles XII. of Sweden could never be persuaded to sit for his portrait, but when he was at Laud, Mr. Crafts, painter to the royal family, was sent by the Princess to paint the King's portrait. Charles declined, but commissioned Crafts to paint some of his horses; while engaged in this work, the King occasionally visited Crafts, and watched him in his studio finishing the pictures. One morning, arriving unexpectedly, the King found his own portrait on the easel, which the painter had craftily worked at from memory. The King cut the face of the portrait in pieces, but Crafts put the pieces together again, and contrived to finish the portrait. A somewhat similar story is told of Cromwell, who, having given Samuel Cooper sittings for a miniature, found the artist copying it surreptitiously for himself. This unfinished miniature is in the possession of the Duke of Buccleugh, and was exhibited in the Loan Collection at Kensington.

Many little personal anecdotes Mr. Tiffin gives us, and sundry amusing extracts from Pepys' "Diary." Here is an interesting glimpse into Van Dyck's studio; he had a house at Blackfriars as well as at Eltham, and the King used frequently to visit him and watch him at work.

"Having made appointments with his sitters, he never worked more than an hour at each portrait, whether sketching it or finishing it, and when the clock warned him the hour was over, he rose, made a bow to his sitter, to intimate that enough had been done for that day, and made arrangements for another sitting. Then his servants came to clear his brushes, and brought him another palette ready for the next sitter. He thus worked at many portraits in one day, and with extraordinary rapidity. Having slightly sketched a portrait, he placed his sitter in the attitude he had previously arranged, and with black and white chalk on grey paper, he sketched the figure and dress, which he designed in a grand style, and with exquisite taste. This drawing he gave to able assistants, who afterwards copied it, with the help of the dresses, lent at his request by his sitter. When his pupils had painted, to the best of their ability, the drapery in the picture, Van Dyck touched lightly over it, and in a very short time, with his knowledge, produced the truth and art which we admire in his pictures. For the hands, he had in his employ people of both sexes who served him as models."

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Mr. Tiffin adds some interesting stories of other artists of the Van Dyck and Lely period, and refers to Walpole's account of Mr. Beales (a very clever artist), and the practices of the artists in the seventeenth century; and in conclusion he expresses a hope (in which we cordially join), that before long we may have a public gallery of engraved portraits, neatly framed, well-arranged, and briefly annotated; not hidden away in St. George's Street, but well placed and well lighted, for the information of the general public, and for the guidance of perhaps a large number who may desire to form their own collections.

Arne. A Sketch of Norwegian Country Life. By Björmetjerne Björnson. Translated by Augusta Plesner and S. Rugeley Powers. [Strahan.]—We are indebted to the translators for the perusal of a vivid picture of Norwegian life and manners of singular poetic beauty. We shall not attempt to tell the story, for we should only spoil it and deprive it of its charm if we told it in any but its own language. The original has attained wide circulation in Northern Europe, and we have no doubt the translation will be widely known.

The preface tells us that Herr Björnson is the son of a clergyman, and in his earliest years he was regarded as stupid, and was little distinguished at the University. He produced a play called "Valburg," which was accepted by the managers of the Christiana Theatre; but, as soon as he had gone to the theatre a few times, he withdrew his play before it was acted, because he considered that the theatre was not in a condition to render it a proper medium for the expression of his inner life. He gave himself up for a while to dramatic criticism, and was the means of improving the Norwegian drama, "especially by partly releasing it from the undue Danish influence which prevented it from becoming truly national."

Returning, however, to the country, Herr Björnson gave himself up to literary work, but without satisfactory results.

"He went back to Christiana and employed himself in writing for various periodicals, where he inserted a series of short sketches which, although far inferior to his subsequent and more mature productions, bore evidence of genius and attracted attention. But meanwhile their noble young author lived a sad and weary life, depressed by the fear that his best hopes would never be realised, harrassed by pecuniary difficulties, and tormented by the most cruel persecution. Next he went to Upsala, where he still employed himself upon periodical literature, and had an interval of comparative quiet and happiness. Thence he travelled to Hamburg, and afterwards to Copenhagen. Here he remained half a year, living a quiet studious life, and associating with some of the most eminent men in the city. 'Those days,' said he, 'were the best I ever had.' Certainly they were very fruitful ones. In them he produced one complete work, parts of several others, and the first half of 'Synnove Solbakken,' the tale which was destined to place him in the foremost rank of Scandinavian writers."

As we remarked before, to make extracts from "Arne" would only

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spoil it, and we therefore have much pleasure in recommending to our readers this pretty tale of peasant life.

Vivisection—Is it necessary or justifiable? Being two prize essays published by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. [Hardwicke.]—Last year the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offered a prize of £50 for an essay on vivisection. The conditions were, that the treatise should be sound, conclusive, and convincing in argument and evidence, and as more than half of the thirty-two MSS. sent in defended vivisection, it was sufficiently understood that the society was ready to consider both sides of the question. Mr. Fleming, veterinary surgeon, 3rd King's Own Hussars, obtained the prize, and the society has published his essay, together with Dr. Markham's, who received a second prize, as his essay was only in a minority of one vote. Dr. Markham is not absolutely prepared to prohibit experiments upon animals, but he considers, with Mr. Fleming, that restrictions should be placed upon operations by college or legislative enactments. We hope the essays will be widely read, and that the efforts of the society will be so seconded by public opinion that the sufferings of the animals may be abated. Cruelty to animals and brutal sports are forbidden, but, under the shield of science, the most cruel experiments are still practised, and it is well to consider how far this is justifiable and necessary. At any rate this society deserves our best thanks for having brought before the Emperor Napoleon III., the reports of 1862-3, and obtaining an interview for a deputation, the practices of the Imperial School at Alfort were brought to his notice. The Emperor, apparently astonished, promised an immediate inquiry. A commission was shortly afterwards appointed by the *Académie des Sciences*, from whose report the following extract is made :—

"In conclusion, the commission begs to propose the following resolutions to the Academy, in answer to the question before us :—

"I.—Vivisectional experiments are indispensable to the progress of experimental physiology, and operations on living animals are necessary in veterinary schools.

"II.—That vivisectional experiments and operations be performed with reserve, and that care be taken in all such studies or researches to avoid everything which could give them a character of cruelty.

"III.—That all such experiments have a well-defined end in view, viz., the advancement of science.

"IV.—That students be forbidden to make any experiments on living animals, except under the superintendence of a professor.

"V.—That such experiments take place, as far as possible, only in colleges, schools, and other public establishments.

"VI.—That operators possess themselves of all means known to science for alleviating and shortening the sufferings of animals, and in certain cases to entirely prevent them."

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A discussion arose at the Académie upon the above, when an excellent speech was delivered against vivisection by M. Dubois (of Amiens), Secretary, and several animated addresses were given in defence of the practice. M. Gosselin closed the debate in the following manner :—

"When straightforward questions are put, it is only proper to give a straightforward reply ; I have therefore the honour to propose the following :—

"'That the complaints of the London Society are totally without foundation.'

"'That there is no occasion to take any notice of them.'

"'That in the future, as in the past, vivisectional experiments in the Veterinary Schools be left entirely to the judgment of scientific men.'"

The resolutions of the commission were negatived, and the amendment of M. Gosselin was carried.

The Secretary of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, remarking upon this discussion, says—

"The report of the commission appointed by the Emperor, and the discussion thereon, have disclosed a state of feeling on the part of the French *savans* which will give great pain to the members of the society. Nevertheless, it is satisfactory to know that the agitation commenced, and which learned gentlemen are working so industriously to smother, is growing in intensity, and is spreading throughout Europe —an agitation which will lead, if directed with discretion, and continued with perseverance and energy, to the triumph of juster views and more humane treatment of dumb animals."

In the official report of the commission appointed by the French government, which was read before the Imperial Academy of Science of France, on the 4th August, 1862, the reporter, glad to avail himself of any opportunity to justify the abominable practice, and but little pleased with England for its crusade against vivisectors, points to our prize-fights among men, and to the, perhaps, more brutal dog-fights, as a proof that there is more brutality in the world than living dissections. But, as the essayist well remarks, "our French friends must remember that such things are only patronised amongst the lowest and most degraded of our idle people ; that they are strictly forbidden, and are punishable by law ; and that to place vivisection on a level with these vile amusements, is at once to deny its right to be regarded in any other light than as a crime, and to place its devotees on a par with the dregs of human kind."

As a proof, however, of the justice of the society's remonstrances, an extract is made from a work by Mr. T. Burn Murdoch, giving "An account of a visit to the Veterinary School of Alfont in 1844," containing horrors we cannot record in these pages. A Mr. Rogers, in a letter headed "Cruel practices at the Alfont Veterinary School," substantiates Mr. Murdoch's charges, and he quotes, as an authority for the inutility of vivisections, Sir Charles Bell, who, in his lectures,

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constantly disclaimed against experiments on living animals, as being not only cruel, but leading to no useful result. But at Alfont there is not even the excuse which may be given for experiments, namely, that they may be the means of discovering facts tending to relieve suffering and disease. The operations performed are well known, in many instances, to be useless, and could all be equally well performed on the dead subject.

Dr. Carpenter, in reviewing the various means by which physiologists are to seek for knowledge concerning the vital operations in living beings, very clearly demonstrates the value of experimentation.

"The chemist, when desirous of establishing to which of the ingredients in a given mixture a particular effect is due, places each separately in the conditions required to produce the result; but the physiologist finds that the attempt to insulate any one organ, and to reduce the changes performed by it to definite experimental investigation, necessarily destroys, or considerably alters, those very conditions under which alone its functions can be normally performed. Take away an important and essential part of a living being, and it ceases to exist as such; it no longer exhibits even a trace of those properties which it is our object to examine; and its elements remain subject only to the common laws of matter. We cannot, like the fabled Prometheus of old, breathe into the lifeless clay the animating fire; we cannot, by a judicious and skilful arrangement of elements, combine them into new and artificial forms, so as to produce new and unexpected phenomena; and almost all our knowledge of the laws of life must be derived from observation only. Experimentation can conduct us very little farther in this inquiry, than the determination of the dependence of the functions upon one another, and upon the external agents, heat, light, &c., by the action of which upon the organism the phenomena of life are produced. But a judicious and careful system of observation will almost supply the place of experiment; for the ever-varying forms of organised beings by which we are surrounded, and the constantly changing conditions in which they exist, present us with such numerous and different combinations of causes and effects, that it must be the fault of our mode of study if we do not arrive at some tolerably definite conclusions as to their mutual relations. In the language of Cuvier, 'the different forms of animals may be regarded as so many kinds of experiments ready prepared by Nature, who adds to or deducts from each of their different parts, just as we might wish to do in our laboratories, showing us herself at the same time their various results.' And in another part of this invaluable work on physiology, he insists that 'Observation alone of the vital phenomena of the lower animals will reveal what only could be determined in man by experiment.'"

Dr. Wilson bears the same testimony—

"Further, it is not only in the pages of death, but also in those of disease, that the history of life is written. Disease is the perversion, rather than the reversion of health. The sick body is not deserted by its natural or normal forces, and possessed by unnatural morbid ones; but the forces are working wrongly, some too feebly, others too powerfully, so that the nicely balanced equilibrium of opposing agencies in which health consists, is overturned. The sick man's frame is like a clock keeping false time, not because any new forces have usurped the place of cohesion, gravity, elasticity, or inertia, and held back or pushed on the hands of the dial; but because the altered length of the pendulum, or the diminished elasticity of the spring, or the increased friction of the pinions, has changed that relation between the weight, inertia, and momentum of the component parts of the machine, which is essential to its being

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a true chronometer. And exactly as the movements of certain portions of an engine can be best seen when it is moving slowly, and the movements of certain others when it is moving swiftly, so the characteristic actions of living organs are often most surely ascertained by watching them when morbidly slow or rapid in the action. The pantings and convulsive struggles of a sufferer from asthma, show most vividly the power of the muscles by which we breathe. The throbbing pulse of high fever, exaggerates in a striking way the natural action of the bloodvessels. The sickening palpitations of the invalid from heart-disease best demonstrate the use of the valves which in him are deranged. The cold and powerless limbs of the paralytic teach the true use of the nerves, which are the seat of his malady. Nor is there any disease which does not carry with it a lesson as to the nature of the function which it disturbs. Again, it is by its own living actions that the diseased body cures itself, if if is cured at all. The assuaging of a fever, the disappearance of a dropsy, the closing of a wound, and every other healing act, though it be but the departure of a headache, or the stopping of a leech-bite, is the putting forth of a living power most instructive for the physiologist. He must, therefore, haunt the hospital, watch at the sick man's bedside, stand by the operating surgeon, trace every step of recovery, and every stage of decay; and, when death has done its worst, attend with all the appliances of his science, to connect the morbid appearances of the dead body with the symptoms of the living sufferer."

We are glad to learn that Professor Owen is of opinion, that "no teacher of physiology is justified in repeating any vivisectional experiments merely to show their known results to his class or to others; that it is against abuses of this nature that humanity, Christianity, and civilisation should alike protest."

It is also satisfactory to learn from the Appendix to Dr. Markham's essay that, since attention has been directed to the practices of the French veterinary schools, the number of operations required to be performed by veterinary students on the living animal has been diminished; and that in some veterinary schools, as at Lyons, for example, the operations thus practised are less in number than at other schools, than at Alfont, for instance. This fact shows that veterinary surgeons are not even agreed amongst themselves as to the necessity of performing certain operations on living animals; and in so far the practice of one veterinary school in this wise condemns the practice of other veterinary schools.

As long as cruel wrongs are still inflicted, and practices too horrible for recital are still carried on, we trust the Society will not abate their efforts to expose the tortures to which the helpless animals are exposed; and they may well observe—"The mutilation of sentient beings for the purposes of experiment or demonstration, deserves more than the reprobation of the humane, and much requires the surveillance of the law. It mars the dignity and the poetry of science, whose base, founded upon truth, relies for its beauty and its attractiveness on the gentler sympathies it calls forth, while teaching us 'to look through nature up to nature's God,' but not with the eyes or hearts of votaries who torture and massacre the helpless."

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Trodden Down. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. 3 vols. [T. C. Newby.]—We close this book with a feeling of disappointment, for we had a right to expect better things from the authoress of "Kate Kennedy" and "Common Sense." In "Trodden Down," Mrs. Newby first gives us the worn-out plot of the enforced marriage to clear the father's estate from a mortgage, then we have the victim's escape with the man of her heart, on the evening before the wedding, followed by a marriage with him at seven o'clock the next morning, and, within a few weeks, the discovery of a previous wife supposed to be dead, and the heroine's consequent return to her parents, who consent to receive her if she hides herself in the haunted chamber, and goes down to the kitchen to fetch her own meals.

Of course the first wife is really dead, and Vance D'Arcy searches vainly for the wife who is concealed in the haunted chamber. He has married her under a false name, which, by the way, is itself sufficient to make the marriage illegal, but the disguise is so transparent that the reader at once recognises him as Edgar Fordyce, and the way in which the heroine and her brothers persist in refusing to see what is so perfectly apparent becomes, at last, exasperating.

The mysterious marriage and the chance of bigamy is, doubtless, enough to float a novel in the present day, but we hope Mrs. Newby will not allow a trade success to become fatal to future progress.

We have also received *Donald Cameron; or, Trust winneth Troth.* [Darton.]—An exceedingly pretty tale, with an unusually good illustration. And *A Waif on the Stream.* By S. M. Butchers. [Trübner & Co.]

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THE

VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1866.

MADAME DE STAEL.

1797—1804.

(Continued from page 404).

In the interval between the publication of the work on the Passions, and that which follows it in the series of her mental productions, very important events had happened in France, which materially changed her attitude towards the government. We have seen that on her return to France after the fall of Robespierre she had advocated a union of the Constitutionalists and the moderate Republicans, in the hope of securing a Republic after the American model, and that she had also addressed Mr. Pitt and her own countrymen in favour of peace. The *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor (September 1797) shattered the hopes of the Peace party in France, and sent the British negotiator, Lord Malmesbury, in haste from Lille to Dover. The same event, which was only accomplished under the protection of a detachment of troops from the army of Italy, placed the remodelled directory at the feet of General Buonaparte and pledged it to continue the war. The *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor was only the precursor of the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire (November, 1799) when General Buonaparte at last threw off the mask and stepped into the position of First Consul. Madame de Stael's relations to this successful soldier constitute an episode in her life second to none in interest, and even in Buonaparte's life Madame de Stael is a figure that cannot be overlooked by any one who desires to obtain a clear insight into the character and policy of the man who for many years monopolised France and harassed Europe.

Madame de Stael, in 1796, shared the general enthusisam of Frenchmen for the genius displayed by General Buonaparte in the campaign of that year. She was also favourably impressed by the equitable and moderate tone of his proclamations. With these prepossessions in his favour, she first met him in Talleyrand's *salon* in the Autumn of 1797.

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Buonaparte was already surveying the ground with a view of judging whether his popularity stood on a sufficiently secure basis to encourage him to grasp at the control of the Civil Government of France. He doubtless felt that the influence of the brilliant daughter of M. Necker would be absolutely hostile to such a project. Moreover, he entertained a prejudice against female politicians. When, therefore, Madame de Stael addressed him, he jumped at the opportunity of *snubbing* her in public.

"Whom do you think the greatest woman in History?"

"She who had the largest family."

"You are not very favourable to the influence of our sex?"

"I am passionately attached to my wife," rejoined the man of the camp, as he turned his back upon his interlocutrix and addressed some one else.

This rudeness was useful in dissipating any illusions Madame de Stael may have been then indulging in concerning General Buonaparte's character, and henceforth the whole power of her penetrating glance is concentrated upon him.

It is in the 26th chapter of her posthumous work on the principal events of the French Revolution that she graphically describes the sensation of chill, the shudder, which used to come over her whenever she approached Buonaparte at this epoch. In January, 1798, when she found that Buonaparte was edging on the directory to declare war against Switzerland, she sought and obtained an interview with him, and used all her eloquence and her reasoning powers to divert him from this project. "Demosthenes and Cicero combined," she writes of this interview, "could not have made him swerve a hair's breadth from the line where he thought his personal interests lay. In all the great occasions of my life my error in politics has been to fancy that men could be moved by the truth, if only it was laid before their eyes with force." That the truth was forcibly championed in this instance, when the happiness of her father's and mother's fatherland was at stake, appears from her account of the interview in the chapter above alluded to. When the French army invaded Switzerland she hastened to Coppet to be near her beloved father in his hour of danger; for M. Necker was still one of the proscribed.

She had the pleasure of observing that her father was not only not molested but treated with respeet by the French general in command. Nevertheless, her sense of justice was so revolted by the aggressive conduct of the directory, that she confessed that she desired the triumph of the Swiss. "For the first time in my life I prayed for the defeat of the French. I experienced the anguish of blaming my own country so strongly as to long for the triumph of those who were fighting against it."

The innate antagonism between Madame de Stael and General

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Buonaparte declared itself more strongly after the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire (November, 1799), after which, the latter became First Consul. When the First Consul hastened across the Alps to combat the Muscovite-Austrian armies in Northern Italy, she admits, in her *Dix années d'exil*, that her wishes were on the side of the Coalition. She regarded the brilliant victory that the First Consul gained at Marengo as a crushing reverse for the friends of Constitutional liberty in France, and as rivetting the chains of military ascendancy upon her country.

From and after the 18th Brumaire, Madame de Stael's *salon* is the chief focus of opposition to the encroachments of the First Consul upon his own constitution, and Madame de Stael is that one among his talking and writing opponents whom he most fears. "That woman has shafts which would reach a man if he were mounted on a rainbow," he groans.

In this attitude she found a hearty coadjutor in her father, who, from his retreat at Coppet near Geneva, published a work against the First Consul, and in favour of a truly Constitutional government, which greatly irritated Buonaparte, who thenceforth determined on avenging himself by striking at Necker through the side of his idolized daughter.

We have previously observed that the defence of Marie Antoinette devolved not upon any gentleman Royalist, but upon a Constitutionalist and a woman; and now (1802) that the French Republic is on its last legs, and Constitutional liberty is being daily swept away piecemeal, who is it that stands forth as their principal defender? No Jacobin, no Girondin even, but again a Constitutionalist and a woman, Madame de Stael, assisted by the old ex-Minister of Louis XVI., *the* man of 1789, Jacques Necker. As in literature, so in politics, the good genius of France, at this epoch, seems to be incarnated in Madame de Stael, as her evil genius was incarnated in Buonaparte. How manifold were the points of opposition between this representative woman and this representative man. It was virtue against crime, generosity and public spirit against egotism, truth against falsehood and charlatanry, humanity against cruelty, justice against brute force, the pen against the sword. If we have rightly described the situation, it is an encouraging phenomenon to all other virtuous female politicians, for it shows they may have a great and useful part to play on the national stage.

The progress of Buonaparte to absolute power, which was destined to bring upon Madame de Stael and her aged father many afflictions, and to herself ten years of exile, had for a time this partially compensating good effect, that it diverted Madame de Stael's mind from brooding over the horrors of the Reign of Terror. As the present grew darker, the past lost something of its sombreness and poignancy. The fresh cruelties and rascalities of Buonaparte threw into the shade the more

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distant atrocities of the Terrorists. The living all-potent soldier, who was soon to be stigmatised by her as Robespierre on horseback,* left her henceforth few thoughts to spare on the victim of the 9th Thermidor and his accomplices.

It was in 1800 that her work, "De la Littérature Considérée dans ses rapports avec les Institutions Sociales,"† was published. This is another work on the philosophy of history, a work which few of her contemporaries of the male sex (and those chiefly Germans) could have executed, and not one of her own sex could have planned.

The frame of mind in which this work was composed is indicated by the following reflections in the introduction—

"Oh that I could recall all enlightened minds to the enjoyment of philosophical meditation. The contemporaries of a revolution often lose interest in the search after truth. So many events decided by force, so many crimes absolved by success, so many virtues branded with blame, so many misfortunes insulted by power, so many generous sentiments become the object of mockery, so many base calculations philosophically explained—these things wear out the hopes of those who are most faithful in the cultivation of their reason. Nevertheless, they should take new heart on observing, in the history of the human mind, that every useful thought, every profound truth, has found its time of fruition and its admirers. No doubt it is sad to be obliged to transfer one's interest, to place one's expectations, on future generations, on strangers far removed from us, on men whose souvenir and image cannot be present to our minds. But, alas! excepting a few unchangeable friends, the most of those whom you remember after ten years of revolution, sadden your heart, stifle your emotions, check even your talent, not, indeed, by their superiority, but by that malevolence which only causes pain to the amiable, and those who do not deserve to suffer.

"Finally, let us bear up against the burden of existence, let us not give to our unjust enemies, to our ungrateful friends, the triumph of having prostrated our intellectual powers. We should have been content with the free play of our affections, they reduce us to the necessity of bidding for fame. Well, then, we must do so. These ambitious essays will not heal the troubles of the soul, but they will do honour to our existence, which to devote to the ever deceitful hope of happiness is to render still more unfortunate. It is better to exert all one's efforts to descend with some nobility, with some fame, the path which leads from youth to the grave."

In the four first chapters the authoress comments on the public and private life and the literature of the Greeks in all its phases, from Homer to Aristophanes and Menander. What strikes the reviewer as most original in her commentary of Hellenic life and literature is the tableau she gives of the position of women therein. It will be seen that Madame de Stael takes an opposite view to that taken by Mr. Gladstone a few months ago.

"The power of love seems to have increased with the other faculties of the human mind, and especially under the sway of the new morality which called women to share the destinies of men. Mistresses without modesty, slaves debased by their circum-

* This was the epigram applied by her to Buonaparte when she first heard of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien.

† "On the Connection between Literature and Political and Social Institutions."

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stances, wives unknown to the rest of the world, immured in their houses, and strangers to their husbands' interests, educated so as not to comprehend either an idea or a sentiment—such was all that the Greeks knew of the ties of love. Sons, even, hardly respected their mothers; Telemachus orders his mother to hold her tongue, and Penelope leaves the room, penetrated with admiration at her son's wisdom! The Greeks never expressed, for they never knew, the first sentiment of human nature, friendship in love. Love, such as they painted it, is a malady, a die thrown by the gods, a species of delirium which does not presuppose any moral quality in the loved object. What the Greeks understood by friendship existed between men; but they did not know, and their manners prevented them from conceiving, that they could find in women a creature equal in mind and subject through affection, a life-companion who would find her happiness in devoting her faculties, her days, her sentiments to completing another's existence. The utter absence of such an affection is apparent, not only in the painting of love, but in all that appertains to the delicacy of the heart. Telemachus, in setting out in his search after Ulysses, said that if he has intelligence of his father's death, his first care on his return will be to rear a sepulchre to him, and to make his mother take a second husband!"

In her chapter on the Greek tragedies she recurs to this point—

"In their tragedies, as in their poems, we are constantly struck with the void in the affections of the heart, at a time when women were not entitled to feel or to determine. Alcestis gives her life for Admetus; but before coming to this resolution, what does not Euripides make her say to persuade Admetus's father to devote himself in her stead? The Greeks could paint a generous action, but they knew not what joy they could find in braving death for the object of one's love, what jealousy there might be in not having rivals in this passionate sacrifice. It is rightly said that an exact rendering of Greek pieces could not be put upon the French stage; it is not certain defects in an artistic point of view which would prevent applause being bestowed upon so many original beauties, but we could hardly put up with a certain coarseness in the expression of the sentiments. A comparison of the two Phedras * will soon convince anyone of this truth. . . . Greek tragedies are, then, I think, very inferior to our modern ones, because dramatic talent is not composed only of the art of poesy, but consists also of the profound knowledge of the passions, and, in this respect, tragedy has followed the general progress of the human mind."

Three chapters are then devoted to Roman life and literature at three different stages of the Republic and Empire. In the course of her review she reiterates her theory that the language of the affections gains truth and sublimity as the position of woman is improved. She decides that women held a better position in Roman than in Greek society, and cites, as proofs of progress in the delineation of sexual and filial love, the last parting of Brutus and Portia, as described by Plutarch; Philemon's description of his life with Baucis, as given in the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid; Evander's adieu to his son Pallas, on sending him to battle, in the "Æneid" of Virgil; the lines of Tibullus to Delia; and the fourth book of the "Æneid."

"Nevertheless, the true language of a profound sensibility is extremely rare, even among the Romans of the age of Augustus. . . . The manners of antiquity,

* Namely, the Hippolytus of Euripides and that of Racine.

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before the establishment of Christianity, distort almost entirely what relates to the affections of the heart."

Her eighth chapter treats of the long period of transition between ancient and modern times. In this chapter she gives her opinion on several very important questions. Did the human mind retrograde during the ten centuries that interposed between the barbarian invasions and the revival of letters? She answers this question in the negative. To hold that it did, would be, in her opinion, fatal to a belief in the law of the continual progress of knowledge.

"I believe that immense progress was made during those ten centuries, both for the propagation of intelligence and for the development of the mental powers."

Of the influence of Christianity, she says, in the spirit of a philosopher rather than a believer—

"Several writers have declared that the Christian religion was the cause of the degradation of letters and philosophy. I am convinced that the Christian religion, at the time of its establishment, was indispensably necessary to civilisation, and the mixture of the mind of the North with the manners of the South. I believe, moreover, that the religious meditations of Christianity, to whatever object they may have been applied, have developed the faculties of the mind for the sciences, metaphysics, and morality."

A few pages farther on, she says—

"*Certes*, I do not wish to weaken the indignation which the crimes and follies of superstition now-a-days inspire; but I consider every great epoch in the philosophical history of thought relatively to the state of the human mind at that epoch; and the Christian religion, when it was founded, was, it seems to me, necessary to the progress of reason."

One must remember that when Madame de Stael penned this chapter she was a citizen of a country which had abolished the Christian calendar.

The Christian religion, she goes on to argue, welded together the barbarous North and the depraved South, and from this marriage of two opposite characters, sprang a regenerated Europe. She lights upon an ingenious analogy between the social disruption caused by the French Revolution, and that caused by the barbarian invasions.

"Our nobles, or those who took part with this highest class, generally possessed all the advantages of a first-rate education; but prosperity had softened them, and they gradually lost the virtues which might have justified their social pre-eminence. The men of the people, on the contrary, had as yet only a coarse civilisation and morals, which the laws restrained, but which licence would restore to their natural ferocity. They made, so to speak, an *invasion* upon the upper classes, and all that we have suffered, and all that we condemn in the Revolution, is connected with the necessity there was of confiding the direction of affairs to these conquerors of society. They had for aim and a banner a philosophical idea; but their education was several centuries behind that of the men they conquered. The conquerors have several characteristics

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in common with the northern barbarians, the conquered much similarity to the intelligence and the prejudices, the vices and the sociability of the inhabitants of the South. The conquerors must complete their education, the knowledge which was formerly confined to a small circle must be much more widely diffused before the governors of France will be quite free from vulgarity and barbarism. We must hope that the civilisation of our 'northerners,' and their fusion with our 'southerners,' will not require from ten to twelve centuries.

"Happy shall we be, if we find, as at the epoch of the barbarian invasions, a philosophical system, a virtuous enthusiasm, a powerful and just legislation, which will be—as the Christian religion was—the system in which the conquerors and the conquered may unite."

She then dwells on the new life and greater equality opened to women by the spirit of the Gospel. This spirit reformed the Civil Law.

"It was then only that women began to count for half in the human association. It was then, also, that domestic happiness really began. Too much power depraves a good nature, and spoils all the most refined delights; no virtues, no sentiments, can resist the exercise of power on the one side and the habit of fear on the other. Man's happiness increased in proportion as the independence of the object of his affection was augmented; he could believe himself to be loved, a free being chose him, a free being obeyed his wishes. The relation between mind and mind, the delicate *nuances* of the heart, were multiplied along with the ideas and impressions of these new souls which were making their first experiment of moral life.

"Women have not composed really first-class works, but they have not the less eminently forwarded the progress of literature by the crowd of thoughts which men's relations with these mobile and delicate creatures have suggested to the former. Every relation, so to speak, has been doubled since objects have been looked at from an entirely new point of view. The confidences of an intimate tie have taught more concerning our moral nature than all the treatises which painted man such as he exhibits himself to man, and not such as he really is."

In her next chapter on "The Spirit of Modern Literature," she remarks on the great superiority of the eighteenth century romance-writers over those of antiquity.

"Before women had created an interest in private life, private adventures captivated men's curiosity but little, they were absorbed in political occupations."

She elaborates this idea with much ingenuity and subtlety. She attributes the profounder knowledge of human nature possessed by modern Moralists, as compared with ancient ones, to the greater opportunities of observation they have had, owing to the development of female spirituality. Owing to their influence, public life absorbs men less, and domestic life occupies a larger portion of their thoughts and energies.

"Generosity, worth, humanity, have acquired in many respects a different meaning. All the virtues of the ancients were founded on the love of country; women develope their moral qualities in a manner independent of political considerations. Pity for

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weakness, sympathy for misfortune, an elevation of soul without other aim than the pleasure caused thereby, are much more in accordance with their nature than are political virtues. The moderns, influenced by women, have quickly yielded to the sentiment of philanthropy, and the mind has become philosophically freer as it shook off the empire of exclusive (political) ties."

She insists that antiquity produced no writer who is the peer of Montesquieu, and that in the art of exciting emotion, no ancient equalled Bossuet, Rousseau, some of the English poetry, and some pages of German writers; the last alluding, probably, to Werther and Götz von Berlichingen. Finally, she signalises the growth of the sentiment of humanity during the eighteenth century.

"The horror caused by an unmerited punishment is prolonged from one generation to another; children are entertained by the story of such a misfortune, and when the eloquent Lally, twenty years after the death of his father, demanded in France the rehabilitation of his memory, all the young generation, who had never seen or known the victim, shed tears, as if the horrible day when blood had been unjustly shed could never cease to weigh upon all hearts."

But then comes the contrast and the spasm of pain!

"Thus was the century progressing towards the acquisition of liberty, for those were the virtues which herald it. Ah, how can I pass over the miserable contrast which strikes the imagination so sharply! A single crime created an echo which lasted for a long series of years, and we have seen numberless cruelties committed, and forgotten almost as soon as committed. And it is the greatest, the noblest, the proudest of human thoughts—the republic—which has lent its name to these atrocities. How much it costs us to repel these sad comparisons! Whenever the current of our ideas leads to reflect upon man's destiny, the Revolution rises up before our eyes."

And more to this effect.

The chapter on "Italian and Spanish Literature" displays her familiarity with the Italian classics, and with the political conditions under which that literature grew up.

Her main classification of the literature of modern Europe is that of the south and that of the north. The English and the Germans are the two principal representatives of northern literature. As Homer is the father and primitive type of southern literature, Ossian is declared to be the father and primitive type of northern literature. She analyses the differences that exist between the two literatures, and the physical and moral causes of the same. The higher intellectual character of northern literature, she attributes in great measure to Protestanism, which, while it contains no active germ of superstition, is favourable to morality and philosophical inquiry.

In the next chapter she takes up the standing reproach of French men of letters against the literature of the north, that of want of taste. She occupies a middle ground between the opposing pretensions of the north and south. She declares, on the one hand, that the "rules of

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art" prescribed by French men of letters, must give way to genius, which is a law unto itself. On the other hand, she insists that genius and true taste are never at variance. She accuses the men of the north of confounding the beauties and defects of their favourite authors, and of Shakespeare in particular, in an undiscriminating idolatry.

"Among the men of letters of the North, there exists an anomaly which arises more from party-spirit than from a deliberate judgment. They stickle almost as much for the blemishes of their writers as for their beauties, whereas they ought to say, with a woman of talent, when the weaknesses of a hero where in question, 'he is great, not because of that, but in spite of that.'"

She recognises the monstrous inequalities of Shakespeare.

"He may triumph over his blemishes in England, but they greatly diminish his glory among other nations. . . . . Surprise ought to spring from greatness in itself, and not from its contrast with littlenesses of any kind. An oil-painting requires background, but not stains, to heighten the brilliancy of its colours."

A special chapter is devoted to a criticism on the tragedies of Shakespeare. From its many excellent and original observations, I select only one—

"English manners were not yet settled in the time of Shakespeare in respect to woman's place in society; political troubles had impeded the growth of all social habits. The position of women in the tragedies was, therefore, absolutely dependent on the author's caprice; therefore Shakespeare, in speaking of them, makes use sometimes of the noblest language that love can inspire, at other times of the most vulgar taste. This genius, whom passion had endowed, was inspired by it as the priests by their god—he gave forth oracles when he was agitated; he was nothing more than a man when calm returned to his soul."

Two more chapters on English humour and on the imagination of the English in the poetry and romances, afford her an opportunity for drawing upon the store of knowledge with which her fond study of the English literature had endowed her. The cause of the pre-eminence of the English in romance-writing she finds in the greater purity of the manners of the higher classes, and of the greater amount of happiness in domestic life enjoyed by Englishwomen.

"England is the country of all others where women are most truly loved. They are far from being able to command those pleasures of society which French society, as it was, offered them. But you cannot make an interesting romance out of the pleasures of self-love, although actual life proves that many people can content themselves with these enjoyments. English manners furnish to the romance-writer a thousand delicate shades and touching situations. One would imagine, at the first blush, that immorality, by its ignoring of all bounds, would extend the scope of all romantic conceptions, but it was made evident, on the contrary, that this miserable facility produced nothing but what was most arid. Passions without combat, *denouements* without gradations, sacrifices without regret, *liaisons* without delicacy, deprive novels of all

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their charm, and the few samples of this kind which we possess in French, have barely won a small success in social circles which had served them as models."

In the chapter on "The Philosophy and Eloquence of the English," she notices the aversion of the House of Commons for declamatory speeches, and thinks that the style of Mirabeau, and the best orators of the French Revolution epoch, would have failed of effect in the British Parliament. She observes that Mr. Burke, violent enemy of France as he was, was the nearest approach among English orators to the French style, and he was constantly accused of exaggeration in his style. French eloquence is more seductive and dramatic, but less practical and business-like, than that of the English.

German literature she knew as yet only through the medium of such French translations as then existed. Her single chapter on this fecund subject is therefore meagre, when compared either with her previous criticism on English life and literature, or with that renowned mastery of the same subject to which she attained ten years after the composition of this first essay. The authoress shows that she already knew how to appreciate the genius, intellect, and morality of the Germans. She admits that, in the blending of a conservative with a reforming spirit, the German philosophers contrast favourably with the merely destructive powers of the French iconoclasts. In sweeping away the reign of superstition, they had taken care to substitute for it an austere morality, a love of virtue and of the beautiful in all its aspects.

In the next chapter she discusses the question, "Why the French nation formerly excelled Europe in grace, taste, society!" After having enumerated the causes in the political and social life of Old France which aided in the development of these qualities, she concludes that in the altered state of things in France these characteristics would cease to exist.

"Then will be proved that what was called French *esprit*, French grace, was only the immediate and necessary result of monarchical institutions and manners, as they had existed in France for several centuries."

Two short chapters on Literature during the reign of Louis XIV., and on the eighteenth century until 1789, conclude the first part of this book.

The year 1800, the last of the eighteenth century, was a fit period to review the century, to take stock of the present; and to cast the horoscope of the future. Madame de Stael does this in the second part of this book. She asserts the decadence of French literature, which she attributes to the revolution in general and the Reign of Terror in particular. Politeness and urbanity had been succeeded by coarseness of manners and opinions. Public opinion, to please which writers had

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formerly striven, was dead. An abject worship of force had taken its place.

After enumerating the evils which literary men suffered under Louis XIV. with those they suffered from revolutionary violence, she concluded that the balance would be altogether in favour of the monarchy.

Her chapter on "Literary Women" is one of the most remarkable in the book. On this subject she must be allowed to speak with peculiar weight.

"Generally speaking, it is certainly much better that women should devote themselves exclusively to domestic virtues; but, what is anomolous in men's judgement in respect to women is, that they are more ready to pardon a neglect of those duties than the attracting of public attention by distinguished talents. They tolerate in women degradation of the heart, provided they are mediocre in mind, while the most honourable woman can hardly obtain pardon for an incontestible superiority. . . . . Clever men, astonished at finding rivals from among women, cannot judge them either with the generosity of an adviser, or the indulgence of a protector, and in this new form of duel they follow neither the laws of honour nor those of good nature.

. . . . . .

"Advantages of great utility to the morality and prosperity of a country would be lost if men succeed in making women insipid or frivolous. They would have much less power to soften the furious passions of men; they would have no longer, as before, a useful ascendancy over public opinion, for it was they who directed it in all things where humanity, generosity, and delicacy were concerned. It is only those who stand aloof from political interests and an ambitious career, who pour contempt upon all base actions, stigmatise ingratitude, and know how to honour disgrace when it has been brought on by the utterance of noble sentiments.

"If there existed in France no more women sufficiently enlightened to give an opinion worth having, sufficiently noble in their conduct to inspire a real respect, public opinion would cease to have any authority over the actions of men."

"I firmly believe that, under the *ancien régime*, where public opinion exercised such a salutary influence, this influence was the work of women distinguished by their intellect and character. Their eloquence was often quoted in behalf of a generous design, when the cause of the unfortunate was to be defended, when the expression of an opinion required courage because it displeased the authorities.

"During the progress of the Revolution it was women again who gave the strongest proofs of devotedness and energy. Men can never be so republican as to be able to do without the independence and pride natural to women. Doubtless, under the *ancien régime* they had too much influence in public affairs; but women are not less dangerous when they are destitute of mental culture; their ascendancy in that case is lavished upon luxuries, their choice wants discernment, and their recommendations delicacy; they debase their favourites instead of elevating them. Is the state a gainer by this? Ought the infrequent danger of meeting with a woman whose talents are at variance with the destiny of her sex, to deprive the state of the celebrity which France enjoyed for its art of pleasing, and social life? But without women society can be neither pleasing nor piquant; and mindless women—women destitute of that conversational grace which presupposes a superior education—spoil society instead of adorning it; they introduce into it a species of insipid folly in conversation, and the *coterie* spirit of disparagement, a silly gaiety which must end in alienating truly superior men, and

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which would reduce the brilliant parties of Paris to young men who have nothing to do, and to young women who have nothing to say.

"One may discover drawbacks in everything human. Doubtless, there are some in the existence of superior women, so there are some even in that of superior men—in the self-love of men of talent, in the ambition of great captains, in the imprudence of lofty souls, in the irritability of independent characters, in the impetuosity of courage, and so forth. But ought we, on that account, to do our best to repress the gifts of nature, and direct the institutions of society and the state towards the abasement of original talents? It is doubtful if this abasement would favour family and governmental authority. Women who have no talent for conversation or literature, have generally greater skill in shirking their duties, and nations without general enlightenment, though they know not how to be free, often change masters."

P. F. A.

(To be continued.)

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THE PROPRIETY OF ESTABLISHING A FEMALE COLLEGE OF MIDWIFERY.

In the history of the medical profession nothing is more remarkable than the energy and perseverance with which the several branches have exerted themselves to secure special privileges for the practice of medicine and surgery, and the total neglect with which they have treated the practice of midwifery.

Formerly, in the sixteenth century, the universities alone gave degrees in medicine, and the title M.D. was rather an honorary distinction than an authority to practise medicine; at that time anyone could do so, but through the exertions of the great Linacre, an M.D., and a Fellow of the University, a charter was granted in 1518 by Henry VIII. to form a college distinct from the university. It gave the college the exclusive right to license all medical practitioners in London and within seven miles of it. The term "medical practitioner," included the physician, surgeon, oculist, and dentist, over whom the new college, called the College of Physicians, had complete control. The college considered itself a part of the university, and therefore required that all candidates for their licence should be graduates of Oxford or Cambridge. At the same time they readily admitted graduates from the foreign universities—as Leyden, Utrecht, Bologna, Padua—provided they went, *ad eundem*, to an English university, which was then an easy process. In the reign of Charles II., however, this privilege was withdrawn. Sir George Wakeman, the queen's physician, was accused by Titus Oates of the design of poisoning the king, and, although acquitted, the College of Physicians determined to admit no foreign graduate in future, Sir George being one. Their licentiates were confined exclusively to the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge.

This law was strictly adhered to for more than 150 years, and, consequently, limited the number of physicians very much.

The College of Physicians confined their attention solely to the practice of medicine; they disregarded surgery and pharmacy, and as for midwifery, they, in every manner, discouraged the practice. Any physician practising it was not allowed to be a censor, he was not even called a physician, but only a man-midwife. This branch of practice was left entirely to the midwife, who received no education for the purpose.

The College of Surgeons began by forming, in 1704, a benevolent society for the improvement of chirurgery, and succeeded, in 1745, in separating from the Guild of Barbers, and forming themselves into a

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distinct corporation. This obtained a charter, and was named the College of Surgeons.

The college was especially intended to license those who wished to practise surgery. They had no power to prevent anyone from practising who pleased, but it was not a branch of the profession which everyone could safely practise, and, therefore, it was important that the public should have some means of knowing who were capable. This the college intended to accomplish, and the eminent men who became members of that body raised it to the highest estimation with the public. Cheselden was its founder, John Hunter was his pupil, and after him Clive, Abernethy, Sir A. Cooper, Travers, Brodie, Liston, and others followed, whose high professional reputation was reflected on the college. Its position was established, but the principle they maintained was to confine their qualifications exclusively to the practice of surgery. They left medicine to the College of Physicians, pharmacy to the Society of Apothecaries, and midwifery they neglected altogether; they would not allow it to be a branch of surgery, and discouraged any member who professed to practise it. He was not allowed to be a member of council, and; therefore, no candidate for their licence could be examined in midwifery. The consequence was that midwifery was left completely to the midwives, who, as has been stated, received no instruction to guide them in its practice. The result of this neglect was that the practice of midwifery was left to women who were grossly ignorant, and many of them given to low habits.

The consequences to the public became so serious that the Society of Apothecaries interfered, and when they obtained the Act of 1815, enabling them to examine candidates in the practice of medicine, they also examined them in the practice of midwifery. Thus those qualified by that society proved that they could practise, not only medicine and pharmacy, but also midwifery. It was only necessary to obtain the diploma of the College of Surgeons to constitute them "general practitioners."

These gentlemen, so qualified, gradually superseded the midwife, and are now the principal practitioners in midwifery.

While thus midwifery was discouraged by the colleges of physicians and surgeons, and only recognised by the Society of Apothecaries within the last 50 years, the public used every effort to have the midwife instructed. The City of London Hospital was founded especially for that purpose, as may be seen on the walls of that building. The Queen Charlotte Hospital was founded by the queen of George III. with a similar object. The Great Maternity Charity to the present day employs midwives in attendance on cases of labour. The Middlesex Hospital does the same.

There is every opportunity given for the practice of midwifery, but

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none whatever for education. Thus, although the public were most anxious to have the midwife properly instructed, yet their efforts failed, because there was no college chartered for the purpose of educating and licensing them in the same manner as the colleges of physicians and surgeons. From the earliest times to the present day there was nothing to prevent any woman who pleased from practising midwifery; a costermonger's wife or an apple-woman could do so as well as a lady with the best and most scientific education.

It is the object of the Female Medical Society to correct this great neglect. It wishes to have such women as wish to practise midwifery properly instructed for the purpose, and to obtain for them, if possible, an authorised examination and diploma, so that the public may know the educated from the ignorant. If, further, by the same authority, no woman be allowed to practise midwifery unless she possesses such a licence, a great benefit would result in excluding the ignorant from practice.

There is no doubt that if the Female Medical Society were successful, and could prove that many ladies of intelligence and education were anxious to study and to practise midwifery, provided they were properly protected, Her Most Gracious Majesty would willingly grant them a charter, and establish a college of midwifery.

At the present day there is a strong desire to improve female education, so as to prevent ladies being compelled to depend on their needle, or merely routine teaching, as a means of support. There is now a society established especially for the employment of women,* giving them instruction so that they can act as telegraph clerks, as law clerks, as photographers. In France they are employed in many public offices, and in railways, and are found to be most excellent accountants. We have here, also, evidence that Lord Lytton, Charles Dickens, and Wilkie Collins, have rivals among ladies in the popular novels of the day; and, more than this, we have also proof that their ability is not displayed merely in literature, but is shown also in scientific subjects We have Mrs. Somerville rivalling La Place in astronomical researches, and Harriet Martineau taking a like position in political economy.

Of their ability, not only for private, but for public duties, there can be no dispute; but of all the duties in which she can take an interest, that which concerns herself as a mother stands first. The formation and birth of her child, its proper management afterwards, a knowledge of its diseases, and of those maladies which render many a female life miserable—all these subjects have for a lady of education a far deeper, a more personal interest than the graces of the pen, the calculations of

* 19, Langham Place, Regent Street.

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the desk, or other public duties. When they have proved their capability and excellence in other departments, there is no reason why they should not excel here. It is only necessary that a proper inducement should be held out to them to study midwifery, and when they have done so, to secure to them the same privileges in its practice as is now possessed by the physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries in other departments.

Hitherto the skill of the midwife, or the nurse, has been a mere matter of chance. Those who succeeded, did so, generally, through private interest, the public had no other means of judging; but, so far as nurses are concerned, Miss Nightingale has set a noble example, which has been followed by several public institutions, which are now established for the purpose of instructing nurses to attend, not only in private, but in hospitals, and they are found to be a great improvement on the former system.

When such an advance is made in the education of nurses, and an effort is now made to give a proper education to those ladies who wish to practise midwifery, why should they be deprived of an efficient mode of testifying their ability? If the public support the efforts of the Female Medical Society, by doing so they will form a foundation upon which a super-structure may be raised to carry out this principle, and establish their original intention—the proper instruction of midwives.

We have evidence, in France and Germany, to prove what women there can do in the practice of midwifery; and there is no reason to suppose that, if proper education and opportunity were given in this country to those ladies who wish to study it, they might not attain to an equal eminence. We might then have here the rivals of Mesdames La Chapelle and Boivin, whose works on midwifery and the diseases of women have long been standard works in France.

If it be admitted that the practice of midwifery, both in England and elsewhere, had been, originally, conducted by midwives, who, notwithstanding the exertions of the public, received no education, could obtain no diploma, and had no exclusive authority to practise midwifery.

If, further, it appears that both the practice of medicine and surgery have each been protected by charter, and that colleges of physicians and surgeons have been established for the purpose of granting licenses to practise medicine and surgery.

If again we find that these colleges not only did not recognise midwifery as a subject for examination, but in every manner discouraged those gentleman who studied and wished to practise it.

And if, lastly, we perceive that a society is established for the purpose of promoting the employment of *educated* women in the practice

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of midwifery and the treatment of the diseases of women and children.

The natural conclusion we draw from the above facts is, that such a society should be assisted and recognised; and, if Her Majesty would establish it by charter, so that properly-educated women could have public recognition, by diploma, of their competency in midwifery, a great benefit would be conferred on the public, and the character of the midwife would be raised from its present degraded position to one of respectability.

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THE CIVIL AND POLITICAL STATUS OF THE FEMALE SEX,

FROM THE TIME OF THE ROMANS UNTIL THE PRESENT DAY.

Translated from the French of Professor Edouard Laboulaye.

BOOK V.

ON THE POLITICAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE SUCCESSION OF WOMEN TO THE SPANISH THRONE, UNTIL THE ACCESSION OF THE BOURBON DYNASTY.

I TREMBLE as I approach the subject of the Spanish succession. It has been handled by so skilled a hand, a mind so versatile, and which has explained this great revolution with so much clearness and picturesqueness, that it only remains for me to follow the master, regretting at the same time the not being able to reproduce in its perfection so delicate a touch.*

After the conquest of Spain by the Arabs, the crown remained elective for some time longer in the small portion of the peninsula which had been preserved by the Christians. Alphonso the Catholic, Alphonso the Great, Ordono II., Don Ramiro III., and several other sovereigns of Castille or Leon were elected, or confirmed by election. At the commencement of the twelfth century there was as yet no fixed rule of succession to the throne, although, in pursuance of an almost constant usage, the prince who was to reign was always chosen out of one and the same royal family. "The order of inheritance," says M. Mignet, "had settled the rank of families, but not that of individuals. The sons of the deceased prince were set aside sometimes by their paternal uncle, sometimes by their aunt's husband, sometimes by their bastard brother. In those distant and rude times, you could not be king unless you were of a suitable age and had the necessary capacity for government."

At the commencement of the eleventh century, we witness the first example of a feminine succession; Ferdinand I., the King of Castille, obtained, in 1037, the kingdom of Leon, in right of Donna Sancha, his wife, and the sister of the former king, Bermudo III. He acquired the county of Castille, which was erected into a kingdom, in right of his mother, Donna Nunna, the eldest daughter of Count Sancho.

* The author alludes to M. Mignet and his "Negociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne, sous Louis XIV." Paris, 1835.

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The female succession was several times renewed after this period; in 1109, Donna Urraca, the daughter of Alphonso VI., the King of Castille and Leon, brought the crown into the family of Count Raymond, her husband, the brother of the Count of Burgundy. In 1217, Donna Berenguela, the daughter of Alphonso, King of Castille, succeeded her father, and gave Castille to the King of Leon, Alphonso IX. Ferdinand III., their son, finally united the two kingdoms, and a marriage re-united what a succession had partitioned.

In the other districts of the Peninsula, daughters were also admitted to the succession, so soon as the throne was looked upon as a patrimony. As the civil law pronounced no sentence of exclusion against them, it was only right that they should be admitted to inherit the land, and whether that land were a fief or a kingdom made no difference. Accordingly, in Arragon, Donna Petronilla, the daughter of Ramiro, inherited the kingdom in 1137, and brought it to her husband Raymond Beranger, the Count of Barcelona. In Navarre, this rule of succession was likewise admitted. In 1274, Joanna I. succeeded her father, Henry I., and brought the kingdom of Navarre as a dowry to Philippe le Bel of France (1284).

Yet daughters were appointed to succeed by election rather than as a matter of course, and this especially in early times. Donna Urraca, for example, was only allowed to succeed her father on the condition of marrying the King of Arragon. Little by little, and in proportion as the idea of patrimony prevailed, the daughter's right took an assured foundation, and this right was undisputed when Alphonso the Wise fixed the custom in his celebrated "Book of the Seven Parts" (*Las Siete Partidas*).

The second law of chapter XV. of the second part, entitled, "How the eldest son is preferred to his brothers," expounds, as follows, the rule of the Castilian succession—

"Although, according to ancient custom, fathers do not leave all their property to the eldest son alone, but, out of love to their other sons, give to each one a share, yet wise and knowing men, considering the common weal of all, and recognising that the partition of a kingdom brings about its destruction—as our Lord Jesus Christ has said, 'a house divided against itself shall not stand'—have established, as a custom, that the eldest son shall alone have the sovereignty after his father's death; and, to avoid a crowd of evils which have arisen and might arise again, these wise men established that the succession of the kingdom should always pass in a direct line, and, with this end in view, they determined that, if there was no male child, the eldest daughter should inherit the kingdom; they also ordained that if the eldest son should die before coming into his inheritance, leaving a son or a daughter born in lawful wedlock, this son or daughter should have the heritage, and no one else in their stead."

This custom, as handed down in the *siete partidas*, has been always observed in all the kingdoms of the Peninsula. The crown of Navarre, which had passed into the house of France, by the marriage of Joan

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with Philippe le Bel, was lost to it by another Joan, who took it into the house of Evreux. Blanche, the grand-daughter of this Joan, married John, who was afterwards King of Arragon, and whom she made King of Navarre. Leonora, the daughter of Blanche, took this crown into the house of Foix, and, by the marriage of Catherine, the grand-daughter of Leonora, Navarre fell to the house of Albret, and from the latter to that of Bourbon, by the marriage of Joan of Albret with Antoine of Bourbon.*

Martin, the King of Arragon, having died childless, the Cortes gave the crown to Ferdinand, because he was the son of Donna Maria Leonora, the sister of the deceased king.

Philip II. only acquired the kingdom of Portugal as the son of Isabella, the eldest daughter of Don Emanuel, and the house of Braganza at this day only possesses this crown in right of Donna Catalina, the daughter of the Infant, Don Edward, who was the youngest of the sons of Don Emanuel.

Two Joans have been queens of Naples. The investitures of this kingdom, given to the kings of Arragon, are for males and females. At the time when these investitures were made, every kingdom was a real patrimony; to exclude women would have been to do violence to Roman laws and to Spanish customs; the popes would not hear of it; besides, the vicinage of a woman, as a sovereign, doubtless suited them better than that of an ambitious and warlike prince. It is remarkable that the kings of Arragon derived their right to Naples and the Sicilies through two women, namely, through Queen Constance, the daughter of Maufroy, who married Peter I., the king of Arragon, and Queen Joan II., who adopted Alphonso V., named the Wise.

In regard to the kingdom of Castille, here is a very singular fact which the historian Garibay has recorded.

"In 1475, which was the first year of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, there took place at Segovia a dispute between the king and queen about which of the two was to succeed to the kingdoms of Castille and Leon, and have the government of the same; whether the queen, as the daughter of the king, Don John II., or the king, as the son of Don John, the King of Arragon—the descendant, on the male side, of Don John I. The admiral and his relations, who were allies of the king's, and took his side, aimed at introducing into Castille and Leon a new law, like that Salic law of the French, which ordains that no woman can inherit any portion of the royal patrimony. The queen's friends upheld the right of the queen, and grounded their claim not only on the laws of the realm, but also by precedents drawn from ancient history, where examples were found of women having inherited the crowns of Castille and Leon.

* In our time, M. Bourcher de Causon, a writer who is a better historian than lawyer, claimed Navarre for the Duchess of Angoulême, the daughter of Louis XVI.; but he forgot to take into account the leading principle of the inalienability of the crown dominions.

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"It was upon these arguments that the decision was pronounced in favour of Queen Isabella, and she, according to our reckoning, was the fourth woman that inherited the kingdom of Castille, and the fifth that inherited the kingdom of Leon."

The marriage of Isabella and Ferdinand, by uniting the two crowns, effected no change in the Spanish custom; the will of Charles V.* and that of his son, Philip II., are in entire conformity with the law of the *siete partidas*, a law which was adopted by the *Leyes de Toro*, which again, in the year 1505, gave to all the *majorats* of Spain the order of succession, which had been followed up to that period in reference to the crown.

The succession of women to the Spanish crown, is therefore, an incontestible fact, and it may even be added that between the Spanish custom, and the French and German customs, there is this broad difference—that the first sees women ascend the throne without disfavour, and that this order of succession is in accordance with the general spirit of their legislation, whereas, north of the Pyrenees, the succession of women is viewed under a strong prejudice, and the lawyers exercise their ingenuity in restricting it. Beneath the *siete partidas*, we may read the Visigothic law; as, beneath the law which excludes daughters from the royal succession, we may read, in France and Germany, the ancient law of the Salians, the Ripuarians, and the Thuringians. Over the destinies of a nation, the influence of the past is much greater than is generally believed.

The right of the daughters being undisputed, the question arises why the war of the Spanish succession set Europe in flames and humbled the old age of Louis XIV. It was because in this quarrel between France and Austria there was a complexity which arose from the renunciation made in their marriage contracts by Anne of Austria, and Maria Theresa, the mother and wife of Louis XIV. respectively. These renunciations, inventions as they were of the lawyers, had this virtue, that they were susceptible of two interpretations, and that independently of what was doubtful in them, they had been annulled, explained, and confirmed so many times, that it was impossible to know where one really was.

I will not enter into the details of the facts which followed the marriage of Louis XIV., and lasted until the accession of Philip V. I

* By his will made at Brussels, on June 16, 1554, Charles V. appointed his son and his son's descendants in perpetuity, as heirs of his dominions, and then, in case this branch should become extinct, he calls by name to the succession all his other heirs, in the order of their degree, sex, and age; in the first instance, his daughters, Mary, the Queen of Bohemia, and Joan, the Princess of Portugal, and their descendants; then John Ferdinand, his brother, and his posterity; and in default of that, his sister Eleonora, the Dowager of Portugal, and her children. The will of Philip II. is drawn up in the same spirit.

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refer the reader to M. Mignet's admirable collection, which I have already mentioned, and from which I gather all my proofs. The reader, with these documents in his hand, will be able to form an opinion on the merits of this delicate question.

[As M. Mignet's work is not either much known, or acccessible in Britain, the translator inserts a narrative of the dispute which led to the war of the Spanish Succession, in which Great Britain for twelve long years played so important a part, and which, thanks to the peace-loving Queen Anne, and the Tories of that age, was ended for us by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, and for Germany by the treaty of Rastadt in the following year. The statement is taken from Koch & Schoell's *Histoire abrégée des traités de paix entre les puissances de l'Europe depuis la paix de Westphalie*, vol. II.]

"Charles II., the last male of the Spanish branch of the house of Austria—a branch which sprang from the Emperor Charles V.—having neither child nor brother, the Spanish monarchy belonged, at his death, conformably to the order of the Castilian succession, which was then in use in Spain, to his eldest sister, Maria Theresa, the Queen of France.

"This princess had, it is true, formally renounced the crown of Spain, both for herself and for her children and children's children, by her marriage contract, which was confirmed by the peace of the Pyrenees, but in France this renunciation was regarded as null and void. Moreover, it could not prejudice the rights of children who sprang from this marriage, because they did not hold their rights from their mother, but from the constitutional law which called them to the succession in default of males.

"The queen's right to the succession was disputed by the Emperor Leopold, who, at first, advanced against her the family compacts of the house of Austria, according to which, when the males of one branch died out, the succession used to devolve upon the males of the other branch, to the exclusion of women, who could only make claim thereto in default of males in all the branches. This argument was only specious, inasmuch as the family compacts and the private arrangements of the house of Austria, could not derogate from the constitutional law of Spain. The emperor, therefore, abandoned this argument and had recourse to another plea.

"He did not wish to assert the rights of Margaret Theresa, the younger sister of Charles II., who was his first wife. The constitutional law of Spain would have devolved upon her the right to the throne in the absence of Maria Theresa, her eldest sister, and the will of Philip IV. of Spain appointed her thereto, to the exclusion of the Queen of France and her children; but the emperor had by her only one daughter, named Marie Antoinette, who had married the Elector of Bavaria, and was the mother of Joseph Ferdinand, the Electoral Prince of Bavaria. Thus, by admitting the validity of the claims of Margaret Theresa, the monarchy of Spain would have passed into the house of Bavaria. The emperor, who desired to preserve it in his own house, set up in opposition to his grandson, the electoral prince, the deed by which the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, at the time of her marriage with the Elector of Bavaria, had renounced all her rights of inheritance.

"Leopold claimed for himself the Spanish monarchy, by virtue of the rights of Maria Anna, his mother, the daughter of Philip III., King of Spain, and the aunt of Charles II., to whom the succession had been assured to the exclusion of the children of France by her marriage contract, and by some wills of the Kings of Spain. He had, by his third wife, Eleanor Madeline Theresa, the Princess-Palatine of Neu-

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burg, two sons, the Archdukes Joseph and Charles. The eldest, whom he had had elected King of the Romans in 1690, was destined for the succession of the hereditary possessions of his house, and the second he proposed to seat on the Spanish throne.

"Maria Anna of Neuburg, the Queen of Spain, who was the sister of the empress, favoured the views of the emperor; she was opposed by the Queen-mother of Spain, Maria Anna of Austria, who upheld the interests of the Electoral Prince of Bavaria her great-grandson. This obstacle seemed to have been removed by the death of this princess, which took place on May 16, 1696; but her representations had made a deep impression upon the mind of the king, her son. In order to efface them, the emperor had recourse to the talents of a skilful negotiator. He chose, as his ambassador at the court of Madrid, the aged Count de Harrach, one of the principal ministers of his council; the young Count de Harrach, the latter's son, was designated as his successor in this mission. He was instructed to solicit the cancelling of the will which Charles II. had made in favour of the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, his grand-nephew, and to persuade Charles to declare another grand-nephew, the Austrian Archduke Charles, heir-presumptive of the Spanish monarchy, and to keep the latter near his (the king's) person in the quality of eventual heir.

"The King of Spain, yielding at last to the instances of the court of Vienna, cancelled the will which acknowledged the rights of the Prince of Bavaria; but he would not at first declare in favour of the archduke. He promised, however, to do so, if the emperor would send a corps of from 10,000 to 12,000 men for the defence of Catalonia against France.

"Leopold, who was engaged in a double war against France and the Turks, sought to elude such a burdensome condition. His hesitation made him lose the opportunity of obtaining the declaration which he desired. The negociation was prolonged, and France, in the meantime, made the peace of Ryswick (1697) and thereby dissolved the grand alliance on which the emperor built his hopes.

"However, this prince continued, after the peace, to negociate with the court of Spain. Charles II. and the majority of his ministers, were well inclined towards the archduke, but they insisted that the latter should repair in person to Spain, and that he should bring with him a corps of 12,000 Austrians.

"The slowness with which this affair was treated, gave the French court time to baffle the projects of the cabinet of Vienna. The Marquis of Harcourt, the ambassador of Louis XIV. at Madrid, succeeded in detaching from the interests of the archduke several of the Spanish ministers, and Louis XIV., who always maintained considerable forces on a war footing, declared to the Spanish court that he would regard as an infraction of the peace any measures that might be taken for disposing of the Spanish succession to the prejudice of the rights of the children of France. From this moment Charles II., who dreaded a war with France, no longer dared to make the declaration which the court of Vienna was importuning him to make.

"Louis XIV. having, nevertheless, reflected on the numerous difficulties which would rise up to oppose the elevation of a prince of his blood to the throne of Spain, resolved upon a course which was intended to reconcile the true interest of his crown with the maintenance of the general tranquillity. In consequence of the overtures which William III., the King of Great Britain, made to him through the Earl of Portland, he commissioned Counts de Tallard and de Briord to negotiate with the maritime powers. These ministers persuaded England and Holland to sign, in October 11, 1698, at the Hague, the first partition treaty; according to which the kingdom of the two Sicilies, the marquisate of Final, and the province of Guiposcoa were guaranteed to the Dauphin. The Archduke Charles was to have the duchy of Milan. The rest of the Spanish monarchy was adjudged to Joseph Ferdinand, the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, and, by this disposition, the nullity of the renunciation

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of the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, was acknowledged, and this decision entailed the nullity of all other renunciations. If the houses of Austria and Bavaria refused to accept this treaty, their portions were to be sequestrated and the allies bound themselves to unite their arms against the former.

"The Elector of Bavaria accepted without hesitation the treaty of partition; but the King of Spain had no sooner got wind of the existence of a project for dismembering his monarchy, than he became indignant thereat; he convoked a special council, after which he made a new will. In it he appointed the Electoral Prince of Bavaria the sole heir of all the estates he would leave, and devolved upon his wife, the queen, the office of regent during the minority of that prince.

"The principal powers were therefore united in favour of the Bavarian prince; France, England, and Holland, destined for him Spain, America, and the Spanish Netherlands. The elector assented to the partition of the rest of the Spanish monarchy in behalf of his son, and at the same time the King of Spain appointed this young prince as his successor. Europe was flattering itself that it had prevented a sanguinary war and sealed the repose of the continent for a long time to come, when human prudence saw itself confounded by an unexpected event; the Prince of Bavaria died at Brussels on the 8th February, 1699, at the age of six years.

"As the partition treaty could hold good no longer, Louis XIV., proposed a second one, which was signed in March, 1700, by France, Great Britain, and Holland. It provided that the Dauphin, besides what was granted to him in the first treaty of partition, should have the duchy of Lorraine, except the county of Bitche, and that the Duke of Lorraine should be compensated by that of Milan; that the other kingdoms and states of the Spanish monarchy should be guaranteed to the Austrian Archduke Charles, and that if this prince did not accept the treaty of partition within the space of three months, or as this clause was rectified in a secret article, within two months after the death of Charles II., the allies would consult together to appoint in his stead another successor, that if the archduke should die before the King of Spain, the emperor might substitute for him a prince or princess of his house, to the exclusion, however, of Joseph, the King of the Romans, who was not admissible as an heir to the crown of Spain, as being heir to the empire and the states of the German branch of the house of Austria.

"Louis XIV. sent the Marquis de Villars to Vienna to persuade the emperor to approve the new partition treaty. The emperor pretended to lean to the views of the allied courts, but he was only trying to amuse France by vague promises while he was moving heaven and earth to win over to his side the king and ministry of Spain. Being at length forced to give a categorical answer, he declared, in set terms, that he could not accept the partition treaty.

"The King of Spain soon came to hear of this second treaty, which gave him great anxiety. The partition of his dominions appeared to him to be the greatest misfortune which could happen to his monarchy, because he believed that in proposing it, the maritime powers had intentions prejudicial to the Catholic religion and to the commercial interests of the Spaniards. In order to arrive at a decision how he should act to prevent the threatened dismemberment, he consulted the pope and the most celebrated theologians and jurists of Spain. The pope and the majority of the doctors, influenced by Cardinal Janson, and dreading the preponderance of Austria in Italy, decided that the *renunciation of Maria Theresa was not valid as regarded her children;* that therefore it would be right for his Catholic Majesty to appoint as his successor one of the sons of the Dauphin of France. Cardinal Portocarrero, the Archbishop of Toledo, having declared himself to be of the same opinion, Charles II., eighteen days before his death, made a will in which he recognised the right of his sister, Maria Theresa, to the Spanish monarchy. He declared that the renunciation of this princess, as well as that of the Princess Anne, the mother of Louis XIV., having only had for their

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object to hinder the union of the Spanish monarchy to that of France, this motive ceased, if the succession were turned over to a younger son of Louis XIV.; that, therefore, he appointed Philip, the Duke of Anjou and the second son of the Dauphin, to be the lawful heir of all his estates. He substituted for this prince, in case of his death without children, or in case of his elevation to the throne of France, the Duke of Berry, the third son of the Dauphin, and for the Duke of Berry, he substituted the Archduke Charles, to the exclusion of the Archduke Joseph, the eldest son of the emperor. In every case, this will interdicted any and every dismemberment or diminution of the monarchy.

"Charles II. died on November 1, 1700. The council which he had established to superintend the government of the kingdom until the arrival of his successor, sent to Louis XIV. a copy of the will, and begged him to concur in maintaining its provisions, by granting to the Spaniards his grandson, Philip of Anjou. The same council ordered the ambassador who resided at Paris, immediately to despatch a courier to Vienna, to make the same offer to the Archduke Charles, if Louis XIV., preferring the interest of France to that of Spain and his grandson, should decide to hold to the partition treaty.

"The king, having deliberated with his council on the line of conduct which he ought to pursue, resolved to accept the will and renounce the advantages of the partition treaty. What decided him to come to this resolution, was the consideration that if he did not accept the will, he should be compelled to go to war with Austria, to conquer the share which was to accrue to France under the partition treaty; and, in that case, he could not flatter himself that Britain and Holland would sustain him.

"The moment that it was known in Spain that Louis XIV. had adhered to the provisions of the will, Philip of Anjou was proclaimed on November 14. He made his solemn entry into Madrid on April 14, 1701, and was acknowledged by all peoples who were subject to the Spanish sway."

For my own part I hold with this charge of the Archbishop of Saragossa—a charge which was published in favour of Philip V., and which caused a great sensation at the time.

"King Philip IV. either had the power to make Maria Theresa renounce the succession or he had not. I say the same of the kingdom which concurred in this deed of renunciation. If he had not the power, the renunciation is null and void, as having been ordained, approved, and accepted by persons who had no authority in this respect. If, on the contrary, the king had this power (which is the hypothesis most favourable to the Archduke Charles)—if he was able to institute a law contrary to all the laws of the realm which treat of the order of succession, contrary to the regular order and the ancient right of blood which he had received from his ancestors—who will be able to deny that another king of Spain, namely, our late sovereign Charles II., had likewise power to repeal, in favour of public justice and utility, an exorbitant, irregular, anti-national provision, with a view to the re-establishment of the succession in its natural order and its ancient condition, conformably to the laws of the realm, which have been observed and executed during so many centuries? Is it doubtful that to recall matters to their primitive condition is a less strong exercise of power than to drag them from that natural order by violent changes?

"If, then, our King Charles II. did nothing else by his will than declare that it was not for the advantage of his realm that the renunciation of his sister should attach to her descendants; if this will was only made after a deliberation and solemn council held by the Holy See; if, besides, it had ordered all subjects of the crown to acknowledge and swear allegiance to Philip V. as his successor, if the entire kingdom, obeying its king and lord as it ought to do, has accepted, acknowledged, and sworn

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to this successor in every city, who can doubt the validity of this document, executed with the same authority and the same solemnity as the renunciation—of this document, which is much more conformable than the former one to the laws of succession and the rights of blood? Our laws do not exclude foreign families from the crown. Austria was admitted thereto without our honour having been wounded. King Charles II., as sovereign legislator, has removed that barrier which his father, in the deed of renunciation, erected; the advantage of the realm demanded it, as has been said, and the right of blood did not allow the longer continuance of the injustice done to Maria Theresa, the grandmother of our Philip V., by excluding her descendants, when the laws of the kingdom did not exclude them."

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE SUCCESSION OF WOMEN TO THE THRONE OF SPAIN FROM THE TIME OF PHILIP V. UNTIL THE PRESENT DAY.

ONCE raised to the throne, Philip V., whom Great Britain had forced to renounce the throne of France for himself and his posterity, resolved at least to prevent Spain ever passing into the hands of some foreign power, which might be the enemy or rival of France; with this object he abolished the ancient order of succession, and adopted the agnatic order of succession, guaranteeing by this means to Spain, that she should only be governed by national princes, and that a great country should not again pass into foreign hands.

This act is too important a document to be omitted from this treatise.

"Philip, at Madrid, May 10, 1713. My council of state has represented to me the great advantage that would result to my kingdom and subjects from a new rule bearing upon the succession to the monarchy; a rule which, by adopting the principle of rigorous agnation, would give the preference to the male descendants in the masculine line over all women and their descendants, although the women and their descendants might be nearer in blood and of a nearer line.

"Although the reasons given by my council of state are so solidly supported that my decision cannot be doubtful, and although in my capacity as the most interested party, and the sovereign, I have full right to declare the rules which appear to me to be the most suitable in the interest of my family and my descendants; nevertheless, for the sake of greater security in so important an affair, I sought to ascertain the opinion of the council of Castille, ordering it to first hear my treasurer; and the council of Castille was of the same opinion as the council of state.

"I wished, moreover, that for its greater validity, the kingdom should concur in the establishment of this new law by a universal acceptance. I have ordered all the towns to remit to their delegates sufficient powers to confer and deliberate upon this point, according as they might judge most conducive to the public welfare, and the Cortes having taken cognisance of the opinion of the two councils, and being convinced of the justice of this new rule and of its utility, have prayed me to establish it as the fundamental law of the succession of this monarchy, repealing all laws and usages to the contrary thereof.

"I am of opinion that this petition should be granted, and I order that henceforth the succession of this kingdom pass from male to male until the extinction of the

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masculine lines, always observing the rigour of agnation and the order of primogeniture, with the right of representation."

This act, which may be considered as an act of retaliation for the peace of Utrecht, and which, depriving the house of Austria of all hopes, strengthened to the same extent the Spanish Bourbons, this act inserted in the *autos accordados*, was installed as one of the constitutional laws of the Peninsula, and is the title on which Charles V., Don Carlos bases his claims.

Let us now examine what is the title adduced in behalf of Queen Isabella.

I will not enter into the pragmatic discussions concerning the power of the Cortes, which were held in the reign of Philip V., to confirm an act so important as this new law; it seems clear to me that the omnipotence of the Sovereign, in a government constituted as that of Spain then was, was sufficient to cure whatever irregularities there were in this assembly. I will speak only of the express repeal of the *auto accordado* made in 1789, an act which prepared a future revolution at the very moment when our own was breaking out.

In the Cortes of 1789, convoked by Charles IV. the father of King Ferdinand VII., and Don Carlos, the grandfather of Queen Isabella, the King proposed to repeal the *auto accordado* of Philip V. and return to the immemorial custom consigned in the 15th chapter of the *secunda partida*. What was the motive for this proposition? This is a question not easily answered; Charles IV. had at this period three sons living; the sole motive that I can conjecture is the hope of a future union of the crowns of Portugal and Spain, by assuring to the children of Donna Carlotta, married to Don Juan, Prince of Brazil, since 1784, the contingent reversion of the Crown of Spain, which had been taken away from them by the *auto accordado* of 1713.

However this may be, the royal proposal was thoroughly endorsed by the Cortes, which addressed the following petition to the King.

THE PETITION OF THE CORTES OF 1789.

"Sire,—The law II., chapter xv., *partida* 2, declares the custom as it has been from time immemorial, and that ought be observed in the succession to the kingdom; experience having demonstrated the great utility which has resulted from it, since it brought about the union of Castille and Leon and the Crown of Arragon, by the order of succession marked out in the said law, the contrary having always produced wars and great disturbances.

"Pursuant to all these considerations, the Cortes beg your majesty to ordain, notwithstanding the innovation made by the *auto accordado* of 1713, that in the order of succession to the monarchy, the immemorial custom as stated in the aforesaid law II., &c., be observed and followed for ever as it has been always observed and followed, and as it has been sworn to by the kings who are your predecessors, and to command, moreover, that it be published as a law, made and ratified in the Cortes, in order that this resolution be recorded, as well as the repeal of the said *auto accordado*."

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This petition, supported by fourteen bishops, whose opinion had been asked for by the king, was delivered to Charles IV., who promised "to order the members of his council to get ready the legal act which was usual in such a case," at the same time requiring the Cortes to maintain the greatest secresy about it, up to the moment of its promulgation.

The publication thus spoken of would have obviated all difficulty; but, from a circumstance of which it is difficult to divine the secret, this promulgation did not take place in the reign of Charles IV., although he remained upon the throne eighteen years after this transaction; yea, more, the *novissima recopilacion*, published in 1805, reproduced the *auto accordado* of Philip V., although it would have been easy to have left it out of the collection.

The constitution of 1812, which was proclaimed on two occasions, was the first public document in which the return to the laws of the *Partidas* was solemnly proclaimed, and, at that crisis, it must be admitted that the Cortes had no peculiar interest in this decision, for Ferdinand VII. had no children; it was purely a return to the ancient Spanish Constitution.

When the constitution of 1812 was abolished, within the scope of what law did the succession to the throne fall—under that of the *auto accordado*, or of the *siete partidas*, in virtue of the petition of 1789? This is a point in dispute between the two claimants; but it seems probable to me that Ferdinand VII. did not believe in the entire validity of the petition, since he thought it expedient to promulgate it on March 29, 1830, six months before the *accouchement* of his fourth wife, at a time when he could not know if his heir would be a son or a daughter.

The partisans of Don Carlos hotly attacked this last act of Ferdinand VII.'s, and without speaking of a retractation which they endeavoured to wring from him on his death-bed, they claimed:—

1. That Ferdinand VII. was not able, after forty years had elapsed, to put new life into a still-born law which, not having been sanctioned by Charles IV., was null and void.

2. That the act, had it ever received the sanction of Charles IV., was still null, because, if Philip V., as the founder of a new dynasty, and having no vested interests the wounding of which he need fear, had been able without dispute to change the succession law, the same power could not be acknowledged to exist with Charles IV., who had only received the monarchy on the conditions laid down by the first founder, and who, moreover, could not prejudice the already vested rights of Don Carlos, who was alive in 1789.

The examination of these two questions would lead us a long way; for it would be necessary, on the one hand, to analyse the political

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organisation of Spain, in order to arrive at the legislative power of the king, and, on the other hand, how many volumes should we not have to consult in order to know whether Philip V. held his rights as a heritage and as the successor of Charles II., or from the treaty of Utrecht, and as the founder of a new dynasty.

I shall conclude with one single remark which will displease both sides, because it flatters neither.

It is indisputable that the custom of the *partidas* has in its favour the whole past history of Spain, and is the truly national one. The glory of Isabella the Catholic has perhaps contributed more than anything else to protect Isabella II.; it is certain, moreover, although the cry of "legitimacy" is shouted very loud, that if Don Carlos were to succeed to the throne of Spain, he would be the first example in the history of this monarchy of a king having ascended the throne in violation of the law of the *siete partidas;* neither can we deny that the conduct of Ferdinand VII. was manifestly partial and selfish, nor that, if he exhumed a forgotten law, he did so in the interest of his posterity and in no wise from deference to the national customs. I will conclude by observing that a woman upon the throne makes Spain the butt of the ambition of rival families,* and by placing her between the cross-fire of Great Britain and France, subjects her to the choice of two patrons who are equally dangerous to her independence and nationality.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAW OF SUCCESSION IN PORTUGAL.

IN OUR day Portugal has also had its war of succession, but, although a woman laid claim to the throne, the question did not turn on the capacity of the sex; that capacity has ever been recognised in Portugal, which is only a branch broken off from Spain, and which for long lived under the same laws. In the late war the question was to know if Don Pedro, by accepting the crown of Brazil, had not become a stranger to Portugal, and if he could transmit to Donna Maria a right which he had lost.

This question is not within my jurisdiction, and, as to the right of daughters, it suffices, to prove it, to quote the law made by the Cortes of Lamego in 1139, a law which is, for Portugal, what the Salic law is for France.

* Which was shortly after the publication of these words verified by the quarrel concerning the Spanish marriages between the British and French Governments, the former supporting the Coburgs, and the latter the Bourbons.—TRANSLATOR.

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"Long live our sovereign lord Alphonso, and may he long reign over us!

"If he has male children, let them reign over us without need of any fresh election.

"If the King of Portugal shall have no male child, and if he shall have a daughter she shall be queen after the death of the king, provided that she marry a Portuguese nobleman; but he will not bear the name of king until he shall have a male child of the queen his consort. When he appears in public, in the queen's company, he shall always be at her left hand, and shall not put the kingly crown upon his head.

"Let this law be religiously respected, and let the eldest daughter of the king have no other husband than a Portuguese nobleman—in order that no foreigner may become the master of the kingdom—and, if she marries a foreigner, let her not become queen, for we will not allow our crown to depart from Portugal, which has been able to make for itself a king without foreign aid and by its courage alone."

This last provision, which was aimed at the evil of foreign domination, but which brought on one as great (for, in an aristocratic country like Portugal, the queen's hand was sure to be the subject of civil war between the various claimants), this provision was gradually abandoned, although the Cortes several times demanded its re-establishment through fear of a union with Spain.

CHAPTER XI.

ITALY, ENGLAND, AND THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

I WILL conclude with some countries where the right of women has always been acknowledged; yet this acknowledgment has not prevented intestine wars, for all pretexts are good to ambitious men.

In the north of Italy we find more than one instance of the admission of women to the government; Milan, Mantua, and Parma have passed into foreign hands on several occasions. In the south of Italy, Naples was a feminine fief until the accession of the Bourbons. The investiture was clear upon this point; and it was with right on his side that, in the age of Louis XIV., Prince de la Trémouille, the husband of the last female descendant, protested against what he termed the usurpation of Ferdinand. I will not dwell longer on the rights of women in Italy; no history is more familiar to us than that of Italy in the Middle Ages. Duchess Beatrice, Countess Matilda, Queen Constance, and Queen Joan are characters as well known as Queen Blanche and Catherine de Medicis. In a thoroughly Roman land, how could the spirit of its legislation be other than favourable to women? Teutonic law struck no roots in Italy; it was, at an early period, strangled and supplanted by the omnipotence of the Roman

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law, a law which was eminently favourable to women. The principle of exclusion, therefore, would have found nothing to justify it. *

This favouring of women is to be met with in a country where the Roman law never had any influence—I mean England. The first war of succession, that between Stephen and Matilda, was the only one which threw a doubt upon whether women had a right to occupy the throne in their own persons. As to their right to transmit the crown to male heirs, it was not disputed, for it was through a woman—namely Adela, the daughter of William the Conqueror—that King Stephen derived his title. The claims of Stephen were opposed by public opinion—near though the time was to the beginning of feudalism—and, although the war ended in a compromise favourable to the usurper, to whom the throne was left for life only, the chroniclers speak with enthusiasm of the descent of Henry II. from three queens. "This is Henry the Second, whose mother was the Empress Matilda, whose grandmother was Matilda, Queen of the English, and whose great-grandmother was Margaret, Queen of Scots."

The War of the Roses was also a succession war, but, in this dispute, the descent in the female line was only the transparent mask of parties who were contending for power. Henry VII., who ascended the throne after the defeat of Richard III., had but a very incomplete title, and he knew it, for, as a matter of good policy, he married Elizabeth of York, to merge the two houses of Lancaster and York.

Since then the right of women has never been called in question; Mary, Elizabeth, and, since the revolution of 1688, Mary and Anne ascended the throne without any allegation of incapacity being made against them. On the contrary, it was through the favour of Queen Mary that William of Orange was crowned, and the Act of Parliament which gave him the power, expressly stipulated that, while the cares of government should devolve upon the prince, the right was equal as between the two consorts; they were each, in their own right, sovereign of Great Britain. This was the device which was resorted to to give a veneering of legitimacy to the new monarch, who was come to replace James II. Not being able to retain the brother, parliament upheld the rights of the sister, and *supposed* that James II. had abandoned a crown which he no longer felt himself in a position to wear.

As to the kingdoms of the north of Europe, the right of women to

* One of the consequences of the consolidation of the various states of the Italian peninsula, in the hands of the house of Savoy, has been to sweep away the contingent right to the throne which women had in some of these states. The Savoyard and Piedmontese law of succession is the Salic one, as stated in a former chapter of this book.—TRANSLATOR.

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succeed was early admitted there. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Russia, Hungary, and Bohemia have had queens, and the names of Margaret, Christina, and Catharine remain in history to prove that the government of a woman could be both great and glorious. The Slavic races have not had, it seems to me, so much repugnance to female government as the Teutonic races had; or, to put the difference in another way, feudalism not having been carried out with the same rigour in Slavic as in German lands, women have been more easily admitted to command.

As we have not examined, in this treatise, the social condition of women among the Slavic nations, it would be difficult for us to study, with any degree of success, the variations of their political condition. We shall bring our researches, already too long, to a close by a final consideration, which will sum up all the others, and which will form the conclusion of the political part of this treatise, namely, what ought to be thought of the rule of women.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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COLONEL RANNOCH.

CHAPTER XXI.

"A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED."

It is not easy to stop short and look dispassionately upon the pros and cons of life when the dazzling glory of love's sunshine is throwing its glamour round us; and in the early days of his happiness, Angus Rannoch let no misgiving find a place in his heart; the old story concerning the sin of his youth, lay far away; and although circumstances had brought it before him of late, the great love that filled his heart had in a manner buried the haunting fear which had hitherto followed him. Since the day Ellice had told him she would be his wife, all other feelings, fears, or hopes, seemed secondary; the sun was in the zenith, and shadows there were none.

"I will make her my confessor when we are married," he said to himself, thinking of Margaret Shirley, "and I shall then be able to tell that whereof I am ashamed."

When the letter from Angus, telling of his engagement, reached the old house, the laird opened it alone; but before he had read a dozen lines the paper dropped from his trembling fingers.

"The Lord's name be praised!" ejaculated the old man, wiping his eyes—then, picking up the letter, he went to the door and called "Effie," whispering to himself between whiles—

"The dear lad, the dear lad."

"What is it, uncle?" cried Effie, running into the room, with a scared face, and her hair streaming over a white dressing-gown.

"It's Angus, my bairn. He's going to be married; here, read it out, the letters are louping like young lambs afore me," and the old man sat down with a smile upon his face, and the spectacles he had forgotten to put on tapping his knee, while Effie read the letter.

"He says she's bonnie," chuckled the laird; "trust Angus to get a bonnie bride; aye, and tocher too; happy the lass that brings tocher; it's no to be sneered at, though I like to hear the dear lad say what he does; and her mother knew his father—ah!" and a sigh followed. "I was dreaming of him last night, Effie; I thought I saw him standing by my bedside, and Angus was fornenst him, and Angus had a raised look in his face, wi' his head held up, and his eyes like fire—and the ither, my brother, Effie, had his face doon, and not a bit o' his face could I see, till there came a woman—a wild-faced, rerie-looking lassie, and she laid her grip upon Angus, and suddenly I saw it was no' him, but another like him, and yet no' like him, and then he too faded

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away, and I awoke crying to the Lord, for I was in sore trouble, and the end o' all things seemed come."

"Dreams always go by contrary," said Effie. "You see Angus is going to defy the old curse, and bring his bride to the loch."

"I wonder why I dreamed of my brother, Effie," persisted the old laird, "it was sae plain; there was Angus, wi' his face all angry, and the auld man hiding his for shame. What did it mean, Effie? and the other one, like Angus—as like as a brither, Effie?"

The last was said almost in a whisper.

"Nay, nay, uncle; don't let such fancies cloud our joy; think of Angus, and what we must do to welcome him. You see, he says he'll bring his bride straight here—there's the great room will want plenishing—I'll have to go to Edinburgh and get aunt Mary to help me."

"And we'll have a clan gathering; there's no' been one these many years; no' since thy father was married, my doo; but we'll have it this spring, please the Lord. Send for Duncan Robertson, Effie; he maun hear the news."

Effie wrote to her brother that afternoon, and told him of the happiness his letter had brought them. She wrote to Ellice, too; a sisterly woman-like letter, one that brought tears in writing and reading.

"I am sure I shall love your sister," said Ellice, as she stood beside Angus in the firelight, the evening after Effie's letter came.

"You must persuade her to come back with you for a little, she and the laird lead such a quiet life, that Effie has grown shy of the world."

"Is she pretty, Angus?"

"She's very like me, Elly; so I don't suppose you'll grumble at her looks. Her eyes are the only difference, and they are like my father's, brown; mine are what the auld folk with us call the Rannoch eye; there's an old story about us having the power of second sight."

Ellice looked up in the blue eyes and laughed.

"Then you ought to tell me my fortune. Am I to be happy or no? Nay, Angus; that's no answer," she said, as his arm went round her waist, and the blue eyes came very close to hers. "I'll have to conciliate this witch you told me of, for breaking her spell. We'll go and visit Cailin together, and leave an offering in her castle. What is it Effie says about your father? I thought he was dead."

Angus shook his head.

"It's a disgraceful story, Elly, and were best left till the laird can tell you; for, truth, I was but a boy when the sin was done, and save what my uncle has told me, know nothing. It is doubtful whether my father is alive or dead; they tried to trace him; that reparation having been made for the wrong done, he might be forgiven, and brought back to an honest life; but it was no use, he had left no trace behind, only the

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shame and dishonour upon the old name, and Effie and I were worse than orphans."

"And you have heard nothing of him?"

"Nothing, my love."

"But if he were living, Angus, and came back?"

"He would be my father."

Ellice put her hand upon her chosen husband's shoulder, and looked in his face proudly—

"And my father too, Angus."

"But, Elly, if ever such a thing does occur, you must have patience with the old laird. The wrong has blighted his whole life. He is old, and does not forgive so easy as younger people."

But for all that Angus had no thought of his father ever causing anxiety to the laird, and in those bright days it was easy to speak of the darker events of life, even as the night has no terrors when the sun is shining, or death in the heyday of youth.

Christmas was very near now, and Mrs. Glanley had never welcomed the time with a more contented spirit. Ellice, the return of whose birthday at that festive period had made each year a trouble and annoyance, was going to be married. Christmas might come as quickly as it liked now, there was no longer any danger of her age being made a stumbling-block; she had chosen wisely and well, and if she had been a little self-willed in the manner of choosing, there had only good come of it, and from this it may be seen that Mrs. Glanley was proud of her son-in-law. She knew his honours as well as the old laird himself, and had written such a charming epistle to the laird, that the whole clan, kith and kin, knew her by name; and which, worn by fingers and postage, was finally laid away amongst the family relics.

Angus had decided upon going on half-pay. He had worked hard for his country, and now it seemed to him that nothing could be allowed to come between him and the realisation of his love. The years that might still be given him would be all too short for such a passion as that which now filled his life. Ellice once his, every hour, every moment, should be devoted to her. And Ellice, albeit ignorant of the one great reason that led Rannoch, was alive to the more prominent one, and quite agreed with him as to the advisibility of quitting active service.

"I have seen nothing of the world beyond England," said Ellice; "and we shall wander about together."

"Yes, to old Scotland first; you'll love Scotland, Elly?"

"First for your sake, then for its own; we'll spend spring at the laird's. I must learn some Scotch songs for him, only I never can pronounce the words."

"Effie will soon teach you."

"Then after Scotland we'll go to Norway; I want to see the north

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before the south, and have a great ambition to climb some wonderful mountain. Then we'll winter in Italy, and—— What is it Angus, are you not well?"

Ellice stopped, and looked anxiously in his face, over which a look she had never seen before had come.

"Are you cold, dear?"

"No."

"Then you are ill, Angus, or worried. Why don't you tell me? I might be able to comfort you."

"My darling, don't you know that every word you say is comfort inexpressible."

"Then you are unhappy. Why don't you tell me everything?"

Angus looked in the tender, anxious eyes, and thought, "Perhaps she is right; perhaps it would be better to tell her all." Then came the after thought (the second thought that mars many a good impulse), "Why vex her now? time enough when I cannot hide it longer; time enough when the necessity arrives." So he put aside the question with loving words, and whispered, as how many have done before, "I have no sorrow you cannot heal my darling."

And so the hours and days went by. Ellice lived in a new world; all the old impatience had vanished from her character; love seemed round her at all times, and gave his gentle influence to all she said or did.

Only one drawback there was to Ellice's happiness, and that was the fact of Tym Clifton having taken her refusal so much to heart.

Everybody talked of his absence, and formed reasons, possible and impossible, for the cause. Now it was illness, now debt, now an intrigue with some unknown charmer; one day the town rung with the report that the housekeeper had received orders to have the old wing refurnished; another, that the hounds were to be sold; and another, that he had got into gambling debts with Mr. Kealder, and had gone after him to try and patch up matters.

There is no reputation or station which cannot be assailed by calumny—"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow," it is all one, the blast will blow, and ice and snow will melt. Tym had been a popular man, none more so; he had hunted the country to everyone's satisfaction for close upon twenty years; he paid his bills twice a year, had an excellent cellar which he did not keep to himself; no single charge of immorality had ever been laid at his door; and there were few who had not, at some time or other, known the squire's liberality; and yet, because he chose to go away from home at an untoward time of the year, and that, too, without offering a plausible reason, the tongue of calumny broke loose, and Tym's conduct, in or out of his house, for the last six months, became his neighbours' table-talk, and his reputa-

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tion was pretty well torn to pieces before the news of the railway accident came to Challoner. When it did, matters made no move towards amendment; if Tym had been the sufferer, some might have felt a twinge of conscience, but many more would have looked upon it as a judgment sent by Providence as a punishment for some unknown sin. There was no chance of his coming home before Christmas now; the frost had disappeared, too—that increased the absent "Master's" sin—and, as there is no one so completely a public servant as an M. F. H., so Tym was open to disapprobation on all hands; the old north country whip was out of temper; he liked doing huntsman on a bye-day when the master was otherwise engaged, but he did not see the fun of being called over the coals by every stranger who chose to bring his horse over from the cavalry barracks at Topley; and, consequently, the old man was out of temper, and when out of temper was not an agreeable companion, in the saddle or out of it.

Tym wrote to say he could not leave his friend, and those who considered themselves friends of older standing, looked and spoke as if they were aggrieved. To Ellice, Tym had written a letter which, for a time, rather distressed and perplexed her—he spoke of his affection for her, and his desire to see her perfectly happy, then he went on moralising about the emptiness of all happiness, the constant disappointment and the false friendship or love to be met with; and Ellice, who could only see one reason why he should write thus, was half sorry, half indignant; the true light was yet to shine upon the letter which had cost Tym many sheets of paper, and a sleepless night, and which he had intended as a sort of covert preparation for the blow which was to fall.

Ellice did not show the letter to anyone, she read it over and put it out of sight, but she could not put it out of mind; there was something about the wording that had fixed itself in her memory. Tym was not much given to letter-writing, and, accordingly, wrote concisely and to the point; his language, if unvarnished, was all the stronger, few words and not more than necessary. Ellice understood that Tym wished to make her understand how unhappy he was, and how little he valued anything in the world, but then she thought of all this as appertaining solely and only to Tym, and the sorrow she had unintentionally caused him, and she thought him not only unreasonable, but unkind, thus to repeat to her, in cold blood, reproaches she might have overlooked if spoken in the first moment of disappointment.

Altogether there was great lamentation concerning Mr. Clifton's absence, although, with the young lady portion of the community, Kealder divided the attention, and the housekeeper was besieged by pretty pedestrians inquiring after "poor Mr. Kealder." Frank Shirley seemed the only man who took things quietly. Dora and he had fixed their wedding for the 20th of January, and were to start by the mail for

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India a few days afterwards; so that, feeling he would have no one to interrupt his honeymoon, Frank conducted himself very admirably, and let Dora devote her time to her mother and her trousseau, both exigent in their several ways. But then his mind was fully occupied with other events.

A few days after his sister's escape from the asylum he had received a letter from the man through whom all communications with her husband went; intimatiug that she was safe, and under judicious care, where it was her husband's desire to keep her. Not content with a letter, Frank had gone up and made his way direct to the villa; there he had seen his sister; and Mrs. Blythe told him how, having advertised for the care of an invalid, this poor lady had been brought to her by a gentleman who was evidently most anxious as to her welfare, and who was to pay handsomely for her board, that he had also brought a maid who, having known the lady in former days, could be a companion as well as servant, and whom Shirley recognised at once; and so, altogether, there was nothing that gave him any plea to find fault, and he left the house well satisfied that bad as her husband had been, he was doing his duty in this instance.

Of his sister's recovery his hopes were less than ever, her mind seemed hopelessly gone, not a ray of recognition was in her eyes as he spoke to her of old days, and described their home; she listened like a child, pleased and questioning, but that was all, the story was as if it had never been told before, the very names were passed by without a sign.

"You would like to see the medical attendant?" Mrs. Blythe had said, and accordingly Frank had taken down the address and called upon that gentleman, who, having just got through his forenoon consultations, was refreshing himself with a basin of beef-tea and a glass of port wine. He bowed, and Shirley began—

"I called to ask you whether you could give me any hopes of my sister, Mrs. Kay."

"Mrs. Kay—Mrs. Kay?" repeated the doctor, taking out his tablets, "Mrs. Kay?"

"The lady who is boarded with a Mrs. Blythe, and is under your care."

"Oh!" the doctor shut the ivory with a snap, as he fixed his keen eyes upon Frank's face; then, apparently satisfied, he took up a larger book, looked down the margin, opened a page headed K, and made a short note against a written case, and shutting that too with a bang, turned, and looked hard at Shirley again.

"You want to hear my opinion of your sister? Humph! Yes, like him, strong family likeness!" (this was spoken *sotto voce.*) "My opinion of your sister? poor thing, it's a sad case, quite harmless, but hopeless, memory clean gone—brain filled with the most extraordinary

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hallucinations. Do you happen to know whether this has shown itself in any other members of your family?"

"No; my sister has been sorely tried."

"So I perceive; one can gather that from the chance gleams of reason. She is in good hands, well cared for, no expense spared, you can rest assured on that point. Will you kindly leave me your address? Thank you; in case, you know, I might wish to communicate with you. I am an old-fashioned man, and like to be on the safe side, and have two strings to my bow. Good morning, good morning! Oh, By-the-bye, which way are you going? I am due in Portland Place at four, and will put you down if you are going that way. That's right, come along. I once dined at your father's table, Major Shirley, so owe you something. Sad changes for you to come home to—father dead, sister mad. Would you mind telling me what you blame as the latent cause of her disease? I have heard, and have made my own conclusions, but I'd like to hear what you have to say."

"And that's but little, sir; I was abroad all the time, but consider that the conduct of her husband drove her mad."

"Ah, of course—husband, of course!" muttered the doctor. "But then you were abroad—and what else?"

"I'd rather not speak of it, sir. It is gone by now."

"'Let the dead past bury its dead!' right, major, right—thank you for the rebuke. We'll say no more of it now, at least, only depend upon me as a friend. I am interested in your sister's case, and when that's the way, there's always a great probability of my making myself heard."

CHAPTER XXII.

A SHATTERED IDOL.

As the train sped on through the darkness, Kealder had an opportunity of thinking over the work of the last few days. Circumstances had favoured his design, Tym had jumped at the bait, and the ball was already out of his hands. A few hours, and he would be safe, the deed well-nigh accomplished would be finished, and the world open to him again. He took out his watch, twenty minutes past four, they were due at Dieppe at five, and in six or eight hours more Clifton would have seen the mad woman and heard her story, six hours more—Kealder shuddered; he looked at Clifton, and saw him move uneasily, six hours more—what would he be; his residence at Roodee had done this much for him, it had made him look with disgust and shame upon the life past, and with fear and loathing to the future; the words which had surprised and alarmed Mr. Blythe were no idle boast, but strictly the

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desire of his heart. He was weary of the life he had led—yet here he was sinking deeper and deeper in the mire; every revolution of the wheels was hurrying him to his doom; once or twice he looked towards Tym, a wild impulse seizing him that he would throw himself upon the old man's mercy, and tell him the truth, but Tym's face was hidden away, and the time was flying; in twenty-five minutes they would be at Dieppe, and in as many hours Tym would have seen Ellice, and— The thought was never ended; there came a sudden suspension of everything, a crash, a prolonged yell from many voices, followed by the death-like silence which generally suuceeds a serious railway accident, only, however, for a few moments, prolonged by suspense to indefinite time, then come shrieks, groans, piteous cries for man's help, and God's mercy, such a scene as those only can picture who have been actors therein.

Most other death-dealing accidents come, so to speak, leisurely; you have time to look death in the face, it may be only a glance, still it is a glance. You are not hurled into eternity, nor is death armed with its greatest terrors to poor weak flesh—agony and mutilation.

A rail had got displaced, the shock had broken the axle of the engine, which had fallen over a slight embankment, dragging the carriages, or most of them, after it, and there, in the dim night light, they lay—a smashed, chaotic heap.

When Tym Clifton woke up after the momentary stupor caused by the shock, he found himself softly and safely embedded in a marshy ditch. His first impulse was to stretch his arms and legs to ascertain whether any bones or joints were out of order, then, having satisfied himself that all was right there, he got up and shook himself; there was not even a bruise; he had often felt worse after a cropper in the hunting-field.

There were very few stars to be seen, and the first quarter of a very pale-faced watery moon was just visible through a cold damp fog, but Tym never thought stars or moon more lovely than he did as, taking his cap off, he raised his eyes heavenward, and uttered his "thank God" with a full heart. It was not the first time he had returned thanks for preservation in imminent danger, but Tym had never been quite so close to death before, and he knew and recognised the mercy that had spared him.

There was no time to wonder at his miraculous escape, the night was hideous with the agony of his fellow-travellers, more hideous, too, by reason of the glimpses of human weakness displayed in the unguarded moment, the strange medley of selfish interests that makes such a scene grimly ludicrous. Nor did it lose anything in effect, as those who were unhurt began to lend a hand in extricating the sufferers. Tym was one of the first to go the carriages, and was taking out a lamp to help him

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in his search for his friend, when a young fellow looked up from a heap of boards—

"Hullo, old buffer, here's a go; I ought to report myself to-morrow, and here I am with a leg smashed; you couldn't lift that carriage, could you;" the request was followed with an attempt at a laugh, broken in upon by a smothered groan, in the midst of which the lad's nerves gave way, and he burst into tears, moaning—"Poor mother, to think of being killed like this."

Tym got the lamp, and gave the boy some brandy out of his flask, bidding him have courage, and as he left him he heard him saying the Lord's Prayer.

Holding the lamp up, Tym went peering about, looking into the faces of the living or the dead with the same result; there was no sign of Kealder, and it was nearly half-an-hour after the accident that he was found; alive certainly, but perfectly insensible, a cut on his head was bleeding fast, and as they carried him to a carriage freighted with the wounded, ready to be conveyed to the town, more than one pitying eye fell upon Tym, as the rumour ran that the old gentleman's son was killed.

But they were wrong; there was a severe concussion of the brain, but not necessarily death.

When Tym knew that there was hope, he began to think of the cause of their journey; he had already lost nearly forty-eight hours, and when he left Paris every moment had seemed to him precious. How was he to find out this acquaintance of Kealder's with whom it remained to supply the proofs of the strange story; no allusion of the name had been made, and amongst the letters that were in Mr. Kealder's pocket, there was no mention of anything to form a clue. Tym was at his wits' end, when brain fever set in, and the doctor pronounced Kealder in great danger. Then it was, that in the extremity of his despair Tym bethought him of writing to Jim Glanley, which he accordingly did, telling him all that had been told him, and sending in the letter the few papers he had found in Kealder's pocket, two of which, being from the same man, might, he thought, lead to something—at any rate it was the only hope, and Jim, after pondering over the letter, saw more in this than appeared upon the surface. He knew Blythe as a money-lender, and that in his trade he bore a good name, still the tone of familiarity in which the letters were written did not tend to elevate Kealder's character. Jim was not what the world calls a good man, he was apt to be rather lax in his notions of morality personally; and when he did think, which was very seldom, his ideas upon the social duties were not altogether what they ought to have been; still, we all know that it is one thing to judge of personal moral obligations, another to mete out judgment when these same obligations touch upon

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the happiness of one near and dear, and Ellice was both near and dear to Jim, and anything connected ever so slightly with her, was of urgent necessity in Jim's eyes. When she had jokingly spoken of marriage, Jim had said to himself that he did not know any man good enough for her. But when Rannoch came forward, Jim was satisfied, he knew no harm of him, and Elly had chosen wisely and well at last. So it was not likely that Jim's confidence should be easily shaken, especially taking into consideration the way in which the accusation was made; and, careless as he was of his own interest, Jim let no time elapse before he set about removing all doubt from a question so important as this. The letter arrived the day before they were to start for Challoner to spend Christmas, and Lady Emily looked excessively astonished when he told her that she must perform the journey alone, that very urgent business required his presence in London. It was not often his wife gave any tokens of interest in his movements, but this time she made an exception, and broke out into a torrent of reproaches that rather startled Jim, and which, as is often the way when people let loose their passion without consulting their reason, defeated her object, and strengthened Jim in his opposition. The occasions upon which her reproaches would at all events have had ground were many, but as this was not one of them, Jim had no guilty conscience to smooth over the bitter words. He was innocent for once, and that once unhappily proved the very time her ladyship chose to let her indignation fall; and the indignation came so heavily, and at the same time so unjustly, that they were nearer a serious quarrel than, with all his shortcomings and her coldness, they had yet come; and Jim left the house with a bitter sense of the injustice done him, and mentally observing that whatever he did, good or bad, it was always one. It did not strike him that Lady Emily did not know his reasons for this sudden change of plans; he was too angry and indignant to remember anything beyond the bare facts, that when, perplexed and distressed, he was starting off to inquire into a story, which, if true, must crush his favourite sister to the earth, she had fallen upon him, and spoken words no woman had ever uttered in his hearing before; my lady was not nice in her language when she let loose her tongue, and the words rankled in Jim's breast, long after he had put miles of fair country between himself and the voice of his angry wife.

"I've put up with her contempt," said he to himself; "but I'll be hanged if I put up with an angry tongue. There's no difficulty in going free now-a-days; and, after what she said to-day, I need not stand on ceremony as to her delicacy."

Mr. Blythe was in his office, but engaged; and Jim had to practise patience for nearly half-an-hour, at the end of which, a young man he knew by sight drove off.

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"Now, sir," said a dirty office-boy, putting his head in; "master's ready."

Blythe was in the office, and not in the best of tempers; the gentleman who had just left him had gone away more in debt than he came; and yet Blythe had resolved, many times over, to put a stop to the loan. He knew Jim Glanley by sight, and his countenance inside that room was a good omen.

"Morning, Mr. Glanley," said he, rising and bowing deferentially; "is there anything I can do for you?"

Jim hesitated; there was nothing in Mr. Blythe's face to guide him. The grey iron-faced man had faced fortune in too many shapes to change countenance before a look as broad and plain-dealing as Mr. Glanley's; and, accordingly, Jim was at fault, and blundered out—

"You know a man named Kealder, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"He's been in Paris with Clifton of Roodee, and there's been a railway accident."

The slightest possible suffusion of colour came over the listener's face, and an eager half-expectant look was in his keen eyes, as, leaning over his writing-table, he said, with affected carelessness—

"Nothing serious, I hope, sir?"

"Yes, it seems so; Kealder is hurt—a concussion of the brain."

The colour deepened upon Blythe's face, and his hand, which was lying loosely upon some papers, closed fiercely; but he spoke nothing, and Jim went on, getting more collected—

"Clifton is with him, but writes me word that they were hurrying home in consequence of a communication made by Kealder; and as this story, if true, closely touches my family, he counselled me to come to you at once, and request you to put me in possession of the evidence upon which the assertion must stand or fall."

"You will give me time to think of this, sir?"

"I have no intention to hurry anything," replied Jim, well pleased with his experiment.

"And Mr. Kealder sent you to me?" said Blythe, presently. "Well, did he name any price for this information?"

"No. I suppose he left that to you."

"He was right there; and, as I have a private account to settle with the colonel, I'll e'en cry quits with you, Mr. Glanley. I wont make any mystery of it; my wife takes care of the unfortunate woman, who is really Colonel Rannoch's wife. Let him deny it, if he can; you can come out to my place, and judge for yourself."

Jim was not one of those who talk much when they feel much, so the drive was a silent one. He was thinking of his sister; indignation against Rannoch even was eclipsed by pity for her; and when, three

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hours afterwards, he left Mr. Blythe's villa armed with evidence against which there seemed no appeal, he felt truly that he would rather have cut off his right hand than face Ellice.

Blessed, indeed, are the feet of him who is the bearer of good tidings, but thankless is the office of the unfortunate messenger of evil. And Jim never crossed the threshold of the Friars with a heavier heart.

Coming down he had determined to tell Ellice first, and let the matter and manner of acting rest with her; but it was no small aggravation to his misery, that the colonel dined there, and that he was bound to keep to his part of host.

The tidings of the railway accident had come opportunely—there was something of general interest to keep up a semblance of conversation; and yet, more than one of the party, that night, thought, "Will bed-time never come?"

Lady Emily saw Jim was in bad spirits, and, blaming herself for the anger she had shown, would have given much to make up, and watched for an opportunity anxiously; but after Jim went down to the hall with Rannoch, he did not show himself in the drawing-room again until her ladyship had been obliged to take Mrs. Glanley's advice, and go to her bed-room. When Jim did come in, he found Ellice alone; he had whispered to her that he wanted to speak to her, so knew that she would wait for him.

"Well, Jim; what has happened—you and Emmy look as black as thunder; she waited here for you until mamma took her away, and now, I daresay she'll come down to see if you are in, so come up to my room; you may smoke there, too, and she won't come to hunt you out."

So the telling was put off a few minutes longer, while Jim settled himself by the fireside and lighted a cigar; but it was only a pretence of smoking he made.

"Elly, dearest," he said, throwing the cigar into the grate, and stooping forward to take hold of her hand, "you must be a brave girl; I've heard bad news for you, and have to tell you an ugly story—one I'd rather lose all I have in the world than to repeat to you."

Ellice's face flushed, then grew deadly pale; she knew it was about Rannoch he was going to speak—she had seen how Jim had avoidcd him that night.

"Well?" she said, hoarsely.

"Has Rannoch ever spoken to you of his former life?"

"Not much."

"You took him on trust. Was that wise, Elly?"

"For God's sake don't tell me I was wrong!" and Ellice threw herself upon her knees beside her brother, her pale face and wild eyes watching and trying to read her fate in his.

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"And if I must, Elly, my own dear sister—if I must tell you that he has behaved shamefully—that he had no right to have spoken a word of love to you—that, all the time he was teaching you to love him, there was a poor forsaken—"

"Stop!" cried Ellice, fiercely, starting to her feet. "Stop! not yet! I cannot bear it all yet!"

Jim put his arm round her and drew her down upon his knee, saying, wisely—

"The sooner it is over, the better, dear."

And then he told her of Clifton's letter, of his interview with Blythe, and the undeniable evidence offered. And Ellice sat in his arms, shivering, with her cold white face and wild eyes fixed like marble; and when the story was done—when the cruel wrong lay bare before her—and when there seemed no excuse or shield for the outrage, all the poor girl said, was—

"God forgive him!" and with her arms round her brother's neck, she wept the first and last tears she ever shed for her own sorrow.

"What am I to do?" asked Jim, after a time, and when Elly's sobs had grown quieter. "We must keep it quiet; I am thankful we have a chance of doing that. Clifton, you see, hints at that. You must rouse yourself, Elly, and brave down all that may be said. I will see him the first thing to-morrow."

"No, Jim, I will; you may tell him, but you must bring him here. He will tell me the truth—I mean, he will tell me why he has treated me so cruelly. There is no use trying to stop me seeing him, Jim—I must do it—no harm can come of it. In losing faith in him, I lose faith in all men—surely you will let me try to find some ray of light to lighten this darkness—there are always two sides—"

"There cannot be here," and Jim spoke sternly. "There can be no excuse; and if I thought he could make you pity him—"

"Jim, listen to me. No earthly excuse can make me pity him, if he tells me the same story that you have heard!"

"Do you think he'll be such a fool? Do you think a man who will act as he has will stand at a lie?"

"I have yet to learn that the act was deliberate, Jim—no, don't be angry; a drowning man catches at a straw. I am going down, Jim; what you have this night told me, is death to all that life held for me. I must think of him as dead; for pity's sake let me feel that I may think of him."

"Then to-morrow I shall bring him to you, and when you have spoken to him, you will direct me what to do—is that what you wish?"

"It is; then, Jim, it will be all over. Do not mistake me, Jim, nothing can excuse him, but I must hear the truth, and he will tell it, I am sure."

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"I hope so; but, Elly dear, you will remember the temptation. If you would trust to me, I'd ask him, and—"

"No, no, Jim, it must be as I say."

"Then be it so, dear, I'll say no more."

"And you will say nothing to me again until I have seen him? Good night, Jim; I'll try and think what I am to do."

"You'll go to bed, Elly? Remember what to-morrow will be."

Ellice shuddered, repeating "To-morrow," as she stood up and kissed him.

"But you will try to sleep, Elly?"

"Yes, yes; I daresay I shall sleep as well as you will, poor fellow. Good night!"

And Ellice was left alone to wrestle with her great trouble, to sit down beside the hearth, a broken-spirited, betrayed woman, to think over and look her fate in the face, and find—not excuses, those were impossible—but a method for the madness that had been so nearly her doom; for, looking at it in the dim light which was given her, Rannoch's conduct was literally that of insanity—or, and her heart beat fast, and her brain reeled—or innocence.

Ellice had heard of plots as wild and wicked as this might be. It might, nay, it must be a lie! Kealder had been deceived, or, perhaps, was in the plot; she could believe anything of any other man just then. Jim's evidence was hard to subvert; but now that the ray of hope had struggled through the darkness, it was not easily banished; Ellice nursed it with loving jealousy, it was too precious to lose.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JIM HAS DOUBTS ABOUT IT.

THERE was no sleep for Ellice that night; and when her maid came in the morning she found her mistress up and dressed.

How wearily the time passed! the clock ticked noisily, but the hands seemed to stand still. She tried to read, but the letters danced, and grew conglomerated before her eyes; she stood by the window, looking out into the back garden, until every blade of grass and every bare twig seemed familiar, the little heaps of begrimed snow lay here and there on the borders, where the boxwood had collected wreaths, or warded off the warm unhealthy wind which had been blowing for the last day or two, and a few down-hearted little sparrows were hopping disconsolately about, altogether the prospect was neither lively in itself, nor did it borrow any bright tints from the reflection of the gazer's

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feelings; if the garden was dreary, how much more so was her heart? Summer had seen that little plot of ground gay with flowers, and every morning that Ellice had looked out at it new buds had begun their bright existence, and were breathing forth their life in the ecstacy of living; summer had been there so lately, and she herself had been so occupied by her own happiness since the colder winds began, that it appeared now as if the flowers had been carried off in one night, like the summer of her own life.

And with a sick heart Ellice turned from the window, and began pacing the room. And so Jim found her, as he looked in on his way downstairs.

"Come, Elly, the day has begun, we'll have it over in a few hours; and the worst, if it is to be the worst—which God forbid!—will be better than suspense."

The very sound of her brother's voice, firm and cheery, the touch of his hand, and the quiet, loving look in his eyes as they met hers, sent hope and strength into her heart. Let the worst come, she was not alone in the world; there were other aims, other prizes in life besides that upon which she had set her heart, that which had been torn from her grasp.

A few months ago, and the world had gone on, her life had been lived, without the knowledge of Rannoch's existence. The world would still go on, her life would still last, when Rannoch's name had ceased to fall from her lips; spring, autumn, summer, and winter would all come, and would all bring the same sights, sounds, and pursuits.

As she looked in Jim's face, she remembered how the prize she had lost had gone out of his life too; she had never felt for him as she did then, and the pity that came over her for her brother did more towards resignation than any thought that had yet risen.

Some instinct seemed to tell Jim what was in her mind—"Do you remember a talk we had by the fireside not long ago, Elly; how you lectured me, and laid wise plans for your brother's guidance. The love I had to turn my back upon was the love of years."

Ellice knew what he meant, but she knew, too, that a young tree will bend where the older wood must break. Youth had been before Jim, when the frail ship in which he had embarked his hopes had stranded. Youth was well nigh over with her. The love that had come late, had found every feeling stronger. Jim might compare his loss to hers, but in her understanding there was no similarity, and after all, is there ever any? is it not always true that—

> "Man's love is of man's life a part,
> 'Tis woman's whole existence?"

Ellice remembered Jim's lecture, remembered, too, what touched her

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more closely just then, how he had drawn the line of demarcation between man or woman's powers of facing a loveless lot, but she did not remind him of it then; he was doing his best to comfort and strengthen her, and it was but fit that she should try to meet him.

"You are no child, Elly," he said, as they went down stairs; "and if you keep up the character you have had in my eyes, you'll throw out all the scandalmongers. Disappointment isn't very easy to get over, but it's the very deuce when you are reminded of what you've missed by every voice you hear; once let the world get wind of your sorrow, or whatever you like to call it, and, by Jove! they'll not let the scent grow cold."

Ellice smiled sadly; she thought of her favourite poets's words—

> "Sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
> Once set on ringing, with its own weight, goes."

"I'll not disgrace you, Jim. If I cannot keep my secret, I won't ask you to share the punishment."

"That's right; you are my own brave sister; I'll put the mother up to a drive, and then, when they are all out of the way, and the coast is clear, he shall come down. I'll tell them you are going to ride to Roodee with me, and, if you are up to it, we'll go after, at any rate I will; I want to see what they are doing, to tell Tym; I mean to run over and see the poor old boy."

"But I have changed my mind, Jim." As Ellice spoke, her face grew deadly pale. "I cannot trust myself; I would rather trust you."

Jim had it all his own way; the drive was settled, and, as he pronounced the afternoon certain to be wet, the carriage was ordered directly after breakfast, and, having watched it disappear round the close corner, Jim kissed his sister, and, bidding her keep up her courage, went off to the barracks.

So long as he had been near Ellice, the thought of her distress and the wish to hide her trouble had kept him quiet, he had not thought so much of Rannoch's share as Elly's suffering; but now, as he sat in the fusty old cab and turned over in his mind the way he was to open the conversation with the colonel, Jim's blood grew hot; he began to see the crime in all its enormity; what in the woman's eyes had thrown a doubt over the truth, in the man's only increased the certainty, and, as Jim thought of the deliberate lie acted, and what his sister had so narrowly escaped, he ground his teeth, and cursed the man he was going to face; and it was in this mood that he walked into the colonel's room, and found Rannoch busy with the adjutant.

"All right, Glanley, I'll have done directly."

Jim turned away, and looked out of the window, at some recruits drilling—to say the truth, he was relieved as to the reprieve, and by

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the time the papers were signed, and they were alone, had decided how he was to begin his task.

"Not hunting to-day, Glanley—is there anything wrong? you looked out of sorts last night."

Jim faced about, and for a moment the two men stood looking at each other, then Jim began, and, as he spoke, his face grew white—

"I had a disagreeable day's work yesterday; that letter will save me the pain of repeating what I hardly dare trust myself to think of," and he held out Clifton's letter.

Rannoch sat down and laid it open upon the desk; presently he looked up with a ghastly smile.

"It is true then?" said Jim, hoarsely.

"True to the letter, but not to the spirit."

Then Jim burst out; he told Rannoch he did not understand such nice-drawn distinctions; he gave him, in stronger terms than the readers of the VICTORIA would permit me to repeat, the view he took of the other's actions.

All the time Colonel Rannoch sat with his head leaning upon his hand, and a set stony look in his face, and when Jim had fairly run himself down, and stopped, as much for want of breath as want of words, he spoke—

"Now, Glanley, let me tell my story; I have heard you without interrupting you; hear me patiently."

"More than ten years ago I met Frank Shirley's sister; we fell in love with each other and became engaged; her aunt had a prejudice against soldiers, and I was not to appear as such until a favourable time came. In the meanwhile I joined my regiment at Malta, and while there I heard she had eloped. I came home, for I was young and infatuated; I found out where she was and followed her. I found that even so soon as that she had repented—at least she made me believe so—her husband was a gambler, and lived amongst a set of people she had never so much as heard of. I was half mad; I supplied them with money, I haunted their house, until he, too, grew wearied of her, or, over-persuaded by a former mistress, he left her. We were both of us guiltless till then, Glanley; but then she came to me. I took her to Scotland, where my regiment had moved, and hid her away, for her brother was there too, and she was afraid of him. I wrote to her husband, begging him to get a divorce that I might marry her, but he laughed at me; he could not afford to lose her money. When my regiment went to India, she was ill and intended following me, but in place of that I heard she had become insane, and was under the care of her brother, who had found her out. I believed her to have been married, as he did, and I

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leave it to you to judge whether I could have told your sister such a story."

Jim's countenance changed as he listened. Truth spoke for itself in the man's voice.

"I believe you, Rannoch."

"God bless you, Glanley?"

"But all my faith in the world won't be any good unless you can get to the bottom of this; you must come up to town and put it in a lawyer's hands; we will catch the midday train and be back to-night. Frank is in town; and Solomon says there is safety in a multitude of counsellers. I mistrusted that fellow Clifton thought so much of, from the beginning, I am sure of him now. Ellice's fortune is enough to account for a deeper scheme than this."

"You think that, Glanley?" Something like hope brightened the darkness that had fallen upon Angus.

"I am sure of it."

They found Frank at the club.

"It's a queer affair altogether," said he, when Jim had run through the circumstances. "I can believe the man keeping up a pretence of the marriage to draw her money; but I do not see my way now; unless, indeed, he's a friend of Kealder's, who has quarrelled, or for some reason of his own split upon him, and this is done for revenge."

"The reason is as plain as a pike-staff. Ellice has money enough to pay him for splitting."

"But Ellice would never take a man like Kealder."

"Women are queer cattle to handle, Master Frank—as you'll find before you're many days older. In my opinion, Ellice is just the sort of woman to take her own line about matrimony, and having lost faith in a man she had trusted, to marry in very defiance of the judgment of the world, just as much as to say—'I found out your judgment to be as alse as my own, I'll trust neither this time.'"

"But you say Blythe was ready to tell you?"

"Yes, he did not conceal that he had quarrelled with her husband."

"They are a nice lot," said Shirley, bitterly; "and let come what may, I must see if the law will not give me a right to take care of poor Margaret."

"If we cannot overset this story, she'll be safe enough as Rannoch's wife, you'll be at no doubt."

"It's a shame they don't alter that abominable Scotch law," muttered Frank; "one would think, after the way the Yelverton case has stuck in the throats of the public, something would have been done."

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"It makes work for the lawyers," said Jim; "and we should have Sandy down upon us for abolishing his national institutions."

Neither Blythe nor his wife were at home; but, nevertheless, there was no opposition made to Shirley seeing his sister. The actors were no tyros in their trade. Kealder had fired the train, and Blythe was quite prepared to carry out his part. He knew very well the suspicions that would be roused; he had grappled with each and all in imagination, and was fully armed with the necessary explanations. Mrs. Watson, too, knew her *rôle* by heart.

But, after a long visit, Frank rejoined his friends.

"It is no use, Jim, I can make nothing of her; we'll go to Blythe."

But the interview with Mr. Blythe did not shake the evidence.

He had, he said, acted as agent for a gentleman named Kay, who had placed this lady (as his wife) under Mr. Blythe's care; and it was not until a letter reached him from another woman, stating that the story was false, that any suspicion entered his mind. Mr. Blythe then questioned the lady, and by putting, as he expressed it, "two and two together" they determined to satisfy themselves, and made inquiries which resulted in the facts wherewith Kealder had acquainted Tym Clifton. Kealder's share had been, at first, purely accidental; he being an old customer of Mr. Blythe's, and under some obligation to him, as were many young gentlemen, had come out to the villa to transact some pressing business, had seen the "lady," and been interested. Mr. Blythe had told her history, and the coincidence of names, Rannoch and Shirley, had supplied the missing link. He had gone to Paris to endeavour to see the writer of the letter denouncing Kay, who, he wrote word, had given him ample proofs of the truth of her story. Kay, finding his villainy discovered, or on the point of discovery, had, so Mr. Blythe conjectured, gone off, and would probably never shew his face again, trusting to those most nearly interested being too glad to hush up the affair, and at any sacrifice prevent it getting public.

Mr. Blythe's manner of emphasizing the last clause did more towards removing any doubts of the veracity of the case than all he had hitherto said. He expected to make money by what he had done, and where a pretence of being disinterested would have thrown a doubt over the whole.

The hint at the pecuniary sacrifice to be made, with a view of avering publicity, at once biassed the minds of the others in favour of his veracity.

"The matter must be sifted," said Frank. "The stake is too great to lose without an effort."

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"You are right, sir; the sooner the inquiry is made, the better. I am going out of town for a few days, but Mrs. Blythe can give you all the information I could have done."

"And failing the oversetting of this story, which, I tell you candidly, I have no belief in, Mrs. Kay will leave your care."

"As you please, sir. I suppose you and her husband can settle that between you; only, until then, I am responsible for her custody."

(To be continued.)

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THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE—ITS PLACE IN EDUCATION.

BY JAMES CROMPTON.

THE advantages and inconveniences of the classical system of education have long furnished a fertile theme of discussion, and given rise to great varieties of opinion. One set of writers, and they undoubtedly the most numerous amongst scholars, contend for classical instruction as the soundest basis and most effective instrument of education, while a very respectable minority, on the other hand, believe that the classics, as an instrument of mental training, are very much overrated; that they offer few advantages which might not be secured by a proper study of the literary treasures of our own tongue, and that the intellectual injury done to the many by a uniform system of classical teaching far outweighs the advantages attained by the comparatively few for whom that system is perhaps the best which could be devised.

So much depends on the natural capacity of students, on the tact and enthusiasm of professors and teachers, and on the bias of individual minds, that there is no probability of an early settlement of the controversy; but there are indications of a coming change in public opinion as to the place which the English language and literature should hold in any complete and well-balanced scheme of education. There is an impression among well-educated persons, that our own language, though often the subject of admiration and eulogy, has been too long treated with indifference and neglect in places of learning, while all the skill of minute and elaborate scholarship has been expended upon the elucidation of the Greek and Roman authors, and the application of them to the purposes of intelleetual training. There is no need, however, to regard the English language as a competitor with the more ancient tongues, struggling for monopoly, or even precedence, in the education of youth. Ancient and modern literature may proceed side by side like friendly allies, mutually serviceable, and engaged in a common enterprise.

At the revival of letters in the latter part of the fifteenth century, it was natural that culture should be everywhere associated with classical learning. Modern tongues had not acquired the polish and refinement which belonged to the languages of Greece and Rome. Those immortal works, which had descended from classical antiquity, were regarded as the great master-pieces of literature. Scholars applied exclusively to these sources for models of intellectual taste; from them were deduced the laws of literary criticism, and one of these languages was the recognized medium of communication in the universal republic

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of letters. That, under such circumstances, the languages and writings of the ancients should have supplied the medium then adopted for the education of youth, was reasonable, and, in fact, necessary. Nothing else could then be expected, whatever may be thought of the system most proper to be adopted in modern times. Milton's essay on education, written nearly two centuries after the period to which we have now alluded, in which intellectual education is made to consist almost exclusively in the study of Greek and Roman authors, is an illustration of the extent to which the most advanced and enlightened minds yielded to the influences we have now described.

The languages of the ancients, having thus acquired this important position in the system of education, have retained it with a degree of success which can only be accounted for by assuming that the system is believed upon the whole to be accompanied with great advantages. That it should have prevailed, however, up to the present time, almost without reformation or improvement, is a proof that some external stimulus is needed to induce those whose example exercises most influence upon education to take the requisite steps in the path of progress. The circumstances of society are altogether different from those which prevailed when the classical system of education had its rise; a new world of literature and of scientific knowledge has since then sprung into existence, immense additions have been made to the intellectual resources of mankind, and the sum of human thought has been indefinitely increased. That under these circumstances the system of education pursued in our most highly privileged places of instruction should go on almost without modification or enlargement, is an anomoly which seems to be incapable of defence. That boys should spend eight or ten years in the study of languages in the reading of which the majority probably never acquire even tolerable facility, and that their own language, though it is the language of Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Johnson, Addison, and Burke, should be treated almost with entire neglect, seems to require some more complete justification than the advocates of the system have ever yet condescended to furnish.

The advantages of classical instruction, where youths possess the requisite capacity and time for profiting by it, are readily conceded; but what shall be made of the numerous cases where one or other of these conditions is wanting? We have the authority of the report of the Public School Commission for asserting that it is possible for youths to remain at the great schools of the country until they are nineteen years of age, and then to leave them without being able to construe a simple Latin sentence which they have not seen before. The evidence accompanying the report also shows that at least in some of them there is no provision made for the study of English, except such as may be supposed to exist in the practice of translating the classics. That there

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is a class of minds which reap great advantages from the discipline of these institutions we have no disposition to deny, but it is evident that there is another class which derives very little useful discipline from the process. We cannot but think that youths who spend nine or ten years in *not* learning Latin and Greek, would be better employed in studying English, and the various branches of useful knowledge which might be learnt through the medium of their own tongue. It also strikes one as a very curious circumstance, that in those places where our future judges, legislators, ecclesiastical dignitaries, and ministers of state are educated, it is not thought necessary to give any direct instruction in the management of that instrument of expression the use of which will be one of the principal occupations of their future life, and the skilful handling of which will contribute in a very high degree to their success. The fact, that many educated on this system have attained great skill and power in the use of our language, whether spoken or written, does not prove the propriety of neglecting the study of it, but rather that the energy of individual minds has, in many cases, overcome the disadvantages of a defective system.

In a recent discussion on the public schools, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Clarendon, referring to the general results of this system, said—

"Is it necessary that when a boy of nineteen leaves school—I know there are great and brilliant exceptions, but I am taking the average boy—is it necessary that when a boy of nineteen has learnt to be manly and self-reliant, and has been imbued with the character of an English gentleman, he should at the same time be unable to construe an easy sentence from the Latin or the Greek, should be unacquainted with the literature of his own country, should know no modern language besides his own, and be scarcely able to write that correctly—know nothing of physical laws, and, in fact, after having passed the best years of his life in learning, should have learnt so little?"

The following quotation from an address on education, delivered by the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., before the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1858, is also strongly corroborative of the views above expressed—

"It is curious to observe how slow all our schools have been in attending to that which ought to be the characteristic of educated men—correct grammar and orthography, and a perspicuous style. Why should not Milton, Shakespeare, and Jeremy Taylor be studied in schools, as well as the great writers of ancient times? When I was a boy I passed through Eton without my attention being called in the slightest degree to a line of any English book; but now I am happy to see that professorships of English are being established in many educational institutions, and I know that at King's College in London, the professor of English literature has been struck by the remarkable powers of writing that have been developed among his pupils by the study of composition and style."

The extent to which Greek and Latin enter into the construction of

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our own language—the influence which they have exercised on literary taste—the degree in which our literature is imbued with classical allusions, and abounds in classical quotations—the manner in which references to ancient mythology and philosophy are often found lurking in a very subtle form in our individual words and phrases, make it impossible that a knowledge of these languages should ever be superfluous to a well-educated person. That they also serve to many minds as an admirable instrument of intellectual training must be admitted by all who have observed the high state of discipline and complete command of the faculties possessed by some of our most eminent literary and public men who have enjoyed a thorough classical training. Since language is the instrument of thought, the study of the laws of language must constitute one of the best exercises in the habit of abstract thinking, and for this purpose the languages of Greece and Rome are eminently fitted, with their finished grammatical structure, and the adaption to the highest purposes of intellectual expression which they acquire in the hands of a long series of poets, orators, historians, and philosophers.

But it must be evident to every reflecting person that these studies can only be very partially and imperfectly cultivated in the case of a great, and, in these days, rapidly-increasing number of youths, for whom it is yet desirable that the largest possible amount of mental training should be secured. The question arises, in these cases, whether it is not possible to obtain, if not the same degree, at least the same kind of discipline as that already spoken of, from the judicious study of the English language and literature pursued by a really searching and enlightened method. Let our language be studied with something like the same nicety and exactness as are thought desirable in the case of the ancient tongues, in regard to its etymological forms, its syntactical laws, its historical changes, and it is believed that the discipline thus acquired would, to no mean extent, compensate for the want of classical culture, and would, in fact, furnish for many youths a better discipline than they can obtain by such study of the classics as is within their reach. The following quotation from Archbishop Trench* will serve, not only to sustain the views now expressed, but also to show that they are fortified by the authority of one who will not be suspected of hostility to classical learning.

"In the present condition of education in England, above all, with the pressure upon young men, which is ever increasing, to complete their educational course at the earliest possible date, the number of those enjoying the inestimable advantages, mental and moral, which more than any other languages the Latin and the Greek supply, must ever be growing smaller. It becomes, therefore, a duty to seek else-

* Preface to "A Select Glossary of English Words used formerly in senses different from their present."

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where the best substitutes within reach for that discipline of the faculties which these languages would, better than any other, have afforded. And I believe when these two are set aside, our own language and literature will furnish the best substitutes, which, even though they may not satisfy perfectly, are not therefore to be rejected. I am persuaded that the decomposition, word by word, of small portions of our best poetry and prose—Lycidas suggests itself to me as in verse offering more exactly what I seek than any other poem, perhaps some of Bacon's essays in prose—the compensations which we look for are most capable of being found; even as I have little doubt that, in many of our higher English schools, compensations of the kind are already oftentimes obtained."

It may perhaps be objected that since the Latin language especially enters so largely into the structure of English, the "decomposition word by word," here recommended could never be intelligently performed by a student ignorant of Latin. There is, no doubt, considerable force in this objection, so much, indeed, that we would recommend, in every case where it is practicable, a sufficient study of Latin to render the learner acquainted with the principal Latin roots which enter into the compositson of English words. Nor would it be a very difficult matter for students who do not attempt any systematic study of the Greek tongue to acquire also a knowledge of the Greek roots which have been introduced chiefly in our philosophical and scientific terms. The amount of study requisite for these attainments would be easily within the reach of students who must be engaged in the business of life long before they could acquire anything like a mastery of the Latin language, to say nothing of Greek, and would very materially aid the higher method of studying our own language which is now advocated.

A thorough study of one of Shakspeare's plays, or a book of the Paradise Lost, will call into exercise the highest mental faculties of the student, and will require a course of resolute and persevering application; involving, as it necessarily will, an intelligent appreciation of the course of thought and illustration, and of the development of character and incident. In addition, the student will be required to explain the mythological, historical, and geographical allusions, to compare passages, corresponding in thought or expression, from other writers, to explain archaic and obsolete forms, to suggest the meaning of obscure or ambiguous passages, and to account for verbal and grammatical irregularities and anomalies.

For the purpose of study in this thorough and exhaustive manner, portions of our eminent prose writers as well as poets may be taken, and if these be judiciously selected and properly treated, the student will acquire much beyond merely verbal knowledge. To become so thoroughly familiarized as this kind of study necessitates with the modes of thought and speech of some of our most eminent thinkers and writers, is itself a discipline of the highest value. Perhaps, as a rule, the older writers will be found more useful for the purpose than the modern ones,

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as the literary style and manner of a remote period will present a larger number of points for investigation, and therefore stimulate the ingenuity of the student more effectually, than writings which suggest only the language and manner of the present day. To follow patiently and continuously the course of reasoning and illustration pursued by one of our most eminent moral, philosophical, or political writers, and at the same time to solve such questions as may be suggested by intelligent, grammatical, and literary criticism, constitute a method, not perhaps to be surpassed in any other way, of strengthening the thinking, power-cultivating literary taste, and storing the mind with fundamental ideas, the root-thoughts of the intellectual harvest.

This minute investigation of particular books, or special limited departments of the field of English literature, may be associated with a more general systematic view of English authors. Thus may be acquired an acquaintance with the growth and development of the language, from its earlier and ruder stages, up to its later and more perfect forms. Nor could anything be more instructive than such a view of our literary history as illustrating the progress of the national intellect, the peculiar characteristics of different ages or periods, the influence of individual minds upon our language and literature, and an immense variety of other points not less interesting and important. During the last few years have been issued several excellent manuals of English literature, giving illustrative specimens of its different stages, and adapted to the mode of study here recommended. It would be much better that a well-educated youth should pass through some such course of systematic reading, wisely directed and supplemented by the instructions of a qualified teacher, than that he should be left to pick up his knowledge of the subject from the accidental conversation of well-informed people, or the desultory reading of leisure moments, snatched, perhaps, from the absorbing engagements of business.

The application to our language of the system of analysis first adopted by Becker in his German grammar, has rendered this branch of study capable of more efficient application than it formerly was to the purposes of mental discipline. Ordinary parsing, which deals only with individual words and their relations, has been very properly described as but the alphabet of grammar. Analysis, which demands from the student a much more discriminating use of the judgment, is, therefore, a more profitable exercise, and adapted to elicit the powers of minds to whom ordinary parsing would be an uninteresting affair of mere routine. To describe accurately the relations of clauses and groups of words to each other involves a close investigation of the whole passage in which they occur, and is not capable of being made a mere effort of memory. This will be regarded as no mean praise by those who know the tendency of many learners to render every branch of

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study, as much as possible, an affair of memory and imitation, and who have felt how refreshing it is, in dealing with such minds, to elicit something like an independent effort of thought. The analysis of passages from our standard authors, according to this method, which may be practised in every respectable English school, is likely to be a much more profitable exercise than such drudgery in the mere rudiments of Latin as occupies the time of many pupils, who, on account of the brevity of their school course, or their indisposition to linguistic studies, never advance far enough to make the study of the classics an intellectual pursuit. If the object of education is, not merely to cram the head with knowledge, but to develope those powers by which alone knowledge can be rightly used, and made to subserve the highest interests of mankind, this branch of study deserves greater prominence in our systems of school instruction than it has yet acquired.

In such a study of English as we now recommend, the power of association will be perpetually called into exercise in tracing the analogies and relations of words, and following the successive changes which the language has undergone. The faculty of imagination must also be in constant exercise to enable the student to appreciate an author who wrote in a distant age, or under circumstances very different from our own, or to enable him to understand allusions and references to social conditions which no longer exist, suggested, perhaps, in words or phrases which have long ceased to bear the precise signification or the peculiar force which they formerly conveyed. The power of analysis will find constant scope and stimulus in tracing and separating the constituent elements of the composite structure of our language. The exercise of memory is too obvious to need illustration, but scarcely less so is the discipline of the judgment or reasoning faculty in dealing with the facts and principles of our language, which is the most finished and elaborate product of the intellectual life of successive generations of our countrymen.

That this branch of study may be degraded into a mere slavish and unintellectual toil is, indeed, but too well known, and to many minds, naturally unfitted for it, it will never be anything else. This fact, however, is no argument against the study itself, but only against pursuing indiscriminately the same course in the education of all minds, whatever their natural disposition or habits. There has always been too much uniformity in education, and too little allowance for varieties of taste or the natural bent of the student's genius. It has been like the bed of Procrustes, which victims of all sizes were made to fit, and suggests the notion of a tailor who should insist on making all suits of clothes of the same size and shape, in the expectation that all his customers would be able to adapt their corporeal dimensions and configuration to his standard measure.

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It may, indeed, be thought that, to pursue the study of English in the manner now described, and so as to obtain the mental advantages we have anticipated from it, would be not less laborious than the study of Latin or Greek, and would involve as large an expenditure of time. To this we reply that we have purposely endeavoured to sketch the subject in its widest range, to show that it offers the largest scope for mental effort, and that those who, from whatever cause, may eschew classical studies, will still find an almost unlimited field of knowledge to be reaped without crossing the boundaries of their own language. It must, however, be left to the judgment of individual teachers, and the exigencies of particular students, to decide how much of this field shall be traversed in any particular case. All we wish to show as regards this point is, that the range is not narrowly circumscribed, and that the earnest student has, in this department, a work before him that may well task the most vigorous powers.

A common notion respecting the study of English is, that its object is nothing more than to enable the student to make a correct use of it as a medium of expression and communication. A very small number, probably, of persons who have received instruction in English grammar have ever brought themselves to regard this study as having any ulterior intellectual purpose. This has come from the habit of regarding the classics as the only appropriate instrument of mental discipline, which has placed our own language in a position altogether inferior and unworthy of it. The consequence is that a very large number of so-called educated people do not understand their own language, and are unable creditably to employ it either in speech or writing. And it need not be concealed that this is not unfrequently true even of classical scholars and learned doctors, many of whom write in lumbering and even ungrammatical sentences, through the habit of treating the peculiarities of their own language, and the laws of English composition, as if they were subjects too trifling to deserve the notice of minds so thoroughly saturated as theirs with classical scholarship.

It is by no means so certain as many people seem to have supposed, that a person who knows Latin will, as a matter of course, know English. The number of pupils fairly qualified by their knowledge of Latin and Greek for the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations, who have failed through their ignorance of English, has somewhat rudely dispelled this notion. It is quite clear that a boy may make Latin verses of average merit whose attainments do not extend to the orthography of his own language. And what shall be said of the school instruction which has qualified him to read Livy and Herodotus but has left him incapable of writing an ordinary piece of English composition without errors that would be discreditable in a national school boy? Besides, it is obvious to every educated person that the English language has a grammar of

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its own, which as much requires to be studied by those who would understand it as the Latin and Greek grammars by the students of those ancient tongues. In fact, the English, like other languages, is distinguished by many peculiarities, which can only be explained and elucidated by an examination of ancient usages, and, in some cases, of the primitive sources of the language, without some knowledge of which much of our established and customary phraseology would be incapable of explanation or defence, on grammatical grounds. To assume, therefore, that a knowledge of Latin declensions and conjugations will make the student acquainted with the peculiar laws and idioms of his own tongue, is an error which can only be accounted for by the force of long-established prejudice.

After what has been already said, it will be scarcely necessary to caution the enthusiastic admirer of pure English against undervaluing the Latin element in our language. An over-estimate of the importance of the learned languages in relation to our English tongue has indeed led to a reaction in certain minds in favour of its Saxon element, and a disposition to encourage the use of Saxon words in preference to their Latin or Greek synonymes. It is, however, too late to indulge any spirit of this kind. The Latin element has become so important, and the usage of centuries has so effectually established the practice of supplying the deficiencies of our own tongue by words derived from the classical languages, that it has become impossible for any person who writes good English, and whose vocabulary is extensive, to avoid the use of words formed from Latin and Greek roots.

Nor is it desirable. Our language is now essentially composite. Whether at an early period in its history it would have afforded the same facilities for the formation of compounds which the German language has done, and which would have rendered it more independent of foreign sources of supply, it is not now very important to inquire. To many it will appear a great merit that it has appropriated to itself much that is valuable from the ancients, and something even from modern tongues, and that it has thereby become one of the most copious of languages.

The truth is, that the basis of the language, and the principles of its grammatical structure, being derived from the Saxon, and this portion of the language being that which supplies the largest number of words in daily and constant use, a Saxon style is on these accounts the most forcible; while the Latin element, being less associated with vulgar use and the corruptions of the ignorant, and being more generally found in accurate composition and the conversation of educated persons, communicates a polished elegance and grace which seldom belong to a style in which the Saxon element largely preponderates. Good taste, however, suggests the copious use of the latter, since simplicity

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and force mnst ever be considered by persons of matured judgment preferable to mere elegance. "The parts or roots of words," says Sir James Mackintosh, "being significant in our language and familiar to our eyes and ears, throw their whole meaning into the compounds and derivations, while the Latin words of the same import, having their roots and elements in a foreign language, carry only a cold and conventional signification to an English ear."

While this is perfectly true, and very accurately describes the reason of the greater force which belongs to pure English words, it is also obvious that our language is indebted for much of its adaptation to the various uses of oral and written composition to the admixture of foreign elements which it contains. A pedantic taste may sometimes lead to the excessive use of Latinized terms, which will give almost a foreign appearance to English composition, and in destroying its simplicity deprive it of its principal charm. It requires all the originality and force of thought by which Johnson's writings are distinguished to compensate for the ponderous, and sometimes almost scarcely English, style with which they are encumbered. Nevertheless, there is a medium between a bald and rude simplicity and the sort of affectation now alluded to. To seize exactly upon this medium is one of the marks of skill in composition. It is this which contributes one of its principal charms to the style of Addison, and which causes us to return with an unfailing relish to the writings of Goldsmith and Robert Hall.

The neglect with which this subject has hitherto been treated, in many systems of education, will, we hope, in the course of a few years, be regarded with surprise and curiosity. It ought to be felt as an injustice to our ancestors, to the noble literature which they have created, and to ourselves, whose inheritance it is, that we should possess a language enriched with innumerable contributions from ancient and modern tongues—that has been growing in copiousness and wealth for a thousand years—that flows like the richest music in our poetry—that points events with vivid pictorial beauty on the pages of our historians—that from the lips of genius, swells like the hurricane, or moves, with magic power, the tenderest and most hidden emotions of the breast—that is adapted to convey the most subtle and refined speculations of philosophy, and the most aërial fancies that the imagination ever wove—that this language should be enshrined in a noble literature, accumulated through centuries, adorned by names that we can only breathe with an affectionate and tender reverence, various in its forms as the exhaustless versatility of the human intellect or the fabled transformations of Proteus—and yet that our youth should have been taught, by its neglect in our systems of instruction, to regard it as inferior in intellectual interest and literary beauty to the languages of the ancient world.

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THE SUNBEAM OF SEAHOLT.

A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

"She lifted up her eyes,
And loved him with that love which was her doom."

At the beginning of August the Pallisers came back to the castle. The next afternoon Amy came to see us. After a little visit to Mary and me, she went to tell my brother of their return, of which he was not aware, as Amy had been unable to get to church in the morning, and he had not observed that the flag was floating from the keep.

Arthur had just gone out; Amy tapped at the door; no answer. Exercising the sunbeam's privilege of entering a room uninvited, she opened the door, bounded the two steps as usual, and paused. The apartment was empty, the opening of the door had caused a thorough air from the window, which was also open, and a multitude of loose papers lying in the recesses of the window, were scattered over the floor.

In returning them to their place, Amy perceived that some books on the table were likewise blown about, and she proceeded to put them also to right. The calendar had also been blown open at the page for January, and, as Amy was closing the book, she perceived her initials in the margin. She looked closer, there was no doubt about it; but then *A. P.* might stand for a great many things; certainly, the letters being opposite the date of her birthday seemed to identify them as meant for her, but that must be accident, because he could hardly know her birthday. She had never mentioned it, and having been born at Nice her name would not appear in the parish register. But it might be that he entered the names of all those parishioners in whom he was specially interested, so she went through the calendar to see who were thus honoured with herself. February blank—March, April, May, and June all blank—then came July, and opposite the 15th day her initials appeared again, following by the words "*Morning Prayers—grey;*" what could that mean? With a heart beginning to flutter she went on turning the pages. There were no more entries till she came to October, and here she found, opposite the 16th day of that month, "*A. P. confirmed; sixteen years and nine months. God bless her!*"

A flush of hope and joy lighted up her cheek, she hardly knew why, for he might have made those entries influenced by no stronger feeling than a kindly interest in the child who had hovered about his path so

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long; yet there was a mystery round it, which to her yearning heart indicated something more than that. The minuteness of the entries, the fact of his knowing her birthday—yes, there was something more than common interest. But what could "grey" mean? Was it that some morning he thought of was leaden and grey-clouded? "Ah!" she thought suddenly, as a thrill of disappointment passed through her, "I am mistaken, that entry at all events cannot be meant for me, for I have been away on the 15th of July for the last seven years." She laid down the book, moved towards the window, and sat in the broad cushioned seat, looking dreamily out at her own tower, which rose opposite, over the cliff.

Still her thoughts wandered to the entries. She tried to recollect the time before she went abroad, when she first met Arthur; could memory furnish her out of those years with any explanation of that distracting word "grey?" She turned them over in her mind, she recalled each incident, each conversation, as well as she could remember. Suddenly it flashed upon her that she used then to wear a grey hat and cloak when she came to church, and went about among the poor. Poor Amy! She started up, she pressed her hands against her swelling heart; she stood in a transport of delight, as thus the curtain rose on the first act of her life's tragedy of love.

She sprang through the low open window, fled along the gravel walk to the postern door opening on the lane, passed hurriedly along the footpath, flew up the cliff steps, and paused not a moment in her wild flight, till she found herself in her bedroom in the tower; there she fell upon her knees, lifted up her hands to heaven, and cried, "My God, I thank Thee!"

Coming out of church next morning, Arthur overtook her, and with, as she fancied, unusual tenderness in his voice, expressed his pleasure at her return, how sorry he was that he was out when she came, and that he hoped she would be able to come to the rectory in the afternoon, as he wanted her help in some little parochial matters.

It need hardly be said that Amy was punctual to the time appointed. She found Arthur at his table, with a long ruled book before him.

"Miss Palliser," he began. It was the first time he had ever called her Miss Palliser—and after her discovery yesterday! Tears sprang to her eyes, she looked reproachfully at him, and said,

"Why do you call me Miss Palliser? You never did before, you used to call me the Sunbeam, and all kinds of pet names, and Amy always—why should you change now?"

"Because you've grown a woman, and it's only treating your new character with proper respect," replied Arthur, smiling.

"Nonsense; I won't be called Miss Palliser by you, and unless you let me be Amy as I was before, or the Sunbeam, I won't do anything for you."

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Arthur smiled again. "Well, then, will the Sunbeam throw some light upon this book? I am completely bewildered by all these women with their subscriptions that I know nothing about; the fact is, old Mrs. Grayling, the attorney's widow, who used to keep the book, declares she is superannuated, and can do it no longer, and so I am unreasonable enough to ask you to take it in hand; you will have to come every Monday, and sit an hour in that ante-room to receive the subscriptions. Will you do it for me?"

"You know I will, with pleasure; I make lovely figures, and add up beautifully—and you'll see what a model of order the book will be."

"Thanks, Amy. Now I have another little favour to ask of you."

Amy looked delighted.

"I cannot get the sexton's wife to clean the chancel properly; she never will use a brush to the carved work. Haven't you observed how the angels at the corner of your seat are begrimed with dust? Now I want you to take charge of the carved work—in plain words, to dust the chancel. Will you mind doing this humble service for the house of God?"

"Mind it? I shall be delighted. You surely must feel that I shall think it a great privilege."

"Well, then," said Arthur, "here is a little basket, with a brush and a duster therein—I shall place it on this shelf, beside the History of England, you shall come every Saturday afternoon and fetch it, and we shall see how you will brighten up the angels and poppy-heads."

Arthur little knew how happy he was making Amy by giving her these things to do. There were now two days in the week when she must come to Arthur's study to do the work she had undertaken; Monday, to receive and enter the cottagers' subscriptions, and Saturday, to get the basket with the brush to dust the chancel.

How joyous she was when she left him that day! He had called her by her old name, the Sunbeam. He had spoken so kindly, there was such a tender tone in his voice. Only one thing made her uncomfortable; she had not told him that she had seen the entries in the calendar. It was not honourable to keep that from him. He had always impressed on her the odiousness of concealment or deceit of any kind, and that to be perfectly open and true was the basis of all nobility of character. Was she acting up to his teaching in hiding this from him? Clearly she was not, and she determined to tell him the very next morning.

She waited for him after church, and asked if she might come to see him in the afternoon, as she had something to tell him. The permission was granted; at three o'clock she came.

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Arthur was sitting in the bow-window, reading a book; there came a tap at the door—the two bounds—the pause; Amy then advanced, her heart beating violently. She felt somehow that on this little revelation there were great issues depending.

Arthur rose as she came in, and went to meet her.

"Well," he said, very kindly, "what are Amy's commands for the parson?"

His tone and manner re-assured her, and she said—"Don't call yourself the parson, I wont allow it; I'll go away if you do—you're the rector."

"Blackstone tells us that 'parson' is far the most honourable designation for a clergyman; it means personating or representing the Church."

"And who minds what Blackstone says? You shall not call yourself the parson. But," she pursued, suddenly changing her tone and manner, "I must tell you what I came for. Will you forgive me something?" she said, folding her arms, and looking on the ground.

Arthur surveyed the lovely creature with surprise. He had not before thought how suddenly she had emerged from childhood; the little girl who had been hovering about him, and taking part in his work, was gone, and he saw before him a radiant woman, in the glow and freshness of eighteen years! What was the feeling the bright vision wakened in him? It was one he had never experienced anything similar to before. He had admired, he had liked, but this feeling was totally different in kind and in degree. It frightened him by the intensity and suddenness with which it seized upon his soul, storming the citadel of his being. He felt the conviction that it must have been long germinating in his heart, and now swelled at once into maturity and strength. A flood of emotions swept over his spirit. He thought of his lonely life, his childless old age coming on, and the idea of a faithful breast on which he might lay his head, and loving hands that would minister to him, and close his eyes, assumed an inexpressible sweetness. But then he was so old, and she so young! Could she love him? If she did, what mattered his age—what are years to those who love? Age and time press not on the heart that has won, and has been won by another. It waxes not—it wanes not—it has an eternal youth; it is immortal as the God who gave it power to love!

Amy raised her eyes and looked at Arthur, surprised at his silence. She shrank before his steadfast gaze; somehow she divined the thoughts that were passing through his mind, and dropping her eyes again, she timidly repeated—"Will you forgive me something?"

"Anything in the world."

"I ought to have told you yesterday—I was not quite open, as you have taught me always to be. I came in here, as you know, when you

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were out the other day. Your calendar had been blown open; I went to close it; I saw my initials in the margin opposite my birthday. I shouldn't have looked farther—it was not honourable to look at private marks—but I did. Curiosity, interest, drew me on. I found my initials in three places; after one there was a blessing, after another, a word which showed that you thought of me years ago. Do you forgive me?"

"Quite, Amy. What was the word?"

"Grey. Am I right in thinking that that word refers to a hat I wore when I first came home, and used to go to early service?"

"You are quite right—I remember well; it is a long time ago, but I can tell you what you wore besides the grey hat. In the first place, there was a white and brown feather winding round the hat; then you had a grey cloak, and a little silk frock with a purple and white check; have you got them still?"

"Probably," she said, with a great effort to be calm, and not to betray the joyous flutterings of her heart, "the hat is somewhere about my wardrobe; but the cloak and frock have long since been transformed into dresses for the little Traffords down the lane."

"Were you displeased to see I had taken the liberty of inserting your initials in my book?"

"Mr. Wingfield, I must always be true to you—I was delighted to find that you thought of—that you—"

She hesitated; her heart's secret blazed upon her face; a crimson blush rose to her forehead.

Arthur thought he had never seen her look so lovely. He took her hand, and said, tenderly—"Then, Amy, you do care a little for the old man?"

She raised her swimming eyes to his, pressed his hand passionately to her heart, then darted to the door.

Arthur entreated her to return. She stopped, and he went and led her back. She stood before him with burning cheek and throbbing breast.

"Amy," he said, in a voice of deep emotion, "I never dared to hope for this. I have admired you as you grew up before me; I knew I felt a deep interest in your welfare, but I never fathomed its depths till you left me this summer; then I felt my Sunbeam was gone. I never dared to translate my feelings into words. May I now? Amy, if ever woman were loved, you are!"

He strained her, bathed in happy tears, to his heart, then loosing his arm, she leaned her head upon his shoulder, and they remained a few minutes wrapped from the outer world in the profound delicious rest of hearts that have found their home. Arthur then recovered his self-possession, and, gently raising her head, said—

"My Amy, this is not fair or right of me. I ought not to have taken

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advantage of our peculiar circumstances, which I seem to have done; the freedom of your life, and my frequent opportunities of meeting you, have, in a way, placed you in my power. I should, probably, have been able to keep my secret, except for this occurrence to-day, which has surprised me into a confession of it; but it takes little to bring passion to the lips, when it has reached its full ripeness in the heart. Let me do what I can to repair my error. You shall make no vow, nor bind yourself in any way. Your parents, in the first place, would not hear of your throwing yourself away on a country parson—I beg your pardon, a clergyman—like me; they intend you to be a marchioness at least. Then you have never seen the world or other men, at least very little, and when too young to think of them; you don't know your own mind. You will be going out next year, and then you'll see what a poor figure your old friend here makes compared with the young, and the beautiful, and the gifted, whom you will meet in London."

"Arthur Wingfield," answered Amy, "hear me; I could not if I would take from you the heart which has been yours as long as I can remember. You have filled my earliest thoughts; you have been the hero of my childhood's dreams. When you clasped me to your heart just now, it was the blessed realisation of what I made you often do in fancy years ago. Your image followed me in all my wanderings abroad. You have been the idol of my girlhood; you are the star of my life now. Hear me, Arthur, I will never leave you till death parts us. I will make a vow now—I shall be happier having made it—a vow to be yours only and for ever. If we must wait till I am of age, and my own mistress—"

"We cannot wait," interrupted Arthur, passionately; "I am too old to wait."

"Beloved," murmured Amy, as she passed her arm round his neck and laid her head again into its nest on his shoulder, "you must not talk to me of your age. I don't care if you were a hundred, and white, and blind, you are my own, my gift of God. I was made for you, and you for me. You have waited for your Amy all these years, and I waited to come. I thank God that He kept me. Had I come sooner I could not have bestowed upon you the gift of my youth, nor shed, as I now shall, over the autumn of your life the freshness of my young heart's love."

"Amy darling, my wife," whispered Arthur.

"My husband," murmured Amy; and their lips met in a long, long kiss.

Mary and I were soon let into the secret. We rejoiced that our beloved Arthur had won the heart of so sweet a creature. Any apprehensions we at first entertained arising from the disparity of their ages, were soon dispelled by Amy's evident devotion. Her feelings for Arthur

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amounted to adoration. She looked upon him as a superior being; she lived upon his face; she drank in his words; she found herself elevated each day by his noble example, and so the happy hours fled away as if they were set to music. Amy lived in pure ecstasy, and Arthur could not help feeling that a wonderful charm had been breathed into his being, that an aching want of his existence had been supplied. He felt like a man who had picked up a priceless treasure on some barren track where he had walked for years. So did his vast capacity for love, unknown before, but now suddenly revealed to himself, seem to enrich his lonely life. He knew that the choicest rays of this sunbeam which brightened all around, were fed from sources deep within his heart; he knew that though its brightness fell on all, yet that its warmth and glow were for him alone; and so he basked in them with an ever-increasing joy.

How was it that he had never loved before? How was it that for so many years he moved heart-whole among the brightest of England's daughters, to many of whom he knew he would not have sued in vain? How was it, but that Amy was his destiny, the being whom they say the world contains for all of us, if we could only find her; the enchantress that with the magical words, "I will," annihilates self, and from the union of two, raises up one new self, to a higher and a nobler life.

It need hardly be said that Amy performed the tasks appointed to her with diligence and punctuality. No service is done like that which is done for love. The subscription book displayed the most perfect order, and the accounts were set forth in the most faultless figures. The angels, cleansed from the dishonour of dust, hovered on the corners of the seats in their pristine beauty, and an order and cleanliness, to which it had been long a stranger, reigned over the entire chancel.

Arthur and Amy met nearly every day; there were not only the regular business days of Monday and Saturday, for the subscription book and the chancel—tasks which usually terminated with a walk on the terrace, or a chat in the bow-windowseat—but numerous other occasions arose which made it necessary for the little deaconess to consult the rector, and in their wanderings here and there through the parish, they frequently encountered each other.

The good folks of Seaholt, who, like most country people, had few subjects of conversation beyond the doings of their neighbours, plainly perceived that the rector and the Sunbeam had a strong liking for each other.

"I'm beginning to s'pect," said Mrs. Jones one day to Widow Trafford, "that our dear pastor and master gets very fond of our young lady—ay, and Miss Amy seems no ways disagreeable."

"Small blame to both on 'em," replied Widow Trafford; "though he is not very young, he's as fine a man as you would see in a day's walk;

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ay, and a rare good 'un; there bean't many parsons like him, I can tell you. Ah, wouldn't I be pleased to see him married to her! She *is* a sunbeam, so bright and beautiful."

"I tell you what I says," rejoined Mrs. Jones, "they are both on 'em angels from heaven, and if so be they ought to keep company, and I pray God I may live to see them man and wife."

"Amen!" said the widow.

The Jones and Trafford sentiments were shared by the whole village, one wish was common to them all; viz., that their beloved pastor and *his* Sunbeam might make a match of it.

Seldom did the course of true love run so smooth as during these blissful days. The fact of the rectory having been a second home to Amy from her childhood, the perfect freedom from restraint which circumstances conferred upon her, brought the lovers together constantly and uninterruptedly; then there was not a single envious heart about them; wherever they went they moved through an atmosphere of love, which their own good lives had created, and surely if there be a heaven upon earth they had found it.

CHAPTER IV.

WAS SHE FALSE?

"Love not, love not, the thing you love may change."

My thoughts love to dwell upon this happy time. Seen through the days of anguish which intervene, they wear a look of double sweetness; our darlings! are they but beings of the past? their desperate joy, their unspeakable sorrow, things as if they had never been—existing only in the memory of one old man and woman, Mary and myself?

Amy had just attained her eighteenth birthday; the time drew near for the Pallisers to migrate to London. Lady Palliser intended to go earlier this season, as Amy was to be presented at court, and the ceremony was to be followed by a long and brilliant season. Amy, the beautiful heiress, was to make a sensation, and, if the mother could manage it, carry off the most brilliant match in the market.

Amy came one day to announce their departure to Arthur. His rooms were empty when she entered, but she saw him on the terrace, and flew to his side.

"Arthur," she said, looking in his face, as they walked along, "I am very sad to-day; mamma told us at breakfast that she intended going to London the day after to-morrow."

"I am very sorry," was his reply. "But why are you going so soon?"

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"The reason mamma gives is that she intends me to be presented, and she wants to see about my dress, and various other matters before."

"Well, Amy," said Arthur, "it is right that you should go into the world, and see that there are other men in it very much superior to me, but I must say that I have an indefinable dread of London, especially the fashionable world. I know it well—too well; the fascination it exercises over young and susceptible hearts—there is a captivating softness, a seductive refinement penetrating the atmosphere, that takes the senses prisoner in spite of themselves; a ball-room, for instance, filled with the *crême de la crême*, such as you will have to encounter, with its mellowed blaze of light, its flower-perfumed air, its exquisite but voluptuous music, and its patrician crowds dressed in the perfection of art and taste, moving gracefully about—this is a scene whose spell few young hearts can be expected to be proof against; they do not know what lies beneath this brilliant surface—what meanness has been stooped to by many of those proud-looking people to get to this same party—what a slave-market spirit is filling many of the mothers' hearts there, ready to sell their maiden daughters to the highest bidder—what envy and jealousy, what stony heartlessness, what splendid misery!"

A foreboding sadness crept into Amy's heart as Arthur spoke. She thought how different was the description Lady Palliser gave of the same scene. Was Arthur taking a morbid view of it?

"Can you wonder," pursued he, "that such a scene, so brilliant, yet so hollow, so beautiful, yet so false, so outwardly gay, so really miserable, should have a corrupting influence on a young heart, and just in proportion to its susceptibility? A ball-room has ever, from my earliest days in London, been a sad place to me. My soul has sickened as I have entered it, to see the crowds of fair girls inhaling the poisonous atmosphere, under whose baleful breath all that is natural, fresh, and innocent perishes, even more quickly than the bloom upon their cheeks. I tell you, Amy, I have known more than one young creature enter that fatal arena of fashion, pure, unsuspecting, and unsophisticated, and I have known her after three seasons, every fresh and generous impulse extinguished, an artificial, heartless woman. I've a perfect trust in you, Amy, but in that unclear atmosphere my Sunbeam must guard its brightness well, or even its rays will be dimmed."

"You draw a sad picture, Arthur," said Amy, "of the world for which mamma has always been trying to enlist my fancy and my heart. I've no doubt you know it better than she does; but, oh, surely you cannot fear for me! As long as I have your image treasured in my heart I bear a talisman which will keep me safe from harm."

"I hope so," he said, half sadly; then he added suddenly, "Amy, I don't know why, but I am full of mournful presentiments about this

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visit; you will be going out with that heartless worldly mother of yours. Your beauty and your wealth will attract a crowd of followers; you will see men beautiful, noble, and accomplished, and what if you should regret your vows? Do not be angry if I say that to regret them is to be free, for with less than your whole heart I could not live."

Amy looked at him reproachfully, her eyes swimming with tears. "Arthur," she said, "you don't mean to be cruel, but it is cruel to have a moment's doubt about me. Do you really believe that I could think of another than you? Could I meet anyone to compare with my noble Arthur? No, no, I will keep you warmly in my heart of hearts, and come back to you faithful and true."

Arthur stopped for a moment and pressed her hand tenderly in token of perfect trust; then he said—"Do you think you can find time to write to me?"

"Write to you!" exclaimed Amy, "how could I possibly get on without writing to you? I'll tell you what I intend to do. They have no foreign paper in this little place, so I shall drive to Grange this afternoon and lay in a good store; foreign paper is so charming, you can put such volumes in a small envelope. Then I shall have the little inkbottle in my travelling bag filled, and provide myself with some quill nibs. My means of communication will then be complete. As I cannot send you a letter every day I intend to make a little record of my doings each night before going to bed, and so you shall have a history of your Amy's life periodically, as often as I can manage to send it."

"That's a charming little idea," said Arthur, "just what I was going to suggest. And you'll tell me everything? the merest trifle will be of interest when connected with you."

"I know that Arthur, darling," said Amy lovingly, "and it is an immense encouragement to me to think that you will be lenient to my smallest talk. Now I must run away from you, for I have ordered the carriage immediately after luncheon to go to Grange, and I want to be in time. You know punctuality is one of my virtues; a rare one, too, is it not, in a little thing like me?"

Arthur smiled approvingly, and so they parted.

The week after they went to town Amy was presented. She was greatly admired. Lady Palliser received many compliments on the beauty and grace of her daughter. Some of these reached Amy's ear, and caused her a thrill of pleasure; her thought was—"I am glad for Arthur's sake; he will like to know I am admired." Now and then she heard through the buzz of conversation, "Is she not marvellously fair?" "The beautiful blonde!" and so on; but her head was not turned, she bore it all bravely, and left the drawing-room with his image undimmed for a moment in her heart, thinking

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she would rather have him call her his Sunbeam, than have all the world at her feet.

After the presentation came a deluge of balls and parties. I need hardly say that the young and beautiful heiress soon had a crowd of followers. Among the rest was Lord Henry Harfield, second son of the Marquis of Cotswold, a singularly handsome man, with an empty head and a bad heart. Lady Palliser had ascertained that his eldest brother was hopelessly ill at Madeira, and she had taken an early opportunity of introducing Amy to the probable marquis.

He was very much struck with her, and Amy could not help acknowledging that it was pleasant to have this splendid creature perpetually at her feet. Beyond that she thought she was perfectly indifferent. The sanctuary of her heart was safe and sacred to Arthur. She liked to see Lord Henry's handsome face, but when he passed, her Arthur's image came before her, and the memory of that spiritual, soul-lighted countenance soon called back any errant fancy. She kept her promises to him. She maintained her habits of reading and prayer, and the little verse which he had taught her in the dear old time still continued to rush into her mind each night as she laid her head on the pillow.

But it was not in the nature of things that an outward and inward life, so different from each other, should continue to co-exist. The whirl of gaiety in which Lady Palliser lived kept Amy in a state of feverish excitement; those very elements of character which were a source of so much that was winning about her—her susceptibility and love of admiration (for the latter, under proper control, is essential to a woman who would please)—could not but prove dangerous in the atmosphere in which she moved. The poison of London fashion began to work in her soul. She perceived it with horror, and struggled bravely against it for a time, but "the strong hours conquered her." Poor Amy! gradually she gave way. She came home wearied from her parties, and found herself—now that her earnestness had waned—too exhausted for reading, and often for prayer; the verse, too, with which she was pledged to commend her spirit to God before falling asleep, was more than once omitted, and poor Amy felt herself like one on an Alpine slope, sliding down gradually towards a horrible abyss, sensible of her danger, but having lost the power to avert it. Often and often did she seek her chamber in utter wretchedness, fall distractedly on her knees, and call on heaven for her lost peace. Arthur was far away; she invoked his aid in vain; nay, through the mist that had risen round her, his image began to look dim, and closer and clearer came that other face, whose earthly beauty was more congenial to her present mood than the spiritual aspect of her once loved Arthur and so "the passion deepened." Day after day, night after night, Lord

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Henry was at her side. Amy often asked herself, in wretched self-reproach, whether she really loved him, or whether it was only a dream that would pass away when the fascination of his presence was withdrawn. She could not believe that she was so false, so weak; and yet, in spite of herself, the thought of Lord Henry intruded perpetually into her mind; there was only one thing that kept her from being absolutely untrue; those little records of her proceedings which she had promised to send Arthur from time to time she faithfully kept up and transmitted.

Sometimes, indeed, it was wretched work; the old expressions of fervent love she continued to use, though half afraid sometimes she was wrong in doing so, and she had to practice a reticence in her information which was abhorrent to her feelings. Lord Henry she never mentioned.

Amy afterwards told Mary that if the crowd around her could have seen the misery of her soul at this time, her consciousness of falsehood, her loss of self-respect, she would have been an object of pity, not of admiration.

Her keenest sufferings were on the days when she received a letter from Arthur, full of noble sentiments, and expressions of an unbounded trust in *his* Amy. He had no fears for her. He thanked God for having given him that brave little heart, which was bearing his darling on unscathed, through all the trials of her life.

The season drew to a close. A few days before they left town General Montague, an old friend of the Pallisers, proposed to them that they should go down to a ball at Woolwich. Lady Palliser did not like the idea of going herself; it was too far, and not *recherché* enough for her, but as Lord Henry would of course be there, being an officer in the Horse Artillery, she consented that Amy should go, with Lady Montague and the General to take care of her.

Amy, who had a love for the picturesque and brilliant, rather than the dignified and the formal, was delighted with this new scene. The military band was a pleasant change from the softer music of the West End; the jingling of spurs, the clanking of swords, the phantasmagoria of many-coloured uniforms, she thought charming. Lord Henry was there, in the magnificent uniform of the Horse Artillery; the dress set him off to the greatest advantage; Amy could not help thinking he was a magnificent creature, and she danced with him and listened to him with something more than pleasure.

She was in high spirits; she gave herself up entirely to the illusions of the moment—she almost thought she was happy. Lord Henry pressed her hand once in the dance; she did not return the pressure, certainly, but she did not withdraw her hand. She was conscious of something in the glances she bent upon him tenderer than had ever been before; a tone of depth and softness crept into her words which

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she did not struggle much to control—the whole night she was in a dream.

Wearied with the excitement and the long drive home, she flung herself on her bed, as many a fashionable young lady does, without a thought of recollectedness, or an attempt at prayer before she slept.

She wakened the next morning with the impressions of the night before fresh upon her mind. Lord Henry was her first thought—"He certainly is strikingly handsome," she said to herself, "and takes little care to conceal his preference for me. Now, if I were a romantic young lady, I might do something of this kind;" she opened her bureau, and sat down in her dressing-gown. Taking a sheet of paper, she wrote—

"Lord Henry—I love you deeply, passionately. Is there any hope that you return my love? My heart is yours, now and for ever. When you leave London will you carry with you any memory of me? I shall follow your movements, and often recall that face and form whose fascination it is impossible to resist. Farewell!"

She read it over and laughed. "That is just what a romantic young lady would write; yes, and send it, too;" then came over her one of those inexplicable wild fits which sometimes seized her. "Suppose I do send it," she thought; "he never, of course, could guess who it came from, and it would be such fun!" In the freak of the moment she folded it up, put it in an envelope, and directed it. She then laid it in her bureau, and when she was dressed she took it out and put it in her pocket.

Lady Palliser drove into the city in the afternoon to transact some business at her bankers. A long alley led from the street to the bank; in this alley was a letter-box. As Amy followed Lady Palliser up here, and passed the box, with a recklessness that afterwards astonished herself, she dropped the letter in.

The moment it was done, as if by magic, her dream, her intoxication passed away. She was perfectly horrorstruck at what she had done; she would give worlds to undo it, but it was impossible, Lady Palliser was already returning to the carriage. She started back on seeing Amy, who was as pale as death; what could be the matter? Amy pleaded sudden faintness, arising from over-exertion the night before, and getting into the carriage, leant back in a state of utter misery.

"How could she be so mad? How could she be so unwomanly? How could she tell such a lie? Love him! no, she never loved him! How could she, who loved Arthur, and whom Arthur loved, admit anyone else to her heart?"

Such was the sudden reaction by which she passed to other feelings, poignant regret for her conduct for the last few weeks, ending with this mad, this shameful folly; at the same time, it was an inexpressible

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relief and joy to find that the old true love welled up at once from her heart's springs, as pure and strong as ever.

The next day they went to the baths of Lucca for two months; while there, she completely wakened from her feverish dream; the illusions which had beguiled her for the last two months, faded completely away. She longed to get back to Seaholt, to her Arthur, to pour out on him her heart's deepest and best affections, which London had never really reached. He need never know the transient wrong that she had done him, for was not her heart now entirely his own? As for Lord Henry, he seldom crossed her mind, and when he did, it was as one of the illusions which formed her London season.

(To be continued.)

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CORRESPONDENCE.

[*As Letters containing various opinions, in order to promote free discussion, will be freely inserted, the Editor declines being held responsible for the* Correspondence.]

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—We read in fabled story that the beasts and birds gathered round Apollo—but it was a woman who brought down angels from the skies to listen to her inspired strains. St. Cecilia is our type of youth, beauty, holiness, and harmony; we associate her with the glowing tints of the Venetian painters, and with the overwhelming emotions of entrancing melody. Are there now no St. Cecilias to charm the prosaic world of the nineteenth century—no charming beings, half mortal, half goddess, sent, like bright spirits, to draw away the minds of men from steam, electric telegraph, betting, and merchandise—bright spirits to fascinate mankind with sweet sounds, to soften their souls with poetry, and lead them into unknown depths of fairy-land?

In good truth—spite of our prose and our utilitarian century—such bright spirits still float over this ball of clay, and now and then alight from the pure atmosphere among us—seldom indeed, too seldom, like the angels' "few-and-far-between" visits—passers-by, not dwellers.

Such harmonious apparitions, fitted to our modern ideas—angels, indeed, but, alas! without wings, and in crinoline—have lately entered some appearances, as the lawyers say, of a very memorable kind.

Charity, gentle, womanly charity, has been their object—benevolence their pursuit. St. Cecilia sang to the angels, but these charming ladies—true to the instincts of the practical age—dedicated their rare and wondrous voices to the many; and the many nobly rewarded them, and did fling, and are ready to continue to fling down their gold in response to the demands of such rare enchantresses. "Stand and deliver!" cry, in soft music, these heaven-born dames; and stand and deliver it is; only in this case we desire no escape, but would stand for ever, and allow their soft hands to spoil us of our goods.

I would open my epic with mention of a certain lady who lives (as such ladies should when they do condescend to live on earth at all) in a palace—a stately palace, half-mansion, half-sanctuary, with groined hall, and pillared chapel, gorgeous saloons, and noble book-rooms (where sits one who has authority in holy things, and burns the midnight lamp of study)—a palace hard by one of the most graceful cathedrals in our land, where the eye may revel in a mediæval forest of pillars and shrines—amid an ancient town storied in Saxon history, with its softly encircling hills, and noble river, being a fitting frame for that lady whose praise I sing. Near by, some little distance from

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the lofty towers of the grand cathedral, and nearer to the swelling hills—coiling onwards in grassy folds to meet their more sturdy mountain-brothers of Wales—there dwells a certain gentleman, owner of many broad acres, whose hand (cunning in the arts both of painting and of music) is forward in all good works, and who has, under the gentle invocation of St. Lucy, founded a home, to which is desired to be attached an hospital for children; childhood and suffering—ghastly antagonistic influences—fatal curse of our mortal frames!

These little beings, lately come down to us fresh from heaven and the angels, to be grasped and tortured by the sad condition of our birth! But these grievous anomalies exist only too often; the health of to-day is the malady of to-morrow—the strength of the man is his snare and temptation—the smile of the beauty hardens into the leer of the crone—the hospitality of the host degenerates into the voiceless companionship of the sot—the hand of the generous signs with too prodigal facility his own ruin—the kiss of the lover consigns his love to reproach—and the child, the gift of God, created after His own image, and born to rule over the earth, called forth from chaos for his home, often wails out his miserable life, uncared for and unbeloved—turning from this cruel world to the blue heavens from whence he came.

For the prevention of this last and most unnatural combination, the artist gentleman of whom I spoke invoked the aid of the gentle saint; and beside his own dwelling, under the mantling hills, fosters and cherishes these suffering little ones.

Large, however, as are his means, and generous his will, and though the artist hand has dedicated itself to labour for this purpose, and to decorate many holy shrines with his brave painter's-work, funds were still wanting. He—the artist gentleman—was but a man; good and generous as he was, he could not remove that reproach; to him it was not given to charm, to enchant, to triumph; no; the race to the strong—success to the brave—but fascination to woman; and to a woman he went; to her of whom I spoke, one of those bright gifted sisters of St. Cecilia—harmonious as she; and he invoked her, our modern patroness of music, to use the sweet voice—the gift given her by God—for the service of the little suffering lambs lying bleating under the green hills.

Nobly did this lady respond to the call—nobly has many an English matron responded to such calls—they ply the needle, they wield the brush (even our queen and her young daughters have emerged from their state to show the world their handiwork), they invoke the muses, they call forth the shadowy forms of fiction, or search among dusty tomes for the stern annals of the past. Long life to the English matron—comely, virtuous, gifted; the good wife, the devoted mother, the constant friend, the accomplished woman, as much a bulwark of

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England, as much a national institution, as Magna Charta, the English Channel, or the British Jury. Long life to the lady whose praise I sing; for this good cause her hands became Briarian, her head a centre of ingenious inventions—her voice now lifted in song, now issuing in orders, was as a general marshalling to battle a vast army.

The shire hall in the old town, where the judges twice a year sit wigged and gowned, giving sentence of life or death, is seized at once by our clever St. Cecilia, and incontinently converted into a fairy bower. Wreaths and roses spring up, graceful draperies clothe the naked walls, floods of light, in stars, and crowns, and strange devices, peep out and about; great musicians are called from our capital; a certain German—one of that band of the future which is to rule supreme in matters musical—is the happy author whose works are honoured, and he himself, called by St. Cecilia, arrives to superintend. From north, from south, come tenors, and basses, and baritones, sopranos, contraltos, rushing all to the old town at the bidding of the lady, whose palace walls seem suddenly endowed with life and swell palpably into unknown accommodation. Our singers are mostly impelled by charity, not by professional enthusiasm; they are, as befits the guests of a peer spiritual, many clerics, and come from cloistered cathedrals scattered over the land. Our lady has occupation for them all, and the chorused voices give promise of what is to come in many an ebb and flow of rich melody.

At last the night came when the last and crowning act of the beautiful drama of charity was to be performed; "The Children's Hospital—God help our work!" was the motto—the banner, as it were, under which they all fought. Every seat was filled; young, old, gentle and simple, the cathedral dignitaries in state, the lordly prelate, husband of the sweet saint, his dean and his chaplain, the artist gentleman and his graceful wife, lords and squires of high degree, took seat under the broad balcony, where, among banks of flowers—azalias, roses, camelias, and geraniums—sat the harmonious band whose voices were that night devoted to the cause of those little ones the Saviour loved.

A grand chorus of Spohr's was the first given, and it was brave to hear, coming from out the flowery bank of beautiful greenery, how well they sang. Then, after a pause, up rose our lady, her sweetly pathetic voice ringing triumphantly out—a silence as of death—a silence of feeling—fell on all; the sounds floated softly in the air, they seemed to cleanse the old blackened hall (where life and death so often struggled, tossed like a ball between contending lawyers), to cleanse and sweeten it more than the gay flowers and gaudy hangings, and dedicate it to charity and love.

Oh, it was brave to hear the roars of applause that greeted our lady as she paused; it made one's heart leap, and one's eyes swim. Yes,

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there she stood, quite overcome by the charm of her own voice—pale, with her flashing eye; brave while her work of love was to do, timid when she had nobly done it—standing there before the thousand people whose eyes all turned on her, and whose tongues and hands eloquently thanked her.

Much music followed, but, to me, no cake without plums was less toothsome, no romance without love less dull, than when our lady was silent. Once more she sang, in honour of the great German *maestro*, some heavenly song of "golden wings;" it seemed so appropriate to her voice, herself, and her abundant charity to those poor suffering babes for whose behalf all this harmony was invoked, that I would hear no more, but rushed out into the starry night to cry all alone and aloud between heaven and earth—"Long live our British matron! may she ever be our glory, dwelling in the palace and helping the poor!"

FLORENTIA.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—To you, a lady who has done so much in the way of finding and creating suitable employment for women, I venture to address a suggestion which, if carried out, might, I think, be the means of assisting a large number of deserving persons, while it would meet a want, so far as I can judge, very general.

At this time of the year especially, but more or less at all times, one hears of the difficulty of quitting home, arising from the danger of leaving a house insufficiently cared for during absence. If servants are left behind, there is a feeling of insecurity we can well understand, and it does not answer to warehouse furniture and lock up a house, when the absence is only temporary.

It appears to me that there is a demand for the services of competent persons, who would be readily engaged if there existed an agency or society of the proper kind. Housekeepers might be of two grades; the first would take care of, and also clean and keep in order small houses; the second would only superintend the duties of servants left, or of others. There might, perhaps, in the event of extended operations, be a third class, who would act as inspectors of the housekeepers, calling from time to time at the houses in custody of the society. The society would of course do everything in its power to guarantee the honesty of its employees, and it might perhaps undertake insurances of property left to its care, charging a certain premium.

I have not a large circle of friends, but I know several who at this time would gladly have recourse to a trustworthy society, which would do for them what I have suggested. Superior persons who now are greatly in want of some means of subsistence, but who have no definite ability, might be useful where only attention and honesty would be required, and the addition to poor incomes of a month or two's earnings in the way I have mentioned might be a valuable aid.

Trusting you will excuse my addressing you,

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient servant,

A. M.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—Some among your readers may be glad to know of the continued prosperity and usefulness of the Cottage Hospital at Middlesborough-on-Tees, the first example

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which was set by ladies of hospital-work on such small, unpretending scale. There is now a branch of this first Cottage Hospital at Walsall, and there may be others in the kingdom now, but this, I believe, is the original. I paid it a visit this morning with a friend who has long been interested in the charitable doings of Middlesborough. The hospital retains its old name as well as its old principal purpose, viz., receiving, at any moment, without notice or other formality, cases of accidental injury from the ironworks in the neighbourhood. But the two cottages are now replaced by a building—simple enough to bear the old name, but spacious and convenient. Besides the spotless cleanliness usually to be met with in our hospitals, large and small, its cheerfulness and home-like aspect must be welcome to the eyes of poor workmen accustomed to sooty manufactories, we thought; for though newly-built Middlesborough has not yet attained the brown-black dingy complexion of Leeds or Manchester, it is fast smokening towards it. While waiting for admission, I noticed that the neat entrance hall was bordered around its whitewashed walls and over the arches of the doors with scarlet lettering, being mostly sentences selected from the Psalms. It was done, as Sister C. told us, by a grateful patient. A bright scarlet blanket covered each bed, and every little table had a cloth of the same colour, we remarked. "Yes," said the sister, "we got these by penny subscriptions, and how much do you think we got in three weeks from Middlesborough alone? Seventy pounds. It refitted the beds completely, for the bedding was too hard and poor." A little cup of fresh flowers stood in every room, and vases fresh filled on the table in the little chapel. There were sick women and children in two of the rooms, sitting or lying, looking out on the neat little garden (of vegetables and flowers intermingled in true cottage fashion), and the sea and the river, and the Cleveland hills in the distance; all this through large clean folding-door windows, down to the ground. But the main part of the patients were maimed or injured workmen; one poor fellow had just been brought in badly scorched by a gas explosion. A fellow workman hobbled forward on his crutches to sit with him. To all the patients the sister said a kindly word as she passed. The hospital was "very full just now," and she looked somewhat wearied. But her face wore the bright calm look of *unconscious* patience I have seen in so many of these devoted religious sisterhoods, a look that comes of steady work only, wherein the aims are out of self, and the occupation is active and engrossing.

In connection with the interests of working women not directly in the line of philanthropy, I may be allowed to mention that a young woman—to whom Miss Boucherett alludes in her little book "Self Help for Young Women"—who some years ago established herself as a hairdresser in a neighbouring large town, has now a thriving business, and has taken her two sisters into it; the brother is also a hairdresser and attends on male customers. The sisters have sent a glass case of elaborate hair work in brooches, bracelets, and ornamental designs, to the Industrial Exhibition now going on at York.

I am, Madam,
Yours truly,
G. V.

Sept. 1, 1866.

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MISCELLANEA.

MISS RYE'S EMIGRANTS.—"With the view," says the *Scotsman*, "of ascertaining by personal observation the condition of things under which these government emigrants leave this country, our correspondent visited the depôt at Birkenhead while they were quartered there previous to embarkation, and the vessel itself, which lay alongside the depôt, directly accessible from the latter by a large covered gallery. He found there, in all, about 360 emigrants; of whom 100 were known as 'Rye's young women,' about as many more young women holding warrants of emigration issued by the government of Victoria in the colony, several families, and a considerable number of young men. The party under Miss Rye's care were girls especially selected by herself. The qualifications insisted upon in these cases are good health and good moral character. The first is tested by medical examination; the second partly by reference, and mainly by Miss Rye's personal intercourse with them. These two requisites being secured, the girls are passed from their homes to the colony free of cost to themselves except to the extent of 10*s*. for bedding, &c., on board ship. They are received in the first instance into the home depôt, placed by Miss Rye under the care of a qualified matron on board ship, and at the end of the voyage received into the Government Emigrants' Home in Melbourne until they are provided with employers, who must themselves be accredited persons of good character. To show the kind of regulation existing in this respect, we may state that no publican is allowed to engage a girl from the Emigrants' Home, or, indeed, any girl who has not been long enough in the colony to have gained some practical experience of life there. In the present instance Miss Rye's 100 consists of 72 English girls, 7 Scotch, and 21 Irish, all well formed, healthy, intelligent, and of respectable appearance. About the whole company there was an air of self-respect and business-like independence, combined with modest decorum, which spoke well for Miss Rye's fitness to discharge the task she has undertaken, and promised as well for the community of which these girls are about to become members. Many of them seemed to be country girls, accustomed to exercise and hard work. All were qualified for domestic service in one form or other, and seem to be of a higher class than the average of our domestic servants at home.

"The other girls, who were not under Miss Rye's care, were what are called 'warrant holders.' That is, they receive their passage to Melbourne by virtue of Government warrants or passes obtained for them, and paid for at a remarkably low rate, by relatives or friends in

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the colony. These are going out to fathers, brothers, cousins, or to future husbands; and the Government will cease to be responsible for them upon their arrival at Melbourne, where they will be handed over to their friends. The remaining emigrants on board the 'Red Jacket,' excepting only seven families under Miss Rye's care, sent out on nearly the same terms as her girls, were also warrant-holders. Most of these belonged to the classes most suited to emigration—labourers, artisans, farm-girls, home-servants, and so on. Out of the married men who went out with their families under Miss Rye's direction, one was a carpenter, one painter, one plumber, and the others similar trades.

"Our correspondent was much interested by the arrangements on board ship. The 'Red Jacket' is a large ship, broad of beam, and roomy, fitted up with accommodation for 700 or 800 emigrants. There are three large cabins set apart respectively for single men, single women, and married people with their families. The single men's cabin is forward, the single women's aft, with the married people's cabin amidships. It is with the single women's quarters we are at present most concerned, and a description of the apartment in which they are lodged will serve pretty nearly as a description of the other sections. This cabin is a large, commodious, and well-ventilated apartment, with 150 berths for the accommodation of 250 girls, and provided with 20 or 30 mess-tables. The berths are all furnished with bedding, and curtained off from the body of the cabin. They are arranged in racks or sets, with twelve berths (for 24 girls) in each rack, and are both larger and further apart than is usual in the steerages on board even passenger ships of the best lines. Adjoining the cabin are a lavatory, with lage zinc troughs and small basins (this lavatory, by the by, though large, might be a little larger with advantage); a dispensary, from which the ship's doctor dispenses only for the cabin, the others having each its own dispensary; the matron's dormitory; the hospital, capable of holding 30 or 40 patients; and other necessary adjuncts.

"The discipline of the ship is equally well understood from the regulations of this department. No man is allowed free access to this cabin except the doctor. This gentleman, who has made several trips to Australia and back, has already so far gained the confidence of the authorities that his remuneration has increased each voyage. By a salutary regulation, his pay depends upon his success in keeping the passengers healthy; for he will receive £1 a head for every emigrant he lands in Melbourne alive from the 'Red Jacket.' He acts as chaplain to the ship, and is invested, for the time being, with full magisterial powers. The only other persons, except, under regulations, the captain or his deputy, admitted at any time to the cabin, are certain of the married men, who are appointed to receive the stores from the single men, who bring them from the forward hatches and deposit them amid-

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ships, and convey them to the single women's cabin. Constables are appointed from amongst the married men, to prevent communication between the forward and after cabins; and any breach of these regulations is punishable with 24 hours in the black-hole. The girls are separated into messes of eight in each. Each mess has its own 'captain' —the woman appointed as cook for the voyage—and its own table. Each woman has her own plate, basin, knife and fork, &c., and a bag to put them in, which hangs by the side of her berth, in company with the bag containing her clothes. It is the duty of the 'captain' of each mess to keep clean the table utensils of the mess, and to preside over the mess at meals. The other girls are appointed in turns to scrub the floors, tables, berths, and fittings of the cabin, to wash clothes, and otherwise take their share in the common duty of preserving cleanliness and health.

"It is obvious that these arrangements have been carefully made, and that they are about as perfect as such arrangements can be. The Emigration Commissioners have had before them the sad experience of many blunders and crimes in emigration transport, and these provisions and regulations have not come too soon. While their ships are fitted and arranged upon some such plan as this, those emigrants, and friends of emigrants, who are wise and well-disposed, must see the importance of preferring Government supervision to the accidents and often systematic mismanagement of private vessels. The 'Red Jacket' starts with every advantage. She is far from overcrowded, and her passengers are healthy as far as can be known. It is greatly to the credit of Miss Rye that she has made it a positive condition of her taking part in this work, that her girls shall be sent out only in Government ships. Such arrangements are the best means of compelling a reform in the emigration traffic, and in emigrant ships generally. Miss Rye's influence amongst the young women of the country is great, and deserves to be greater, for while her kindness of heart and self-sacrificing interest in the work commands their confidence, her prompt and business-like acuteness assures the selection of such emigrants as will do credit to themselves and to the colonies to which they go. Her next company will be dispatched in October, and in the meantime she will be occupied in receiving applications and examining applicants for her next shipment."

Female Medical Society.—C. J. B. Aldis, Esq., M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P., &c., Medical Officer of Heath to St. George's, Hanover Square, has been elected lecturer on Hygiene and Preventive Medicine to the Ladies' Medical College. Dr. Aldis's lectures will occupy the month of November. It will be seen from our advertisement pages that the third session of the College commences on October 1, with an intro-

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ductory address by Dr. Edmunds, at the Hanover Square Rooms, at three o'clock, and that on that occasion the general public are invited to be present.

A MOTION has been recently made and agreed to in the House of Commons for a return of "the number of freeholders, householders, and others in England and Wales, who, fulfilling the conditions of property or rental prescribed by law as the qualification of the electoral franchise, are excluded from the franchise by reason of their sex." Whether this return is destined to lead to any practical legislative result we cannot say; but it is certain that the figures will represent a community quite large and respectable enough to deserve a share of grave and thoughtful Parliamentary consideration for its demands. If the body of female freeholders and householders in England and Wales are desirous of being admitted to the exercise of that privilege of citizenship from which they are excluded on the ground of sex, they are entitled to be heard without being laughed at, and to have their claims recognized, unless good proof can be given that those claims are untenable. Where a special and exceptional legal disability is concerned, the *onus probandi* must always lie with the side which seeks to perpetuate it rather than with the side which asks to be relieved from it; and we cannot see what there is in the present case to make this rule inapplicable.

The female freeholders and householders of the country do ask to be relieved from electoral disability—a sufficient proportion of them at least to constitute a pretty strong representative expression of opinion. A petition was presented to the House of Commons a few weeks ago by Mr. Stuart Mill, which—originated and prepared entirely among the ladies themselves—had received in a very short space of time upwards of 1,500 signatures, not a few of them names celebrated in literature, art, science, and even politics. Of these we will only instance the names of Mary Somerville and Harriet Martineau; but surely these are in themselves sufficient to suggest that a strong reason is necessary to justify the exclusion of women, as such, from the franchise. And that reason, if it exists at all, certainly does not appear to us to lie on the surface. Whatever latent flaw there may be in the argument of the petitioners "that the participation of women in the government is consistent with the principles of the British constitution, inasmuch as women in these islands have always been held capable of sovereignty," it certainly seems sound enough on the first view. If a woman is judged capable of filling the highest office of the State, it is a glaring anomaly that a woman should, merely as a woman, be debarred from giving her voice in the election of a Member of Parliament. The anomaly is increased by the fact—not mentioned by the petitioners—that where local self-government is concerned female householders actually are en-

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franchised under the existing constitution. They may and do vote in parish elections, and are eligible as members of vestries—the principle being that those who pay the rates, be they male or female, shall have a voice in the expenditure. Now, if it be just and expedient that female ratepayers should have anything to do with deciding who shall and who shall not administer the affairs of their parish, on what conceivable ground can it be just or expedient to deny female taxpayers a like voice in the national government, to whose support they contribute? For our own part, we should be puzzled to discover one.

In the meantime the subject is surrounded with a good deal of misunderstanding, which it is difficult to believe that discussion will not have the effect of dispelling. Either intentionally or by sheer carelessness and stupidity, the opponents of the petition almost uniformly treat the claim of the female householders as if it were a claim of the whole female sex for dividing political power with the husbands and fathers by whom it has hitherto been wielded. A great deal of fun is made out of the notion of Mr. Brown's vote being swamped by those of Mrs. Brown and the six Misses Brown, with perhaps those of the cook and housemaid into the bargain; and then a word or two is added in a severer tone, rebuking the mischievous, though fortunately impotent, fanaticism which would seek to sow political discord in the hitherto happy and peaceful British household. After what we have already said, perhaps it is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that all this kind of talk is utterly inapplicable to the question at issue. It is not universal suffrage for women that is demanded, but simply the enfranchisement of those women who, "fulfilling the conditions of property or rental prescribed by law as the qualification for the electoral franchise," are debarred from voting on the mere ground of their sex. The votes of such women would no more injuriously affect the balance of power in politics than they do in parish affairs; while as for the peace of families, it would only be where a woman is already a householder and the head of a family that she would possess the vote which according to the hypothesis would be so fatal a bone of contention. "The expediency of providing for the representation of all householders, without distinction of sex, who possess such property or rental qualification as your honourable House may determine"—this, and nothing else, is what the petitioners urge upon the consideration of Parliament. We cannot but think that the funny gentlemen who, shutting their eyes to the meaning of words, choose to cut small jokes about the endangered supremacy of Mr. Brown, the peace of the Brown family, and the rest of it, show an amount of unfairness or muddle-headedness, or both, which discredits their own political qualifications a great deal more than those of the ladies.

While the case of the petitioners seems invincibly strong as considered

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from the point of view of abstract justice, many will probably agree with us in thinking that there is a good deal to be said for it also under the head of expediency. When we remember the kind of elements of which the general body of female householders is composed, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that their political influence, so far as it would be felt at all, would be decidedly beneficial. At one end of the class we find jointured widows, and single ladies living on their property—persons generally of education and refinement, open neither to bribery nor intimidation, and with plenty of leisure to study any subject, political or other, in which they may take an interest. At the other end we find industrious, hard-working women—often widows with large families to supply—who by dint of perseverance and energy have opened, or kept open, some little shop or humble lodging-house; women of brains, if not of education. We must say we do not see how the introduction of a body thus composed into a borough constituency could be fraught with any terrible danger; or how, in fact, it could do anything but improve the electoral mass. The next time that the amendment of the representation comes to be seriously discussed in Parliament, we hope that, in spite of stale jests and dreary moral platitudes, some of the attention it deserves will be bestowed on this subject of the enfranchisenent of female freeholders and householders. —*Liverpool Mercury.*

Poor Clergy Relief Society.—The annual meeting of this society was held at the society's rooms, Southampton Street, Strand, on Friday, 3rd inst.; Richard P. Long, Esq., M.P., in the chair. There were present: The Ven. Archdeacon Irwin, the Rev. J. Edmund Cox, M.A., F.S.A., George Thornton Mostyn, M.A., Mr. Blackburn, M.A., &c.

R. Turtle Piggott, Esq., secretary, read the report, which stated:

Increased support, extended usefulness, and enlarged operations have been, during the last year, the pleasing characteristics of the Poor Clergy Relief Society. In the pecuniary aspect new subscriptions have been received, and consequently additional friends made for this charity. The result has been that the committee have deemed it their duty considerably to increase their grants in amount, so that they are now enabled to assure the contributors that in every instance substantial as well as immediate help is given. The committee cannot omit to mention with extreme satisfaction the large accession to their funds through the medium of legacies, all of which are funded, for the purpose of insuring the permanent existence and increasing efficiency of the society. The amount from this source during the past year reaches £1,100. The clothing department has been most successfully conducted. It would be impossible to exaggerate the amount of benefit conferred through this channel. The letters of acknowledgement from the recipients are

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the best testimony to its advantage. In many cases, whole families, varying in number from five to twelve, have been supplied with good and useful apparel. The committee give assurance that the lowest value of each grant of clothing may be fairly stated at £5. In the winter season, new blankets, flannel, and calico are sent to the most necessitous cases. The committee feel that in so dispensing the society's gifts they are leaving the money grant at all times available for the family support. Many whole families are entirely clothed from the society's depôt. The operations of the society may be thus classified—home and foreign. At home, the committee have to state, with their grateful acknowledgements, that the clergy have responded very satisfactorily to their appeal for pulpits; and that, owing to their kindness, the increase to their funds has been considerable, and, in addition, the more extended knowledge thus imparted among the public has won for the society many new contributors. As usual, the poor clergy, their widows and orphans, have been most largely and bountifully supplied. The committee unhesitatingly renew their former pledge that worth and want must be combined in every instance in which they administer relief. In larger measure than usual the committee have sent aid to the necessitous clergy abroad; and, in other instances, have enabled the widows and orphans of the fallen in the Church's service to enter upon promising fields of enterprise and success. The society adopts as a fitting object for its relief "England's clergy in every land and clime," and accepts under its shelter the widow in her loneliness, and the orphans in their destitution. The committee make their thankful acknowledgements to those many ladies who have, with untiring devotion, during the past year, supplemented their valuable labour of former times, when the society was yet in its infancy, and by which help it has mainly attained its present position among the established charities of the kingdom. The committee accept with pleasure the duty of tendering the expression of renewed thanks to their old friends in China and India, who never forget to share their sympathy with the clergy at home by gathering from England's sons abroad those large money contributions by which the Poor Clergy Relief Society has been so largely increased. The donations and subscriptions to this society reach the office without any deduction or charge for collection, there being no paid collector. The committee would take this opportunity to explain that most of the charges included in the office expenses as they appear in the balance-sheet are occasioned by the unavoidable operation of the clothing department. The committee have great satisfaction in informing their contributors and the public, that a Royal charter has been applied for, and is already in so advanced a state of preparation, that ere this report shall be issued the documents of the society's incorporation will have been completed,

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thus introducing the Poor Clergy Relief Society into a new phase of existence. In consequence of the important trust committed to their charge, and after consultation with some of the society's best friends, it was deemed expedient to undertake this operation. The committee feel that they have said enough to warrant a continuance of that valued assistance by which their hands have been hitherto so much strengthened, and they venture to hope that the report they are now enabled to present justifies them in believing that many new friends may be added to a list for which they cannot but feel most grateful. With enlarged hopes and increasing confidence the committee begin another financial year, relying upon that aid which has hitherto been ungrudgingly and unsparingly given. And they offer thanks to the Most High, to whose blessing alone they attribute the undoubted success and prosperity of the Poor Clergy Relief Society.

LONDON PAUPERISM.—The *Standard* has lately given several very able articles upon the administration of our poor laws, and in illustration of inadequate out-relief it has brought forward several cases. We quote one of the most striking :—

"CASE 5.—G., *æt.* 75, daughter, *æt.* 38, living with her; relief, 2*s.* per week. This person is a widow, her history being as follows :—'My father was a respectable tradesman in St. George's, Southwark, and died when I was twelve years old, leaving my mother and myself a comfortable competence. He was somewhat miserly in his habits, but after his death I was sent to a first-rate boarding-school at Denmark Hill, where I received the best education which could be given. After leaving school I went to the Cape of Good Hope to an aunt, and there I married a French merchant of very considerable means. We resided at St. Helena when Napoleon was there, and at that time I had every luxury, and visited with the principal officials in the island. After some time we returned to the Cape, where my husband died, and I shortly afterwards married an Englishman, who also died, leaving me with one daughter, 34 years ago. I then returned to England, and lived with my mother in the parish of Southwark until her death. All this time I received an income from my father's estate, and at my mother's death it was increased by the allowance she received, so that for some years we were in great comfort, and my daughter was sent to school and taught the harp and other accomplishments. My property was in the hands of a trustee under my father's will, and soon after my mother's death he failed, having appropriated all my moneys to his own use. I became a creditor under his bankruptcy, and received a dividend of 2*s.* in the pound on all I had. I then took a little shop, but I was unaccustomed to business, and it did not answer. We then learned tailoring and waistcoat-making, and for many years we supported ourselves in this way, our average income being about 6*s.* per week each. The loss of my eyesight from advancing years, and the introduction of machinery, has now totally ruined us, and about two years ago we were compelled to apply to the parish, for we had parted with everything we possessed, and were obliged to lie upon the bare boards. The relieving officer gave us tea and bread occasionally for one year, and a bed to lie upon, and about one year ago the guardians permanently ordered our present relief. Regular tailoring is now difficult to find, my daughter therefore alters clothes for children, attends to the sick in the neighbourhood, or does half a day's charing now and

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then, for she cannot leave me alone all day. She earns from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* per week, but her average is scarcely 6*s.*, and, as the parish allowance goes to pay the rent, that is all we have to live upon. For many weeks together we taste no meat, and we live chiefly on bread and tea, with a relish of a herring now and then. Once a week a kind lady takes tea with us, and brings us a little supply of grocery, which is most thankfully received.' The little room in which these poor people live is about eight feet square. The only furniture consists of a small deal table and two broken chairs. The bed lies in the corner on the bare floor. The rug given by the parish is now worn out, for the material was rotten, and it fell to pieces; it has been replaced by a piece of dirty carpet, which is the only covering they possess. There are no sheets, no blankets, and neither mother nor daughter have a change of linen. At the very time of our visit, the cheerful old creature sat without any under-clothing whilst her daughter washed it, and the tears rolled down her face as she told us reluctantly of her misery. Let us ask which of us may not have been the victim of such wrong, and which of us would bear it half as well? What a fearful picture it is. Can we wonder that a woman should fail in the struggle of life who begins so late? and yet is it not sad that there is no machinery to rescue her from the heartless system of the poor law, which puts her in a worse category than that of the most worthless characters in this demoralised district, and forces her to a mode of life in which there are but few who would keep a heart? Let us for a moment contemplate the advantage of importing a staff of voluntary visitors into the administration of the poor law, and follow their action in a case like this.

"The lady who now pays these unhappy people her weekly visit, carrying to them all she has to give, would have been glad to represent their history to the guardians had it been her duty to do so; and the visit of the relieving officer, which is not more frequent than once a year, and by necessity a mockery, would have been supplemented by a person whose opportunities for observation are constant, and whose sympathies are with the poor. It would appear to us impossible that the most niggardly guardians of the rates could listen unmoved to the tale which we have related, and the help necessary to put them in a condition of at least cleanliness and comfort, could not possibly be withheld. How much greater, too, would be the happiness of that kindly visitor, if she could be placed in the position we describe. Her visits, welcome with almost nothing in her hand, would be far more acceptable than they are now, for week by week she would bring to the house the public bounty which is to sustain it, and she would assist by advice and kindly help to soothe the difficulties of a dependent life, and more than double the value of the gift by the manner in which it is bestowed; but more than all this, she would spare the daughter from the degradation of constant attendance at the relieving office, and the association connected with it, and thus the self-respect of the poor would be maintained, and their distress would not be paraded before the whole parish as it is now. We do not wish to give visitors any power of ordering relief, but simply of assisting to inquire into the condition and circumstances of the poor, and of seeing that the relief given is properly used and put to the best advantage. This cannot now be done, and the visitation of the poor is even less effectual than it used formerly to be. When the relieving officer had no office at the workhouse, he was compelled to distribute the relief at the houses of the poor, and the visitation was a necessity, not a choice. Now, there is no official record of his visits; and, for anything that the guardians know, he may not really go to the houses of half the poor even once a year. On the 1st of January last there were 77,447 persons in the receipt of out-door relief in the metropolitan district, and the relief was distributed by about one hundred relieving officers; each officer was, therefore, responsible for the visitation of 774 persons, or 193 families, and this, with an enormous amount of office work and accounts, it is impossible for one man to do as it should be done. We might have a volunteer staff of many thousands if we choose to use them,

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and if we do not it is because we dare not—for we know then that the poor, to be relieved, must have more than they have now; and we do not want in our hearts to increase the rates, especially when they are confiscating property as they are in a poverty-stricken district like St. George's, Southwark. Again and again do we see that the equalisation of the burden of the poor is at the basis of all improvement, and that without the means of relief the best efforts will be without avail. In the course of our inquiries we have come into contact with persons of nearly every class, and the justice and expediency of this vital point is all but universally felt. What an opportunity for our present government—to gather strength from the very lowest ranks of the people, for the very poorest districts cry aloud for help, and those dependent on them cannot live. Let us put a little active philanthropy into our poor law, and make it worthy of the religion we profess, and let us make a real effort to educate and improve the poor, whose condition is a scandal altogether disgraceful to our European pretension and enormous wealth.

ORDER OF EUGÉNIE.—An Order is about to be instituted in France, which is to be given exclusively to women for acts of courage, devotedness, or charity, and which will be founded under the auspices of the Empress.

FRENCH NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR ENCOURAGING VIRTUE.—This Society held its public meeting on Sunday, the 24th June, at the Hotel de Ville, Baron de Ladoucette presiding. After an opening address, the prizes were distributed; one being awarded, for her faithful devotedness to her masters, to a servantwoman of Lisleux, Constance Ravel, known for her poetical talent, and to whom M. de Lamartine first drew attention; another was given to a nun at Symrna, for acts of humane self-abnegation; and a third to a ballet-girl of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Mdlle. Rozo, who was crowned in recognition of her persevering industry, attention to her calling, and admirable conduct whilst supporting her family by her exertions. This grouping of a servant, a dancer, and a nun is as original as unexpected.

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LITERATURE.

Sermons for the Times. Rev. Charles Kingsley. [Macmillan & Co.]

Good News of God. Rev. Charles Kingsley. [Macmillan & Co.]—Mr. Kingsley does not preach in order to discuss some abstruse point, to illustrate some metaphysical truth, or to inform men of something which they never heard before; but he preaches to make them better men, and to give them clearer views of religious truth. His sermons are therefore of a practical kind, and persuasion is always the ultimate object, and his own firm belief in the principles he inculcates on others, his personal piety, united to his knowledge of the world, give an earnestness, strength, and fervour, to his exhortations, superior in its effects to all the arts of studied eloquence. He invariably selects the most useful and striking topic which his text affords, and thus avoids the common error of trying to say all that can be said upon a subject. Sermons are less for information than persuasion, and nothing is more fatal to persuasion than an unnecessary and tedious fulness. If the subject is not precise and special, the impression is undeterminate and the instruction less direct and convincing. Avoiding the spinning process by which so many preachers enervate the noblest truths, Mr. Kingsley supposes the subject addressed to himself, considers what views would strike him most, and what arguments would be most likely to persuade him. His study of human life and the human heart enables him to discover a man to himself in a light in which he never saw his own character before, and reminds us of the praise bestowed by Louis XIV. on Massillon, Bishop of Clermont—"I have heard many orations, and have been highly pleased with them, but whenever I hear you I go away displeased with myself, for I see more of my own character." Mr. Kingsley possesses to an eminent degree the two necessary characteristics of the eloquence suited to the pulpit—gravity and warmth—a gravity which never runs into a dull uniform solemnity, and a warmth which never borders on the theatrical and light. He has such a singular power of interesting and swaying the heart, that his sermons cannot fail to infuse good dispositions into his readers, to persuade them to serve God and to become better men. His words are plain words, easily understood, and in common use, his style is dignified, but at the same time lively and animated. He sometimes breaks out into bold exclamations, and uses passionate figures of speech, but never except when the subject leads to them, and where he is impelled to the use of them by native unaffected warmth, and he brings home all that he says, so as to make a man feel he is especially addressed, which gives the chief power and effect to his sermons. Doubtless they are familiar to many of our

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readers, and if so, the fact that a fourth and cheap edition of the sermons collected under the title of "Good News of God," has been required will be welcomed.

We hope both these volumes will have a wide circulation. It is very common to hear people complain that they cannot get any good from the sermons they hear in church; this may or may not be the case, though even then, as George Herbert says—

> . . . "If all want sense,
> God takes a text and preaches patience,
> He that gets patience and the blessing
> Preachers conclude with—hath not lost his pains."

Those who really wish to read sermons placing the weight and reality of religious truths in a convincing light, and from such considerations to be stimulated to greater religious activity, will find these volumes adapted, not only to show them what they ought to do, but to excite the desire of doing it. In our opinion, Mr. Kingsley is entitled to the highest commendation a preacher can receive, arising from the serious and deep impressions which his sermons leave on those who hear or read them. We would especially recommend such as are founded on the illustration of some peculiar character or remarkable piece of history in Scripture, by which Mr. Kingsley traces and lays open the most secret windings of man's heart.

Days of Yore. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline." 2 vols. [Strahan.]—In the "Days of Yore" Miss Tytler does not come up to the level she reached in the "Citoyenne Jacqueline." The tales and sketches of which these volumes consist do not give the same scope for the historical painting and development of character which we noticed in "Citoyenne Jacqueline," although they exhibit an imagination sufficiently powerful to bring the past scenes of English life vividly before her readers. Take, for example, the opening of "The Old Yeomanry Weeks."

"Time changes both defences and amusements. Now we have volunteer reviews in place of old yeomanry weeks. But it is worth while looking back on what was so hearty, quaint, and humorous, and stirring in days gone by.

"Beasts as well as men had their day in the past. The tramp of horses, their brisk neigh, and the flourish of their long tails, added to the general attraction. The coats of the yeomen, too, were of the sanguinary red. And there were other charms. The calling out of the troop for ten days involved a muster from all the country for twelve or fifteen miles round. There was thus an inroad of country friends. The genial system of billetting was in vogue, too, so that every bed was full, and allies and satellites called in in happy succession, to share the bustle and glee. A company of respectable theatrical stars, patronised both by officers and privates, visited the town; and a wonderfully brilliant yeomanry ball, attended alike by gentle and simple, wound up the successful interlude in ordinary life.

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"The little town of Priorton spruced itself up for its yeomanry weeks, and was all agog, as it never was at any other time. The campaign commenced by the arrival on horseback of a host of country gentlemen and farmers, in plain clothes as yet. But they carried at their saddle-bows, packages containing their cherished ensigns and symbols—in their case the very glory of the affair. Along with these, in many cases, came judicious presents of poultry and game. There were such hand-shakings in the usually quiet streets, such groomings of horses at stables behind old-fashioned little taverns, such pipe-claying of belts, and polishing of helmets, and, above all, such joyous anticipatory parties in private houses.

"The season was always the height of the summer, not perhaps in every respect the best for such a muster. Stout yeomen had even been known to faint while at drill; the combined influences of the fatigue, the heat, and last night's hilarity, being too much for them. But farmers and farming lairds could not well quit their lands unless in the beginning of July, when June's hoeing of turnips and beans had been got through, the first grass cut, and while there was still a good three weeks before barley harvest. Trees were then dusty, under blue skies or black thunder-clouds; but the meadows were comparatively cool and fresh, and now white with the summer snow of daisies. The bustle of the yeomen, like the trillings of wandering musicians, was heard only in the brooding heat of summer afternoons, or the rosy flush of summer sunset, the prime of the year lending a crowning charm to their advent.

"It was a delightful start, the first *réveillée* of the bugle at five of the clock on a July morning. Youngsters, whom nought else could have tempted out of bed so early, darted up at the summons. They envied papas and uncles, brothers and cousins, in the ranks of the yeomen. Comely blooming young faces joined the watch at the windows, cloaks were loosely cast about rounded shoulders, and caps were hastily snatched up to hide dishevelled hair; while little bare pink feet would sometimes show themselves. But the young ladies only peeped out behind the window-curtains in the background of the noisy demonstrative band of youngsters.

"Distant voices, excited and impatient, were soon heard; then the jingle of spurs, and the clank of swords, as half-bashful yeomen descended the stairs for their *début* in the street. At last appeared important familiar persons, now strikingly transformed by their martial dress, but terribly uncomfortable and self-conscious.

"The horses were led to the doors; and to the women who stayed at home, the mounts were the exquisitely comic incidents of the day. The return of the members to the troop, now broken to their work, and detached groups of threes and fours, and chattering and laughing at their ease, was quite tame in comparison. The country gentlemen and farmers, were, of course, generally well used to the saddle, and could get upon their Bucephaluses without difficulty, and ride cavalierly, or prick briskly out of sight, as they were in good time or too late. But here and there a solicitor, a banker, or wealthy shopkeeper, ambitious of being among the yeomen, would meet with unhappy enough adventures. He might be seen issuing from his doorway with pretended unconcern, but with anxious clearings of the throat and ominously long breaths, while his nag—strange to him as John Gilpin's—was brought up to the mounting-place. The worthy man would plant his foot in the stirrup next him, but, not throwing himself round decidedly enough, the horse would swerve and rear, while he looked on beseechingly and helpless. Then he would try the other side, still failing to fling himself into the saddle. He would grow more and more flustered. His wife, in her clean muslin cap and spotless calico wrapper, with her little lads and lassies, one, two, three, would then step out on the pavement to give cautious advice. The would-be yeomen would become more nervous, while his comrades rode by with jeering glances, and the passengers stood still. Little boys would begin to whoop and hurrah; and a crowd, even at that early hour, would gather round to enjoy the experiment. 'Hey, Nancy, get me a kitchen chair;' the town-bred yeoman at last would

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say in desperation to his elderly commiserating maid-servant in the distance, and from that steady half-way stand, he would climb into the saddle with a groan, settle himself sack fashion, and working the bridle laboriously with his arms, trot off, to return very saddle-sick.

"But the bugle is sounding to drill in the early summer morning. Tra-li-la! the clear music suits with the songs of the birds and the dew on the grass. The last lagging yeoman is off, gone to receive a public reprimand from his strict commanding officer, but sure to have the affront rubbed out next morning by a similar fault and a similar experience, on the part of a comrade. The drill ends at the common breakfast hour, when the yeomen may be supposed to return and feast sumptuously. Then 'civil' work begins; yeomen who had offices or shops, attending them with slight relics of their uniform. A stranger might have been pardoned had he imagined an invasion was daily expected, or that an intestine war was on the point of breaking out. In consideration of the hot weather, undress uniform was permitted on all save field days; and thus the toiling yeomen enjoyed a little cool in their white ducks and jackets, though the red mark, the helmet's line, was still to be traced on their sun-browned foreheads. There was an afternoon's drill. It was a little of a fag, being in fact rather like a dish heated up a second time, as a duty twice done mostly always is. but the evening was particularly gay. Then the yeomen were supposed to be enjoying themselves in an innocent fashion. That many of them did so, it is only charitable to believe. And while the fast and foolish, the gross and wicked, were swilling and roystering in evil localilies, the generous, manly, gentle souls, gratified the matrons with whom they were billeted, by walking with them and their daughters through the streets, or into the nearest meadow, or perhaps they treated them to the play.

"I have only heard of those days. But I should have liked to have seen the bluff kind faces above the stiff stocks and scarlet coats, and the joyous smiles which shone upon them. I should have liked to have heard the quiet town ringing with such blithe laughter. Little jokes would cause the people to laugh, as little accidents would cause them to shake their heads. Sandy Hope's horse, for instance, lost a shoe while at the gallop, stumbled, and threw its rider, dislocating his shoulder, and breaking his arm. What a sensation the news created! It could scarcely have been greater even though Sandy's brains had been dashed out. Not only Sandy himself, but Sandy's kindred, to the remotest degree, were deeply commiserated. The commanding officer sent his compliments every morning with inquiries after him. The troop doctor was besieged by anxious acquaintances. Sandy's comrades never ceased calling upon him, and sat for hours drinking beer at his open window. Delicious messes and refreshing drinks, a thousand times better than beer, were sent to Sandy. Then the nosegays, the books he got. Sandy received a perfect ovation. It was even proposed that the ball should be put off because Sandy was lying in pain; and it was certain that no fewer than three reputed sweethearts of Sandy's stayed at home on the ball night. Yet the stupid fellow was so slightly hurt, that within the fortnight he was walking the streets of Priorton more briskly than ever.

"Priorton was kindly in its gaiety, and each had an interest in the other. I should have liked to have known the old town when it was thus given up for ten days, half to military exercises, half to fraternity and feasting. I should have been sorry when the feast was intemperate, but I would no more have condemned the general feasting because of that circumstance, than I would condemn the gift of speech, because some of us are so left to ourselves as to tell lies or say bad words."

We have given this long quotation, for a shorter one would scarcely have fairly represented the freshness and vigour of Miss Tytler's writing, and her power of investing past customs with new interest, by force of

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a subtle sympathy and a vivid imagination; at the same time, we do not think these tales will add to Miss Tytler's reputation, for they are too slight—occasionally wearisome—and, indeed, are only redeemed by their vivid descriptions of scenery. As mere sketches, however, we are bound to acknowledge their worth; and, considering the small scope in which the writer has worked, she displays a power and capacity which we hope before long to see applied in a field more worthy of her justly-earned fame as an historical romancer.

A Dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction. By William A. Wheeler, M.A. [Bell & Daldy.]—This book is an exceedingly good and useful one, and, on the whole, well executed in detail. Mr. Wheeler is right, too, we think, to include the familiar pseudonyms, surnames bestowed on great men, and analogous popular appellations referred to in literature and conversation, whether mythological or not. He makes no claim to completeness, and acknowledges the assistance received from reviews and the published writings of the best essayists, and modestly courts any corrections and suggestions for better accomplishment of his task in future editions. Mr. Wheeler has undoubtedly produced a very serviceable book of reference, and its value is much enhanced by the quotations which are made in order to show the popularity of the characters and works to which they refer. Perhaps our readers will form some conception of the space over which the information extends when they hear that Mr. Wheeler's volume not only contains the meaning of the Pons Asinorum and the Holy League, but the history of Mother Hubbard and the Man Friday.

We can only add that it is just the book which is wanted to supply the wants of those who are not given to vigorous study; and if they do not already possess it, we can only sum up our advice by saying, "Buy it."

A Treasury of Thought from Shakespeare; the Choice Sayings of his Principal Characters Analytically and Alphabetically Arranged. Charles Griffin & Co.]—This book is turned out with great taste by the publishers, and will be found an agreeable addition to the drawing-room table.

We have also received *The Educator's Guide for Teachers, Parents, and Guardians.* By Robert H. Mair. [Dean & Son.]—Containing useful legal information bearing on schools and teachers which will be found very useful to those concerned in such matters.—*Dental Surgery and Mechanism.* By Edward Lukyn. [Nephews.]—In which technical terms are explained, and directions given for the training and regulating the teeth of children, and a general insight into the science of dentistry.

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